



By Way of Cape Horn

Four Months in a Yankee Clipper

Paul Eve Stevenson

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

FOURTH EDITION



Cape Horn bearing northwest, distant fifteen miles

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

FOUR MONTHS IN A YANKEE CLIPPER

BY

PAUL EVE STEVENSON

AUTHOR OF "A DEEP-WATER VOYAGE"

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR



PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1908

COPYRIGHT, 1898
BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

SRLF
URL

5136878

TO
MY MOTHER

PREFACE

As in the case of our first "Deep-Water Voyage" to Calcutta, the present one was undertaken with the sole idea of enjoyment. The pleasure which such a voyage affords the fortunate few in whom there is a real affection for the sea is quite indescribable. To such there is no monotony, for there is always something interesting and amusing going on aboard ship, if one's eyes are open ; the men themselves present an inexhaustible field for study and reflection, and it is well known that a more jovial and witty fraternity does not exist.

But there is also a sombre, tragic side to a voyage in a Yankee deep-water ship, and that is the cruel and brutal treatment accorded that most popular individual just now, —the American sailor ; by which is meant the men who sail before the mast under our flag. The merchant service has ever been regarded as the navy's nursery, and a faithful account by an impartial observer will be found in these pages, showing the manner in which our seamen are treated, —the brothers, as it were, of those who won our victories at Manila and Santiago.

P. E. S.

NEW YORK, October 10, 1898.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Cape Horn bearing northwest, distant fifteen miles	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
The course of the "Hosea Higgins"	13
The companion-way	18
Plan of cabin	28
Forty to the minute	48
Mending sails in fine weather	53
Overhauling the "Venturer"	84
"Blow, my bully boys, blow"	104
"Eight bells"	127
A fifty-foot Cape Horn gray-beard	212
The ablest seaman in the ship	303
The four-masted British ship "Loch Torridon"	333
Tarring down	358
Hauling taut the braces	387



The course of the "Hoses Higgins"

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

IT would have been reasonable to suppose that, having made one long voyage in a sailing ship, my wife and I would have been content to stop ashore for the rest of our lives, or at least to limit the length of our voyages to the distance which separates the United States and Europe. For a while, indeed, after our return to America from India, we were contented enough on land, and were kept busy answering the innumerable questions of interested relatives and friends concerning the voyage just ended. But restlessness presently attacked us again ; and it was not hard to perceive by the avidity with which my wife searched the *Herald's* ship-news columns every morning for tidings of deep-water vessels that no persuasion on my part would be necessary in the event of our undertaking another voyage. Therefore, when two years had passed away, we began to discuss the advisability of once more tempting the elements in another sea-journey to far-distant lands. Japan loomed up before us in a particularly rosy light as a destination for this voyage ; but there was one great objection to it : a voyage to Yokohama would have taken us around the Cape of Good Hope a second time, and it was our cherished desire to double Cape Horn, and thus overcome the two most celebrated and tempestuous promontories on the globe. Indeed, as far back as I can remember, I have always wanted to accomplish the westerly passage around the southernmost extremity of the earth's continents. The very name of Cape Horn is enough to fire the imagination of a true lover of the sea, and fills the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

mind with pictures of ships battling with gales of wind and giant seas and visions of bleak, iron-bound shores wrapped in the gloom which enshrouds that desolate region. After much discussion, then, we decided on the voyage from New York to San Francisco. It was January when we first broached the matter, and, after arguing the pros and cons of the subject, concluded to try and get away in May, as that would take us to the Horn in July, the middle of the antarctic winter. At this our friends stood aghast. "It is quite bad enough," they said, "to tempt Providence at all on so foolhardy an excursion, but to double Cape Horn in midwinter is going beyond the limits of reason." But we stood our ground in spite of the hurricane of objections (and it required some moral courage to do it), and forthwith commenced systematic preparations for the journey. We were making the voyage to a great extent for the purpose of experiencing the weather and seas off Cape Horn, and as the latter would, no doubt, be larger and grander in winter than in summer, I don't think that our idea was so very postposterous after all.

Naturally, our first thought was of the vessel in which we were to sail, and we looked forward with much interest to a voyage in an American ship, having all our lives heard that our ships were run in a splendid manner, that the discipline on board was perfect, etc. ; and it would also be interesting to compare this vessel with those of another nation, as our first voyage was made in the British ship "Mandalore." Now, it happened that all of our largest deep-watermen were away from New York, and we were at a loss what to do, for, as a general rule, the larger the vessel the more comfortable she is in bad weather. There are many who will, no doubt, take exception to this, as being by no means true ; yet it would be absurd to argue that the "Germanic," for instance, is as easy in heavy

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

weather as the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," or a twelve-hundred-ton sailing ship as the "Potosi." At length, one morning appeared the announcement in the marine news that the ship "Hosea Higgins," Abner Scruggs, master, had arrived from San Francisco. She was not as large as the "Roanoke" by a thousand tons or more ; but she was well known to us by name, and we went over to Brooklyn one day, where she was discharging a cargo of wine, canned salmon, and whale-oil, and introduced ourselves to the captain. Although gruff in the extreme at first, he subsequently thawed out sufficiently to warrant the belief that he was really quite an amiable individual, and we parted with his assurance that if the owners were willing he would take us around to San Francisco, and even went to the length of offering us his own room, which was very large and well ventilated. The owners raised no objections to our going, so we paid the passage-money of six hundred dollars and took possession of the captain's room. I might remark parenthetically that this seemed to be a pretty good round sum to pay as passage-money, in view of the fact that we paid only three hundred dollars to Calcutta on the first voyage ; however, in the latter case the money went to the captain, while in the present instance it went to the owners ; besides, this passage would probably be somewhat longer. The captain received no recompense whatever, unless we should choose to make him a present.

The ship was advertised to sail on May 1, but there was the usual delay incident to the departure of a sailing ship taking out a general cargo, and it was nearly a fortnight after that date before we finally departed.

Under any conditions it is interesting to watch the loading of a large sailing ship, and when you are going to sea in that ship, a certain degree of interest seems to attach itself to each article, and the assortment of freight was be-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

wildering. In a couple of hours, one morning when I was on board, there came down in rapid succession two large boilers for Spreckles's sugar refinery in Honolulu, several hundred cases of starch, ditto kegs of nails, two wagon-loads of sewing-machines, two hundred bales of oakum, and four very large whale-boats, about thirty-five feet long, going out to Sitka. Strange that they can not or do not build good whale-boats on the Pacific coast ; the best boats used by our whalers are all built in New Bedford, even down to the present time, and sent out to Alaska round the Horn.

It will be easily perceived how difficult it must be to stow a cargo of this sort so that in the heaviest of weather it will not shift. Imagine packing away four clumsy boats in a ship's hold so that they will not be crushed by heavier objects, and yet in such a way as to prevent these very objects from shifting. If the various articles could be delivered on the pier to suit the stevedores, it would be plain sailing ; but everything must be taken as it comes, and it calls for the greatest skill from the most experienced men. There is said to be only a single firm of this sort in New York whose men understand perfectly the art of stowing the cargo of a deep-water ship.

For several days we were tortured on the rack of expectation ; but after the most aggravating delays and daily messages from the owners that the ship "would positively go to sea to-morrow," we learned one Monday morning that the ship would be cleared that day and would sail the next morning, which was

MAY 11

Oh, the riot attendant upon the departure of a ship on a long voyage ! The distraction and tumult are at some moments terrific, in spite of everything that has been

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

written about a vessel's being in perfect order to a sailor's eye when leaving port. We have been on two large ships now when getting under way, and all I have to say on the subject is, that it is wonderful how much disturbance and disorder can be gathered into so small a space as a ship's deck. We were told to be on board by nine o'clock, as the tide would serve soon afterward, and we would haul out about ten. At the stipulated hour, then, we went over the side and found that the crew had just come down. They were collected together in the waist, and in the centre of the group stood a hard-looking individual whom I took for the shipping-master. He was haranguing the men, who seemed to listen intently, though I couldn't hear what was said ; and when I strolled to the break of the poop to be nearer to him, he gruffly commanded me to "go 'way from there, will you." Why he did so it is impossible to say, unless he was engaged in some unlawful transaction. This was, no doubt, the reason, as there is no attempt made by the United States authorities to enforce the laws relating to the shipping of seamen. By and by this creature took his disagreeable countenance over the side, and immediately those who were not too drunk were turned to at various odd jobs about the decks. Some of the men, however, were too far gone to even stand upright alone, so the two mates seized half a dozen of them and drove them forward and into the forecastle, the door of which was then locked, and the men were left to themselves to sleep off some of the effects of South Street grog. Those who come aboard in this condition generally have a bottle or two each of rum concealed about them, and after a vigorous search the mate found himself possessed of several quarts of very bad grog, which he hove into the river.

Several of our relatives and friends had come down to see us off, and, seated aft by the wheel-house, they seemed

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

to take deep interest in the rakish fellows who were to be our companions, as it were, for four or five months. On the whole, they were a very decent-looking crowd ; but when the second mate sung out, " Come up here a couple of you, and give us a hand with this tow line," and all hands came stumbling up the poop ladders and lumbered aft with that fixed, idiotic stare of half-intoxicated men trying to show how very sober they are, we observed that our relatives shuddered as they thought of our being imprisoned for maybe half a year with this company of ruffians, as they, no doubt, supposed the men to be.

A remarkable feature of the departure of our ship was the crowd that had gathered to see us off. A body of men and boys to the number of at least two hundred were ranged along the pier, minutely criticising the ship and the way in which she was sparred, as well as the probable length of voyage. " It'll be Cape Horn in July," said one, " and she'll never do it in less than a hundred and fifty." " Guess you don't know the old man, or you wouldn't say that," said his neighbor. " If Scruggs don't take her out under a hundred and twenty, I'm a farmer." Here a movement was perceptible among the crowd ; somebody seemed to be elbowing his way through the midst, and in another moment we recognized the fierce whiskers of Abner Scruggs himself. With him was one of the agents, and they both seemed angry about something ; but the captain greeted us very amiably, imparting to us at the same time the unwelcome news that he must now clear the ship of all who were not going along. Sad farewells were said, relatives and friends were handed over the gangway, which was instantly drawn on board, the powerful tow-boat " C. E. Evarts" started ahead, and we began to move slowly out, stern first, into the rapid current of the East River. So imperceptibly did we gather way that it was a minute or



The companion-way

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

so before any one on the pier saw that we had started ; some one in the crowd suddenly perceived it and shouted "she's off ;" and as our long, slender jib-boom glided out past the string-piece, we were saluted with a series of hearty cheers, which lasted until the tugs (for another joined us) had slued the ship around and headed her for Governor's Island. On the way down the river we passed two splendid iron sailing vessels,—the German ship "H. Bischoff," which had just arrived after an extraordinarily long passage of two hundred and eighteen days from Hong Kong ; and the British ship "Walter H. Wilson," being one of only a few English vessels named after individuals.

The second tow-boat left us at Governor's Island, and afterward it was extremely slow work, as the speed at no time was greater than four knots an hour. Off Tompkinsville we passed the battle-ship "Indiana" and the cruiser "New York," each of which we saluted with three dips of the ensign, which were returned in kind. We could see the sailors on the men-of-war gather in crowds to watch us drag slowly by, for it is not so very frequently nowadays that a large ship flying the stars and stripes is seen on her way to sea.

In the lower bay we found a very light southerly wind blowing, and a German iron bark with painted ports that had passed us outward bound, returned and anchored in the Horseshoe, not caring to continue under conditions somewhat unfavorable. However, we kept on, and commenced to make sail off the point of the Hook ; and I must here assert that I never saw such confusion as reigned during this operation. The disorder when hauling into the stream was bad enough, but when the command was given to cast off the gaskets the ship was in a perfect whirl till the mizzen sky-sail had been swayed aloft, and as it takes several hours to make sail when first leaving port, the mates were almost

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

out of their minds when the job had been finished. All hands began with the customary blackguarding of the men who had bent the sails, and the second mate passed the afternoon taking his oath that he "never did see quite the like of the mess them riggers had made aloft," while the men were jumping about the decks like headless chickens, trying to find where the various ropes led to, for no two ships are rigged alike. It may be imagined how confusing it is for a man to come aboard of a ship and find that some of the sheets and clew-lines are not belayed in the same place as in the vessel that he left only a week ago. Indeed an intelligent second mate will often be two or three days getting the "hang" of a sailing vessel.

Before dark, though, everything had been straightened out, and the ropes coiled away over the pins, and the decks at length began to assume that well-ordered appearance so attractive in a large square-rigger.

The men are a far better lot than we expected to find in a Cape-Horner, and most of them are on the sunny side of thirty-five, though there are two or three old hulks among them. About three o'clock the drunken sailors were hauled out of the forecandle, and they were a sight as they yawed around, falling over ropes and capstan-bars. As the foretop-gallant-sail was being sheeted home, the captain went down on the main deck to have a look about the ship, when to our intense astonishment a young tow-headed sailor, the drunkest of the lot, lurched up to him, and, leaning against the skipper's shoulder, poured some tale of woe into his ear. Now, Captain Scruggs doesn't look like a particularly mild-tempered person, and when the man held out a ponderous fist to shake hands with him, we didn't know what was going to happen. But the captain gravely gave him his hand and nodded his head, while the man lurched forward to his companions. At six o'clock

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Captain Scruggs said, "I don't believe in giving grog to sailors at any time, but some of the men are feeling pretty well used up from the hard work after a long drunk ashore, so I'm going to give 'em a bracer." Forthwith a bucketful of diluted Jamaica rum was served out at the cabin door, each man as his pannikin was filled nodding his thanks to the steward. One of them, however, a very sinister-looking man, tried to snatch the bucket away from the little steward; but the skipper caught him at the moment, and then for the first time we heard Captain Scruggs's deep-sea voice. The man was so scared by the hurricane of words hurled at him that he dropped the bucket, which luckily didn't capsize, and, pulling his front hair to the skipper, insisted that it wasn't he "who was doin' the funny business."

Our first night on board began silently and peacefully, and we turned in early after the turmoil of the day.

MAY 12

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop,
Below the kirk, below the hill, below the
Light-house top."

When we reached the deck this morning, the lofty Nave-sink highlands had vanished beyond the horizon and we floated alone upon the ocean. The day came on with a fresh southerly wind and a lively sea. My wife went to bed last night sea-sick, and this morning she was very ill and wholly given over to dismal reflections. The motion was quite severe, and I myself felt far happier on deck than below. Indeed, it generally takes me three or four days to grow fully accustomed to being at sea. The captain evidently saw that I wasn't feeling particularly robust, so he instilled life into me by asking whether I wouldn't

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

like to keep the meteorological record during the voyage, the ship being provided with blanks for the purpose by the Hydrographic Office at Washington. This will be very interesting work for me, and I feel quite important.

If a man commenced guessing what we in the cabin had for breakfast to-day, he might keep on indefinitely without hitting the mark, for we had broiled sweet-breads! Ponder on this, ye landsmen; a week hence, though, will see the end of our ice and therefore of the fresh meat. To our surprise, one hundred pounds of prime beef, mutton, and chickens for broiling came down about an hour before we sailed, beautifully packed in a cask in alternate layers of meat and ice, and now repose under the forecastle head in a cool place. No doubt, by exercising a little care, much, for us aft, may be accomplished in the way of prolonging our Lucullian banquets. Imagine a fresh, juicy roast of beef off Cape Horn!

Before proceeding with the history of our voyage, there may be some readers who would like to know what sort of a ship this is in which we are journeying, and the following is a description of the vessel.

The "Hosea Higgins" is a powerful wooden ship, a fraction over two thousand tons net, with a length over all of two hundred and sixty feet, a beam of forty-four feet, and a draught of twenty-five; she was built at Waldoboro, Maine, in 1885, and is of course classed A 1. She is a three-master, very loftily rigged, as nearly all Yankee ships are, crossing three sky-sail-yards, and her mainyard is ninety-five feet long. There is but one house on the main-deck, but it is a very large one and contains the forecastle, sail-room, galley, and carpenter-shop, in which there is a twenty horse-power donkey engine. So many persons have asked us at various times about the cabins of sailing

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ships, that we have made a plan of the saloon and state-rooms, which appears on the opposite page.

So much for the ship ; now for the monarch who commands her. Abner Scruggs is one of a very large family of sea-faring men, and hails from Rockland, Maine ; in stature he is not exalted, but is very massive, and before he grew stout was no doubt a powerful man, his age being about fifty years. He is fierce of aspect, with bristling whiskers and dark eyes that snap like electric sparks when angry ; and I have never known a man who could utter his commands in so determined, severe, and brittle a voice.

The mate's name is Leander Goggins. By the way, on a sailing ship the man who holds that position is never called the chief mate, first officer, or anything except simply "the mate," even if there are four of them. Mr. Goggins was born in Chichester, England, about fifty years ago, but left that country when a lad and became a citizen of the United States, an unusual performance for an Englishman, who seldom renounces his native land. He is short and small generally, talks with a terrific cockney accent, in spite of his thirty-five years in and about America, and possesses one of those countenances which you can't tell anything about ; but his looks are not in his favor. One of his most objectionable points is his fawning servility, which is never prominent in a man who amounts to much, however humble his station.

The second mate, Thomas Rarx, is a Nova Scotian, and is a large, raw-boned, hearty man with a fresh complexion, and is therefore the mate's antithesis. You would never suppose that he was addicted to the thumping of sailors, yet this is one of the most important duties of the second mate of an American ship ; on some of our sailing vessels it seems to be the most important. Then there are two

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

bosuns ; one of them, a Brooklyn youth, is a weak-looking creature, and has more the appearance of an American District Messenger boy than that of bosun of a Cape-Horner ; perhaps his name has crushed his spirit,—it is Jimmie Rumps. But the other bosun is a brawny Scot, David MacFoy, of Troon ; he is a splendid man, beautifully built, tall, straight, very good-looking, and is somewhat conceited, handles the men well, and has a cyclonic voice.

The cook and steward are both natives of the East. The latter is from Singapore, and is therefore a true Malay ; blandness seems to be his chief attribute, and his bashfulness allows him to do nothing but smile and back out of sight. What there is of the cook seems to be unexceptionable ; he is a Cantonite, about four feet and a half high, weighs possibly ninety pounds, and is a tip-top sea-cook.

Next comes the carpenter, whose only name aboard ship is "Chips." Instead of a neat, clean person, redolent of pine shavings and saw-dust, our carpenter is a very dirty, fat individual, who appears to have been steeped for an indefinite period in a solution of kerosene and lamp-black. Most Finns (why Russian Finn? The man who says that will say hop-toad) seem to be dirty, however, so that he is no exception ; in weight he would go well over two hundred and thirty pounds, and, as a whole, is the most objectionable-looking person whom I have ever seen. You could never call him Chips. As for Sammie, the boy, he is a short, thick, young Jew, not prepossessing in appearance, and with an apparently wonderful capacity for doing nothing ; like Peter Simple, he looks as though he could stand a great deal of sleep. We have seen so little of the sailors as yet that, of course, no notion of any of them can be formed.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

We did fairly well as to distance sailed in the twenty-four hours, and at noon we were one hundred and seventy-five miles from Sandy Hook.

MAY 13

This was a glorious morning, with a fresh breeze from the southward. Last night the wind came whistling along in strong puffs, and we had to stow both sky-sails and royals for it ; and when I went on deck at 7.30, quite a hummocky sea was running from the southwest. My wife was exceedingly sea-sick all night long, and clung tenaciously to the theory that she would perish within twenty-four hours. At about ten this morning, though, both wind and sea having gone down somewhat, my wife consented to go on deck, so we arranged chairs on the cabin-house, and she stayed there all day, improving every minute. By supper-time she had a hearty longing for food, and we have no more misgivings as to sea-sickness for the rest of the voyage.

I rather like the way in which the second mate goes to work ; he appears to be a very fine seaman, and this is perhaps the most desirable and necessary of all the acquirements of a second mate. He has also considerable quiet humor ; yesterday afternoon he caught sight of one of the men who had not yet recovered the full use of his faculties, fussing about on the mainyard ; and after watching him for a few moments he sung out, " Mainyard there, what the h—— are you gapin' at ! Cast off that yard-arm gasket ; d'ye think yer messperized ? " After which, he rolled forward, and we could see him chuckling and shaking at his own conceit.

Our fresh breeze wafted us across two hundred and twenty miles of the North Atlantic yesterday, and at noon we were in latitude $39^{\circ} 22'$ north ; longitude, $65^{\circ} 8'$ west.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

MAY 14

Another fine day with the same fresh breeze from the southward, and the captain is busy shaking hands with himself on his good offing ; remembering the German who turned back and anchored in the Horseshoe, he mutters from time to time, " Oh, I wish I was under Sandy Hook, I don't think." We couldn't carry the sky-sails last night, but they were set this forenoon, and we are now doing fully ten knots. My wife has entirely recovered, and is amusing herself with the three cats on board. One of them is a splendid animal, a pure Maltese, whose companion is a so-called coon cat ; both of them belong to the captain. The third beast is the mate's, an unfortunate, weird, black-and-white alley-cat, tall and lank, and as hideous as a nightmare.

It is remarkable how good the eating is on board ; for although on many ships the meat, flour, etc., are often the best that can be bought, everything is frequently spoiled by villianous cookery ; even our coffee is as good as people generally have ashore. Captain Scruggs told us before we sailed that he was a dyspeptic, and said that he had to be very particular about what he ate. On this we somewhat callously congratulated ourselves ; and, sure enough, the skipper's stomachic infirmities have insured us none but the best of everything. It might be here remarked that we brought absolutely nothing with us in the way of provisions. It is customary for captains to ascertain what their prospective passengers' preferences are before storing the ship ; and, as I knew the company who had the virtualing of the ship, it was certain that nothing better could be bought. Indeed, the average ship in these days carries such an abundance and variety of wholesome food, that unless one cared to take along such absurd edibles as patés and the like, the food question can very well take care of itself.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

The mate, Leander Goggins, entertained us at breakfast this morning with some more or less remarkable conversation. It really seems impossible that a man can hate his native country as he does ; and he gave an affirmative reply to Scott's famous question,—

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land?’”

The skipper jollies him up constantly about his still being an Englishman in spite of his citizen's papers, and this morning the mate couldn't withstand it any longer, and delivered himself as follows, with great intensity: “Cap'n Scruggs, sir, I thank God I left Hengland w'en I were eleven year hold, sir. I tell you, cap'n, and you too, sir, it ain't no fit country for a man to call himself a native of. A pore man carn't take off 'is 'at to a lord, sir ; ho, no ; 'e's got to bow and sheer and pull 'is front 'air ; and if hit's a lady, why 'e mustn't look at all.” This was enough to disgust any one with him ; and he made so strange an appearance with his weather-stained face, bleary little eyes, and heavily veined temples, that I almost shouted when he finished. A great slashing scar on his chin, when his stubby beard permits it to be seen, doesn't add much to his personal charms. Later on he began to talk about Captain Bob Waterman, perhaps the most unpleasantly notorious ship-master in the old New York-California trade. The mate averred that he had sailed with “Cap'n Bob,” and he added that the yarn about Cap'n Bob's having cast off the lee main-brace in a Cape Horn squall one night, jerking half a dozen men into the sea just because he didn't like them, he had always considered as probable. “'E shot 'is own child, you know,” pleasantly added Mr. Goggins, as though he were mentioning the killing of a chicken.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

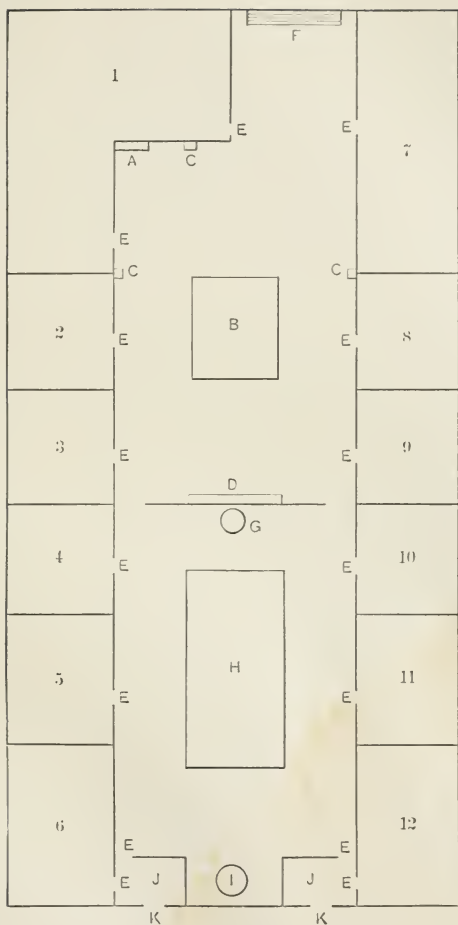
At noon we were six hundred and fifty miles from Sandy Hook, in latitude $38^{\circ} 58'$ north ; longitude, $60^{\circ} 14'$ west.

MAY 15

Glorious weather, with southwest winds as fresh as ever ; it is growing much warmer, and the temperature of the water has risen to 71° , making it possible to bathe in it without much gasping.

Shortly after breakfast the captain asked us if we wouldn't like to go forward and see him catch a bonito, as there were several playing about the forefoot. So we went up on the forecastle head, sat down on the gammoning-iron, and watched the skipper creep out on the bowsprit with a cod-line and a hook baited with a bit of rag in his hand. Then he went through various manœuvres necessary in the capture of these deep-sea fish, and incidentally nearly manœuvred himself off the jib-boom. The scheme consisted in dropping the rag swiftly down till it touched the water, and instantly jerking it upward again, to excite the imagination of the fish, I suppose. They looked very fine darting about at great speed several feet beneath the surface, being of a brilliant hue, and at first we thought that they were young dolphins,—that is, the dolphin of sailors. At length, after innumerable vain efforts, accompanied with much hard breathing and damning of the fish's eyes, the captain hooked one and hauled him up, snapping and fighting till he was dropped into a gunny sack held by one of the men. He looked like a plump mackerel, weighed six pounds, and will afford a little variety to our evening repast.

This afternoon the skipper said that I ought to have a pair of sea-slippers ; so he vanished into the slop-chest (the technical name for the apartment where all sorts of wearing apparel for the crew is kept) and emerged with the most



PLAN OF CABIN

1, captain's room (ours); 2, spare room; 3, office; 4, steward; 5, pantry; 6, second mate; 7, bath-room; 8, spare room (captain's); 9, chart-room; 10, store-room; 11, carpenter; 12, mate. A, harmonium; B, table; C, chairs; D, sofa; E, exits; F, companion-way to poop; G, mizzen-mast; H, dining-table; I, stove; J, vestibules; K, exits on main-deck.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

uncomfortable looking foot-gear that I ever beheld. The slippers (?) were made of immensely thick red grain-leather, with heavy, pegged soles, as inflexible as plate armor and as easy-looking as Belgian sabots. The captain said that they were as tight as sea-boots, if I kept the water from flowing over the tops, adding, "I'll tell you what I do : in cold, wet weather I just haul a pair of heavy socks right over the outside of the slippers and make boots of 'em."

At a quarter to five this afternoon we sighted a steamer on the lee bow, and as there was a chance of signalling her, and she was bound to the westward, we put our helm up a little and kept away a couple of points. At 5.30 she was abreast of us, and we hoisted our number and "report me all well," to which she hoisted her answering pennant. She was a very large English cargo-boat, one of that new style of tramp freighters with one funnel, two pole-masts, and a great sheer. She seemed to be making more than ten knots (though the snow-drift under her bows indicated about twenty-five), and should therefore reach New York in time to be reported in next Wednesday's papers. Latitude at noon, $38^{\circ} 31'$ north ; longitude, $55^{\circ} 2'$ west.

MAY 16

Our first Sabbath at sea broke calm and warm. When we went on deck at seven bells not a breath of air was stirring, the ship had no steerage-way, and an oily calm lay upon the face of the deep, recalling memories of our previous voyage, when, in this very part of the ocean in the month of July, we averaged twenty miles a day for twenty-one days. Four hundred and twenty miles in three weeks wouldn't burn a ship's copper off ; it is about three-quarters of one day's run of the fastest express steamers.

It was truly hot this afternoon, for the calm prevailed all

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

day ; but fortunately there was quite a swell present, in which we rolled about, creating pleasant draughts from the slatting sails. How orderly and quiet a ship is on a Sunday afternoon when the weather is mild and clear ! Every rope, every implement, is in its place, the decks have been washed as clean as hard scrubbing can make them, and the brass mountings shine like mirrors. Coiled away in shady nooks lie the watch, each with a book or paper in his hand, deep buried in its contents. Some recline in the water-ways under shadow of the bulwarks, others in the shade of the deck-house ; some on the fore-castle-head, where cool airs circulate from the swinging of the big foresail and jibs. The only audible sounds are the flapping of the sails, the somnolent cheeping of the blocks, and the working of the rudder-head as the ship rolls about in the swell, with perhaps the low tones of a man's voice humming an air to himself on the main-hatch. A more peaceful scene it would be impossible to find than that presented by a large ship thus becalmed,—more tranquil and solemn than the little country hamlet dozing in the drowsiness of a mid-summer, Sabbath afternoon.

Let a breeze come along, though, from an unexpected quarter, and in an instant everything starts into life. “Square the crojjick-yard !” comes with startling suddenness from the officer of the watch. In a moment the half-hidden forms of the men spring with a bound from their cool retreats, and the forward part of the ship resounds with their deep voices as they come rolling aft, each repeating the order, “Square the crojjick-yard, sir.” Aft they come in a shuffling trot,—not slovenly, but in a cheerful way,—and the ponderous yards creak slowly round to the hoarse tones of the bosun.

It is during such scenes as this that the magic of the sea takes hold of the imaginative mind. The remembrance of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

gales of wind, and of hail and sleet and snow fade utterly from the memory, and the mind is conscious only of the inexpressible charm which the mighty deep exerts over those who truly love the sea and go down to it in ships.

After breakfast this morning the mate told me how oranges are loaded at Tahiti, by hauling the vessels up under the trees which overhang the water and shaking the fruit into the hold. Already Mr. Goggins is beginning to growl at the weather. What he wants all the time is "just enough to show the sky-sails to, sir." We had a little more wind after breakfast, it is true, but it came from the southeast and let go at ten. Last night, just before we turned in, some Mother Cary's chickens which were flying around the ship began to utter their quaint, plaintive cries, at which Captain Scruggs and the mate shuddered and looked grave. I asked Mr. Goggins what was wrong, and he replied, "Whenever the blarsted birds cry, there's sure to be a long spell o' light weather."

It is strange what disdain merchant skippers have for yachting, nor can they ever understand why a man should expend so much on a vessel without trying to derive some income from the same. I happened to mention to the skipper last evening that I once chartered a pine-apple schooner at Nassau and took a party of friends on a cruise through the Bahamas. "After shells, I suppose," quoth the worthy man, thinking that my scheme was to load up with the beautiful shells found in those islands and take them across to the mainland and sell them. Again I told him that my most cherished scheme was to navigate the South Seas in an auxiliary yacht. "Yes," he answered, "it's a good notion ; trading ain't dead there yet." Perhaps the most amusing incident of this sort happened once when I was on board a yacht lying at Vineyard Haven. A large three-masted schooner came in, having lost her

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

mizzentop-mast. The owner of the yacht pulled aboard of the schooner and looked her over, and then asked her captain and mate back to the yacht. Of course they admired her exceedingly, and as she was quite a large boat, they observed that it must cost a sight to run her. Finally, when they were about to return to their own vessel, the skipper asked, gravely and in perfect good faith, "What I don't understand is, how do you make her pay?" Latitude, 37° 50' north ; longitude, 53° 40' west

MAY 17

Perhaps we may change our opinion before the voyage is over. Perhaps we may not. I have seen enough of the skipper to know that this voyage is not going to be exquisitely pleasant for ourselves, the mates, or the men. A little disturbance started this forenoon in the following manner: A barrel of carrots, onions, and parsnips had been rolled under the forecastle-head by the mate, who then forgot all about it; so that, instead of giving it to the cook, he allowed the green stuff to wilt and wither in the heat of the past forty-eight hours. The captain heard of this for the first time to-day, and ever since not a single thing has gone right for him. We first noticed that something was amiss with the skipper by the tone he used to the helmsman at eleven o'clock, when he told him to "hold her up a little more." The man obeyed instantly, but made an inexcusable mistake: he forgot to answer, and in this he was, of course, wrong, for he should have either repeated the order or said, "Ay, ay, sir." The captain then told him in forcible language what would happen to men who failed to answer. We thought that the matter was settled, when the mate came aft from the break of the poop on a run, thrust his fist through the wheel-house window in the man's face and snarled, "Now, luk ud 'ere, ain't I told yer

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

to answer w'en yer spoken to, eh? Well, you just do it, or *I'll* teach yer to open yer mouth; I'll *fix* yer." Innocent words, comparatively speaking, but no one can imagine the intensity of emphasis on the "fix," or the malignant, hazing tone which the mate threw into his threat. The skipper had just "jumped on" the mate, and, of course, the latter must find some one to retaliate on, and here was an opportunity. The boy Sammie, too, came in for his share of attention, but it must be said that this slothful youth deserved it; and, finally, the skipper and mate came to words at dinner about a barrel of hard bread. Captain Scruggs graduated years ago with high honors in the art of nagging, and at last he provoked Mr. Goggins beyond endurance. "Goddlemighty, Cap'n Scruggs, if I ain't seen no ship-bread, 'ow could I break it out?" We expected an explosion from the old man, but he only tugged fiercely at his whiskers and shut the mate up with, "All right, sir; all right. We won't continue the argument." As the day wore on his temper grew worse and worse; and when I called his attention to a school of fish playing alongside, supposing that he would like to see them, he answered tartly, "Very well, sir; you'd better jump overboard and catch 'em." I thought it best not to reply; but it was very annoying, for some of the men hard by smiled broadly.

It must be acknowledged that the thought of being obliged to sit opposite to this man at table three times a day for at least four months is a disagreeable one, and this is not a cheerful meditation at the very beginning of a voyage. Yet, the captain has proved that in some ways he is very kind and considerate; but he has that hard, flinty voice and overbearing manner, an instance of which the reader can doubtless recall among his seafaring friends.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Throughout nearly the entire day we had an almost perfect calm ; this, of course, aggravated the old man's temper, for he seems to be a most intolerant individual. So little headway did we make that at noon we were in latitude $37^{\circ} 22'$ north ; longitude, $52^{\circ} 39'$ west.

MAY 18

We had another sample of American ship "discipline" this morning. We went on deck at 7.30 to eat some fruit before breakfast, and as soon as the skipper hove in sight it was plain that he was looking for trouble. Presently the mate appeared, and it was evident from his countenance that he had found the trouble the captain was looking for. In a little while two of the men came aft, each with a case of oil in his arms, which they deposited on deck by the wheel-house, preparatory to passing them down into the lazarette. One of the hands, Brün, an inoffensive, quiet Norwegian (the most peaceable sailors in the world), happened to put his case down with the lettered side underneath, which displeased the skipper, who asked him, in his ogre's voice, if he hadn't told him the way to handle case-oil. Now, the man was evidently doing the very best he could, which was evident from his great desire to please, and also from the way in which his hands shook. Finally he grew so nervous that when he picked up the case to turn it over, it slipped and fell with a loud noise on the deck. At this the poor fellow jumped back several feet and put up his arm to ward off the expected blow ; but the skipper saw plainly that it was an accident and was going to let the matter pass, when the mate jumped in between them and, catching a firm hold of Brün's right ear, gave it a terrific wrench, that slued him round and brought him to his knees, while he yelled, "Ain't I told yer how to lay them cases down?"

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Such scenes as this are extremely unpleasant, particularly as they are always accompanied with boisterous language ; and, as we saw the whole affair, I can say with certainty that it was absolutely unprovoked and unnecessary. If the man had been of a surly or ugly disposition, and intentionally put the case down wrongly, some excuse might be in order for the mate's conduct ; but this fellow has always been unobtrusive, and actually jumps in his desire to please. It is generally men of a certain temperament that mates pick out to haze,—men with no appearance of "sand." I have never known a man of Mr. Goggins's sort to try it on a determined-looking, deliberate seaman.

How calm it was until five o'clock yesterday afternoon ! The sea was as if oiled and of a rich blue, fascinating to contemplate and deeper in color than usual. No stream that ever cascaded down a mountain-side could approach in transparency the sea-water as found in the remote solitudes of the ocean. We had a strange sunset, too, the horizon being apparently at an immense distance, with whole chains of ragged, golden-tipped clouds, like jagged mountain rocks, seemingly a hundred miles away. We had a fine breeze all day from east-northeast, which, it is true, jammed us on the wind, but it was fresh enough to blow us along at seven knots. Latitude at noon, $36^{\circ} 5'$ north ; longitude, $50^{\circ} 36'$ west.

MAY 19

This was perhaps the finest day which we have had yet. It broke with the heavens obscured ; but during the forenoon the clouds melted under the influence of the sun and an afternoon of dazzling brilliancy followed. A fresh breeze whistled out of the east-northeast, giving us as much as we could show the sky-sails to ; and the ocean was covered with foam-topped waves like immense snow

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

flakes, the crests of which often came tumbling in glee over the weather side.

Yesterday afternoon at two o'clock we rose the upper canvas of a bark on the port bow, bound in the same direction as ourselves ; at 4.30 she was abeam, and at seven in the evening, her trucks had vanished below the horizon astern ! In truth this ship is a flyer on a wind, for, in order to pass the other vessel in so short a time, we must have sailed almost, if not quite, two miles to her one. Again, this morning at daylight, we made out the sails of a ship hull down to leeward ; she was then abeam, steering about southeast, but during the afternoon we ran her out of sight, too. For the past twenty-four hours we have certainly done splendidly, logging one hundred and ninety-eight miles, hauled as close to the wind as possible. Captain Scruggs even went so far as to say that he thought that there were only two other American ships afloat that could have made more than two hundred miles to-day by the wind,—the "Henry B. Hyde" and the "A. G. Ropes." Later I asked the skipper which he considered was the finest all-round wooden ship under the flag to-day ; his answer instantly was, "the 'Hyde' by all odds ; and not only that, but she's one of the finest ships that ever came out of a Maine ship-yard." She was built about ten years ago in Bath, by John McDonald, a Nova Scotian and a pupil of the famous Donald Mackay of Boston, who turned out so many celebrated clippers thirty or forty years ago. The "Hyde" is a large ship, registering twenty-five hundred tons ; but in spite of her size she is a three-master, being, I believe, the second largest ship of this rig at the present time, the British ship "Ditton" heading the roll of three-masters with a net tonnage of about twenty-eight hundred. Almost all sailing vessels of over two thousand tons register are now built with four masts.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Last night I was talking with the mate about sea-birds, and he was giving me considerable information of the birds on the Pacific coast, when he said, suddenly, "I see a 'awk at sea once, sir." "Indeed," said I, "that is very interesting, for the bird is almost extinct; it must have been a long time ago, for even the eggs now are quite valuable." He looked very hard at me then for a few moments, when the captain called him away; and for some time I wondered why he had stared at me so fixedly; when all at once I realized that he meant hawk, not auk! Latitude, $34^{\circ} 4'$ north; longitude, $47^{\circ} 15'$ west.

MAY 20

Light showers prevailed this morning early, but at ten the clouds disappeared, leaving a sky of deep cobalt and a glorious, sparkling sea. Fresh winds from east-north-east blew all day, giving us frequently ten knots, the ship driving along with the even, modulated swing of a pendulum. The mate says that Captain Scruggs is so lucky in making fast passages that in New York they say that he carries a fair wind in his pocket and spills it out when necessary. However true this may be, the direction of the wind could be easily improved at the present time, by hauling more to the northward, so that we could come up a little; our position, too, would be a far better one if we were five or six degrees more to the eastward, as it is a little too soon to make so much southing. *Nolens volens*, though, southeast has been our course for some time, and the skipper jocosely remarks that he expects to see San Roque this time.

We are now in the approximate position of the American iron ship "May Flint" (late steamer "Persian Monarch"), one of the largest sailing vessels under our flag, when she was hove down and dismasted about a year ago in a cy-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

clone. Captain Nickels subsequently accomplished so fine a piece of seamanship that a short account of the whole affair might not prove uninteresting. The vessel left Philadelphia bound to Hiogo with a cargo of case-oil on August 21, and on September 8, about four hundred miles from the Azores, she encountered a gale which gradually increased to a tremendous hurricane, in the centre of which she became involved ; and shortly afterward she was hove on her beam ends and the fore and maintop-masts and mizzentop-gallant-masts, together with all standing gear above the lower mast-heads went by the board. Her condition was really terrible, as all hands were in momentary expectation of seeing some of the broken spars alongside stave in the hull, as the wreckage was battering and thumping furiously against the ship. A steamer was sighted later on,—the “Craftsman,”—which stood by the “Flint” till the weather moderated, and then offered to tow her to New York. This offer Captain Nickels refused, though at their request he transshipped his two passengers, one a Boston and the other a Chicago man, and they returned to New York on the “Craftsman.” It is reasonable to presume that neither of these individuals will ever step over the side of another sailing ship.

When the cyclone had passed and the ship had come up on an even keel, Captain Nickels surveyed the wreck aloft and then decided on his course, which was as follows : a part of the spars and rigging having been saved, a foretop-mast was made from a spare spar, and the stump of an old mizzentop-gallant-mast was used for a foretop-gallant-mast. The ship carried a spare fore-yard, the lower foretop-sail-yard was intact, and the upper maintop-sail-yard was utilized for an upper fore ; the foretop-gallant- and royal-yards were saved, thus square-rigging the vessel forward. A portion of the main-yard, which was broken,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

was used for a maintop-mast, leaving the mainmast fore-and-aft rigged. The mizzen-top-gallant-mast, which was apparently hopelessly damaged, was fished and repaired together with all the yards below it, so that the vessel was square-rigged forward and aft, but schooner-rigged amidships, presenting a most extraordinary appearance. She looked at a distance somewhat like two hermaphrodite brigs, yet after the repairs had been made, which occupied fifteen days, she was successfully navigated into New York harbor, a distance of two thousand two hundred miles, and on one day logged the extremely good run of two hundred and forty knots. For this fine performance the underwriters presented the gallant captain with a superb gold watch, and well he deserved it, for it was an act of seamanship so bold and unusual as to command the applause of Captain Nickels's fellow ship-masters, a class of men who, as a rule, are extremely reserved in their expressions of approbation. Latitude, $31^{\circ} 34'$ north ; longitude, $42^{\circ} 10'$ west.

MAY 21

Last night was windy, with a severe squall at one o'clock in the morning, with much rain, and we haven't seen the sky-sails since six last evening.

As I was leaning against the rail yesterday afternoon, looking at the mizzen-stay being set up by the starboard watch, the captain came up and said, "I've found out we've got another cap'n aboard, a fellow called Murphy, I believe. I'm going to send him aft to run the ship, and I'm going forrad to sleep in the fo'c'sle." The skipper has a curious way of saying such things, and we never know whether to smile or not. Presently, though, he cast joking aside and began to blackguard Murphy in the language of the deep sea, saying that when he (the captain) had gone forward to see that the regular weekly washing out of the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

forecastle was properly done, some of the men did not seem to relish the process, and he heard Murphy grumble. Now, when a foremast hand has been somewhat disagreeable for a few days, and at length finds audible fault with various things, it is almost certain that some one hour in the succeeding twenty-four will be unpleasant for him. Thus with Murphy. After supper we were sitting on the deck-house, when Captain Scruggs came up and said that at eight bells the decision would be reached, whether or not there were two captains aboard. He was very nervous and couldn't sit still ; which reminds me that I have never yet seen a long-voyage skipper who wasn't nervous at even the mildest encounter with the men.

The evening shades fell early, by reason of heavy clouds, and at eight o'clock it was dark. Word was passed forward that both watches were to muster aft, and when eight bells had been struck, the eighteen seamen (including the bosuns) came trooping down from forward and grouped themselves at the after hatch. Here I sent my wife below, fearing scenes which she ought not to witness ; while the captain at the same moment passed out of the cabin to the main deck and faced the men.

It was an impressive, rugged scene. The wind was puffy and uncertain and the decks were wet ; and though it was too dark to see the men's expressions, their forms stood out clearly enough as they rolled from side to side with the heave of the ship, two broad beams of light shooting out from the cabin doors and illuminating the showers of spray that flew incessantly over the weather side ; the great mainsail bridging over the scene with its huge curve, till lost in the gloom of the upper sails.

As soon as the captain appeared, he began to pace athwartships between the hatch and the poop, keeping it up for several minutes in a dead silence. How well he knows

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

how to handle a crew ! Nothing is more effective than such a silence, for it shows the men that the skipper is about to act with deliberation. Suddenly he unexpectedly rapped out, "Go forrad, the port watch"; and the nine men quickly disappeared, wondrous glad to escape, no doubt. Now what the captain said to the rest I could not hear, for the wind cut his words off short ; but he walked up among the men, shouldering his way roughly through them, until he stood directly in front of Murphy, who, though putting on some "side," shrunk back from the glare that I knew shot from the old man's eye. He spoke to him in the fierce, intense tones of a thoroughly angry man ; and, after a considerable harangue, he seized Murphy by his nasal extremity, the size of which afforded him excellent holding ground, and led the recalcitrant youth around in a small circle, every few seconds tweaking and twisting his nose, till I was surprised that it did not part company with the rest of his face. This done, he sent the men forward, entered the cabin, sat down, and joined us in a game of casino.

At first this seemed a very puerile manner of administering punishment, but it is considered wonderfully effective, and, in truth, it is humiliating to be hauled about by the nose in the presence of one's companions. I had expected that Murphy would have been floored with a belaying-pin, that handy instrument of correction which most American masters and mates know so well how to wield. But Captain Scruggs seems to be restraining himself, owing in part, no doubt, to our presence on board, though chiefly to the space which the newspapers have been devoting lately to aggravated cases of cruelty at sea. Indeed, the skipper himself said the other day, "What's a ship-master to do nowadays, when the press jumps on him when he gets ashore?" He forgets that if the said ship-master con-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ducted himself at sea like the captain of a ship ought to, the press would have no cause for writing him up.

The course has been poor, with the wind at times to the southward of east, and, horrible to relate, we made a degree of westing in the twenty-four hours. If we don't have a better chance than this, we'll be jammed on San Roque in earnest. Latitude $28^{\circ} 30'$ north ; longitude, 43° west.

MAY 22

It is necessary here to make an announcement of a very painful nature, an announcement of a fact so lamentable and unfortunate that for a long while we tried to believe that it could not be. Captain Scruggs has several times in the last week been very much under the influence of strong liquor ! More than once we have noticed that he exhibited a strange uncertainty in his gait, and for two days he has been unusually aggressive and sometimes silly in his arguments. Still, neither of us would acknowledge to the other that which we knew in our hearts was true, until last evening at supper his conduct compelled us to admit the shocking fact that the master of the ship in which we have but just commenced one of the longest and stormiest of voyages was plainly drunk. He had to steady himself against the mizzen-mast at the end of the dining-room before he could sit down, and during the meal he was for a time a drooling idiot. His chief amusement seemed to lie in spilling small quantities of maple syrup over the table-cloth, in which he then dabbled with his fingers, like a boy with his feet in a puddle. The syrup appeared to revive memories of his childhood, for he told us stories of his passion for this fluid when a youth. Said he : " Why, I used to go out in the woods, tap a maple-tree, and let two gallons of surrup run into me." No one said a word. " Two gallons !" glaring

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

fiercely at the mate, who, of course, didn't offer any objection. Then he caught sight of a small wash-tub, and, turning on the mate again, cried out violently, "When I was a boy, I used to could drink that right down full er maple surrup. This 'ere hain't surrup ; h'its mucilage." Here we excused ourselves and went on deck.

Now, what is all this going to lead to? Pleasant thought, that of knocking about in a gale of wind off Cape Horn with a groggy skipper in charge! Indeed, when we first discovered his bibulous inclination, my wife was in despair, and the only consolation we have is to be found in the hope that the case of whiskey that we have seen is the only one on board. We can account now, too, for the innumerable times that the captain has popped into his little room, only to emerge in a few seconds, smelling furiously of Florida-water. Well, we'll probably have fine, light weather through the northeast Trades, which we are now sure that we have taken ; and at the rate at which the grog is vanishing at present, it will be gone before we reach the squally Doldrums, provided that the skipper has but one case.

In a copy of a nautical magazine on board, I saw an account of a singular fact that occurred a short while ago. The British ship "Crompton" was homeward bound a few months since, from Calcutta to Dundee, when one morning Captain Lloyd sighted something ahead which seemed to be either a capsized vessel or the back of a whale. As the vessel approached, however, the captain saw that it was neither, but a rock, about sixty feet long, eight feet high, and the same broad. He could scarcely believe his senses, for the position of the rock was 47° north and $37^{\circ} 20'$ west! Imagine a rock's existing in the most crowded ocean on the globe, almost every square mile of which it was reasonable that at least one vessel had traversed, which had never been seen or reported before! For some time Captain

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Lloyd could not believe that it really was a rock, and so to verify it he sailed as close to it as possible ; and as the morning was a perfectly clear one, and the hour twenty minutes to eight, he was at last compelled to believe the evidence of his eyes, that here was a large rock, extremely dangerous to navigation, lying five hundred miles north-northwest of the Azores !

Speaking of those balmy isles reminds one of that ardent, skilful yachtsman, the Prince of Monaco. About two years ago, while prosecuting some deep-sea soundings in the vicinity of the Azores on his steam yacht, he found a bank or ledge which rose from a depth of about two thousand fathoms to one of something like fifty fathoms, which, like the aforementioned rock, had never been charted or reported. So extremely zealous is the prince in his pursuit of knowledge concerning the floor of the Atlantic, that he shortly afterward gave an order for a twelve-hundred-ton steam yacht (he can well afford it !) fitted with the most recent inventions in connection with deep-sea sounding apparatus. I wonder whether he will use the machine for this purpose invented by Captain Sigsbee, who commanded the battleship "Maine" at the time of her destruction. It is said that Lord Kelvin, who, when Sir William Thompson, invented the famous sounding machine which bears his name, has stated that Captain Sigsbee has adopted an idea in his apparatus which he (Lord Kelvin) had vainly sought for years to utilize in his mechanism. If this be true, Captain Sigsbee has reason to be a very proud man, for Lord Kelvin is, perhaps, the most learned individual now living on hydro-dynamics and kindred sciences.

Last voyage it took us exactly a month in which to reach this spot where we are now, which illustrates how uncertain and erratic long voyages are. All fear of being "stuck" in this region, as we were before, has disap-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

peared, for the Trades have come now without question ; and while they are quite fresh enough to suit us, we would like to see the wind back two points to the northward. Latitude, $26^{\circ} 18'$ north ; longitude, $41^{\circ} 9'$ west.

MAY 23

Last night was a windy one, and in the middle watch we split the mizzen-royal in a severe squall ; so we took in the fore- and main-royals, the sea being choppy and the vessel plunging a good deal. It is customary to cut the light sails in such a manner that a fore-sky-sail will answer for a mizzen-royal ; therefore, toward the end of the morning watch the fore-sky-sail was unbent and stretched on the mizzen-royal-yard, the royals having been set again an hour or so previously. It didn't fit particularly well, but it will do until to-morrow, when the royal will be repaired, as such work is not done on Sunday unless in case of urgent need. Sometimes there is necessity for hard work on the Sabbath aboard ship, such an instance having occurred on the "Hosea Higgins" on her last homeward voyage from San Francisco. It might be first observed that, though it is the custom to give the men a holiday on Sunday, still if the captain orders anything done, he must be obeyed without murmur. On this particular occasion, Captain Scruggs saw fit to order one of the bosuns to do some work aloft, which he refused. The skipper went down on the main deck then and spoke to the man, a lusty young German, asking him why he refused to turn to.

"Because it's Soonday, zur," he replied.

"Sunday? Never heard of it. What is Sunday? Who told you anything about it?" quizzed the old man.

"I say, a man's not supposed to turn to on Soonday, zur," repeated the bosun.

"Oh, he's not," quoth the skipper ; "then we always

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

put him where he'll have plenty of leisure. Mr. Goggins, the irons."

(This same mate came around from California in the "Higgins.")

The irons were brought, and the man, quietly enough, but with angry eye and sneering lip, put his hands behind him ; the irons were locked on, and he was led down into the lazarette, where he sat calmly down, and the key was turned. Six hours afterward the mate went to him with some food and found that the man had in some way contrived to shift his hands around in front and was disposed to be ugly. Therefore he was taken up into the after part of the wheel-house (these structures on American ships are divided into equal portions, one containing the wheel and binnacle, the other the rudder-head, tiller, flag-locker, etc.), where a staple was driven into a carling, to which the man's hands, still ironed, were secured, leaving him so that he could not sit down, his wrists being about six inches above his head. Now, this posture for twelve hours is enough to break the heart of a wild beast ; yet this bosun stood there without a word for thirty hours, refusing food or drink during that time ! At the end of every six hours or so the mate went to him and asked if he had had enough, to which the Teuton would answer "Naw." His endurance yielded at the thirtieth hour and he implored to be released, which he was six hours later, and for the rest of the passage he was a model sailor.

At this time we are on or near a favorite whaling ground, great numbers of these leviathans being taken in this vicinity every year by schooners. In the old days a first-class whaling bark cost about thirty-five thousand dollars, and was manned by perhaps thirty Western Islanders, or natives of the Azores. They were owned by companies who supplied the vessels with provisions, clothes, and out-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

fits, and also advanced certain sums of money to captain and crew (which did not go to crimps as it does now) while they were away on a three years' cruise. No wages were ever paid to any one, but all hands received a percentage when the ship returned, the bulk, which remained, being divided among the stockholders. The most lucrative whaling voyage of which there is any record was made by the "Onward" of New Bedford, which, after a forty-one months' voyage, stocked two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, the captain's share alone amounting to thirty-three thousand. More startling even than that is the fact that during the fifty-two years which formed the golden era of Massachusetts's whaling industry the total value of whale products landed in New Bedford alone amounted to one hundred and forty-five million dollars !

We had quite an agreeable shock this morning when the carpenter walked aft to breakfast with a clean, new, checked shirt on, it being Sunday. He had combed the sawdust and other little inconveniences out of his unctuous locks, and he made quite a respectable appearance as he wobbled into the cabin.

Fresh Trades blew all day, and we have made good a course about south-southeast. Latitude, $23^{\circ} 28'$ north ; longitude, $40^{\circ} 15'$ west.

MAY 24

This day broke with a strong breeze and a cloudy sky ; but, as usual, the vapor cleared away at ten o'clock and a superb afternoon followed.

Nearly all wooden ships have to be pumped out twice every day, once in the morning watch and again at six in the evening. It is almost impossible to build a tight wooden vessel of any size, and the rougher the sea the more water she will make, on account of laboring. Of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

course, the leakage varies greatly, but I suppose that our own is an average one, about one thousand strokes of the pumps being necessary to free the ship at each session of thirty minutes, and the aperture through which the water escapes is about as large as a fire-hose.

Last evening, sadly needing exercise, I descended to the main-deck after supper and announced to Jimmie Rumps, the young starboard watch bosun, that it was my intention to assist in pumping ship, if the men had no objection ; at which they smiled, while Rumps assured me that any such assistance would be eagerly welcomed. A ship's pumps are worked by means of handle-bars attached to large, heavy fly-wheels, six feet in diameter ; and the motion of pumping is similar to the old-fashioned way of lifting rock out of an excavation by man-power derricks. I therefore grasped the handle-bar with the reckless assurance of a man who knows not what he does, having opposite to me a raw-boned, powerful Englishman, Coleman. " Shake her up " came from the second mate in another moment ; and, urged by the strong arms of the men, the great wheels began to slowly revolve. As moments passed, though with no indication of acceleration in the speed, I began to fear that after all I was not to find much exercise in this way, when all at once there was a distinct increase in the movement, and my breath came shorter and quicker. Faster and yet faster flew the iron handles till we must have been doing sixty revolutions to the minute. I was nearly pitched off my feet at every turn, and my head commenced to swim. Usually, at the end of fifteen minutes, a halt is called for a breathing-spell ; but now we went on and on with no signs of cessation, and the men wrought with wooden faces. Then instantly I saw that they were having their joke, initiating me, as it were, and that they had no intention of resting till the trick was over. The



Forty to the minute

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

pace was quite frightful ; but I decided to faint on the deck rather than yield. Round went the relentless, cruel handles, carrying me with them, like a nautical Don Quixote on the windmill, while Jimmie Rumps, that young limb of Satan, made facetious observations, at which the men smiled compassionately.

“Fine exercise this, mister’”; and, “How’d you like to do this when we’re turnin’ the Corner with two feet of water on deck?”

A ghastly smile was the only answer that I could summon, and in five minutes more I should certainly have succumbed to dizziness and want of breath, when I heard the voice of the mate, sounding strange and distant, “That’ll do the pumps.” I let go the handle, grinned like a skull to show how happy I was, summoned all my strength, tottered to the poop ladder, crawled up, fell into a deck-chair and for five minutes endured the bitter agonies of a man thoroughly “pumped.” This was a good deal better than giving in, however, and it is my intention to hammer away at it for the rest of the voyage.

To-day the sun was overhead at noon, the declination and latitude being the same. We made a somewhat better course during the past twenty-four hours, about south 30° east, and a heavy bank in the northeast presages a breeze from that quarter, so that we may come up a couple of points farther. The captain continues his libations with no indication of a change ; evil as the thing is, though, there is some compensation in it for us, as he is usually asleep in his room all day. An ill wind, and so on. Latitude 20° 3’ north ; longitude, 38° 23’ west.

MAY 25

Last night we celebrated the Queen’s birthday for Mr. Goggins’ sake ; and the old man had a fête all by himself

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

with a bottle of Monongahela. The first part of the proceedings consisted in burning balls of tar-soaked oakum mounted on sticks secured to the weather rail. Each ball was of the size of man's head and burned with a brilliant flame that lit up the whole ship with a red glare, sending now and then a stream of sparks across the deck, quite alarming till we remembered that everything in the waist was drenched with spray.

The second portion of the festivities was more elaborate and was begun by carrying a barrel of oiled shavings up on the poop. The open end of the barrel was headed up and a hole a foot square was then cut in the side. Of course, the captain insisted on performing this piece of carpentry, and he entertained himself for ten minutes, jabbing away at the hard wood with a little key-hole saw till he was in quite a frenzy.

"Now gimme a match and I'll show you some fireworks," said he.

"Hi don't think it'll burn, Cap'n Scruggs: the hole ain't big enough," meekly observed the mate.

"I didn't ask you whether you thought 'twould burn or not," responded the skipper, who had snapped about an inch off the end of his little saw. "I asked you for a match."

Finally the contents of the barrel were ignited, and the skipper, seizing the chimes at one end, bade the mate do the same at the other; then to lift it horizontally, swing it to and fro, and when he said "three," to let it go over the stern. But the mate got it wrong in some way, and let go at "two," and as the captain hung on, there was a good deal of excitement for a few seconds. The barrel all but hauled him overboard after breaking off two or three finger nails, banged loudly against the counter, turned over, and dropped into the water hole-side down.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

The scene which followed was too harrowing for reproduction, but it was interrupted by the loud voice of the lookout, "Light right ahead, sir." Instantly all was silent. The skipper jumped up on the deck-house, while the mate ran for the top-gallant-forecastle, whence he shouted back, "All right, sir, she's keeping away"; and in a few minutes, a bark of about seven hundred tons under top-sails passed us to leeward, by the wind, bound north.

Mr. Goggins entertained us at dinner to-day with a new version of an old sea-fight. The captain did not come to the table until supper, owing to his celebrations, which he prolonged far into the night; so, after the soup had been cleared away at dinner, the mate began, "Did you ever hear, sir, and ma'am, of the true 'istory about Sims (Semmes) in the battle of the 'Kearsarge' and 'HAlabama'?" "No," said I; "let us have it."

"'Twon't take long to tell," said the mate. "He warn't in the fight at all. Where was he? Aboard o' that English yacht, the 'Greyhound,' or whatever she was, a-lookin' on! Yes, sir; I was in Liverpool then, and he come in and went on board the 'Great Western,' and her cap'n spit in his face, and him without the courage to reply."

Mr. Goggins had a sousing yesterday which diverted all hands for some time. He was coming down from forward on the weather side, with that peculiar confidence assumed by captains and mates when the spray is flying, as if it were impossible for a drop of water to strike them. The mate had reached the main hatch, when he heard the swash of an unusually heavy sea, and casually turned his head in time to see a perfect storm of spray flying down upon him. It hit him fairly between the shoulders. He staggered, fluttered about for a moment, and then flapped heavily and helplessly against the hatch-combing,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

where he sat up finally in a foot of water, drenched to the bone.

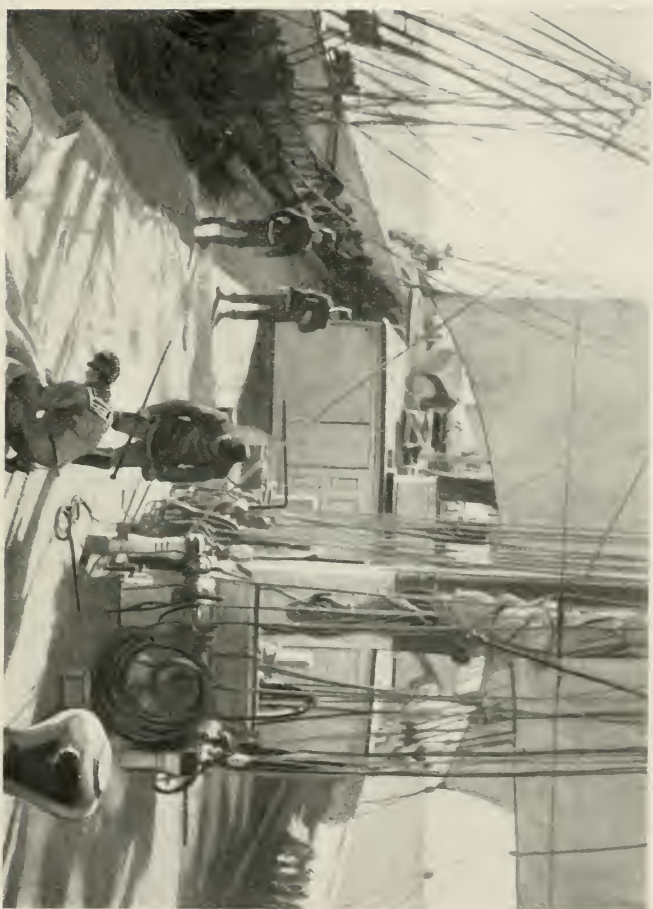
Our fine breeze holds, but we are still hard on the wind ; course, southeast by south, true. Latitude, $17^{\circ} 15'$ north ; longitude, $36^{\circ} 50'$ west.

MAY 26

Last night was a squally one and the sky-sails were furled early in the evening, hands being stationed at the royal-halliards as well, until they, too, were stowed at three in the morning.

We had an accident yesterday afternoon, which, though comparatively trivial, occasioned some lively work. My wife and I were playing backgammon at the forward end of the deck-house in the first dog watch, and everything was running very smoothly, when, with a snap and a rattle of chain links, the lee maintop-gallant-sheet was carried away. In a second there was an uproar. Two men jumped with great alacrity into the weather rigging and in a few minutes were astride of the lee upper maintop-sail-yard-arm, working like demons, with the long length of chain sheet waving and slashing among the braces as the ship rolled in the beam seas. Louis, the Frenchman, swung himself into the rigging immediately afterward, stationing himself on the royal-yard-arm, followed by Mr. Rarx and three other men.

It wasn't long before the work of repair was progressing satisfactorily, when the skipper appeared at the cabin door, and, without preliminary, commenced to shake things up a little. He shook with such success that in three or four minutes Jimmie Rumps began to simply hop into the air at intervals, the men were reduced to idiots, while Mr. Gog-gins charged about, gulping with excitement ; for the captain would sandwich in such observations as, "I wonder



Mending sails in fine weather

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

whether I shipped you for a mate or a farmer''; and requesting him, in soft but deadly tones, to be "good enough to secure that sheet so it'll hold till to-morrow, anyway." After snarling everything up into a hundred grannies, Captain Scruggs vanished, and the work proceeded quietly. The only man who kept his head was the second mate. This French seaman, Louis Jacquin, is an ideal sailor. He is built like an ox, short and very broad, with a bull neck thrust well down between massive shoulders, a back all corrugated with muscle, and, what is very remarkable in a sailor, large, strong legs. He is as swarthy as a Spaniard, with blue-black hair and short moustache, and a wide, powerful jaw, with a pleasant scowl, if such can exist, on his lean, determined face. He is a man to lean on in an accident.

We were glad to hear that when repairs had been made, the men were going to mast-head the top-gallant- and royal-yards to the stimulus of chanties; and sure enough, when the top-gallant-halliards were manned, the invigorating strains of "A Long Time Ago" broke out in a hoarse but agreeable barytone. A sailor's chorus of this sort is a very inspiring thing. The whole of the crew, eighteen brawny fellows, were stretched in line, clear across the deck, with David MacFoy, the lusty-voiced Scot, at the end, to sing the verses; and at the conclusion of each line a roar would go ringing over the water that must have been heard behind the horizon, the halliards coming in a full yard at each swing. The main-royal went aloft to the tune of "A Poor Old Man," and the boys seem to find so much pleasure in their chanties and their faces so shine with merriment that even the sight of them is enough to put a man in a good humor.

Over against this pleasant diversion looms up gloomily to-day's evening repast. The captain had again imbibed

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

enough to make him quarrelsome, and during the half-hour that we were at table the mate was so jerked about at the end of the skipper's tongue that, objectionable as he is, we could but pity him, for in five minutes he was in a running perspiration. The only one who enjoyed the situation was the little Malay steward, whose face shone with delight as he moved noiselessly about the table with his gentle "scuse" (excuse), which he utters whenever he places a plate before us. It might be stated that the mate and the steward of a ship are at perpetual war ; for the former always has charge of the beef, pork, and flour, which he invariably grudges to the steward.

The skipper has surprised us by handing me his sextant now and then, at about a quarter to noon, with the injunction, "Just look out for her to-day," and has then disappeared below, to lie concealed often for several hours. We made the discovery to-day that he does this to avoid making himself ridiculous when taking the sun ; for naturally a man requires all his faculties to know exactly when the sun is at meridian. Latitude, $14^{\circ} 34'$ north ; longitude, $35^{\circ} 12'$ west.

MAY 27

Our good luck still follows us, for the Trades are stronger than ever. We made two hundred and twenty-two miles in the twenty-four hours, and for the last ten days our average daily run has been one hundred and ninety miles. Not very many vessels can show such a record in the north-east Trades at the end of May, and while two hundred and twenty-two miles would be merely a fair run with a free wind, it is extremely good work close-hauled with the leeches of the sky-sails lifting. It is true that we are still four degrees too far west for this latitude, but I expect that we'll fetch by San Roque all right anyhow. "Where will

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

we lose the Trades?" is in every one's mouth ; forty-eight hours will, no doubt, see the end of them, and then for the Doldrums and rain. It is very hot now, but the atmosphere is quite dry.

The captain hasn't boozed any all day, and at dinner he was in normal condition, and we had a long talk about the Scotch clippers of forty and fifty years ago. I asked him which he thought was the fastest sailing ship ever launched ; he was in a good humor and answered pleasantly, " Well, that's a big question. Some will tell you that the 'Sovereign of the Seas' was the smartest ; others, the 'Andrew Jackson' ; some, the 'Flying Cloud,' which went out to San Francisco in eighty-five days, twenty-one hours, in 1857. These were all American ships, as I suppose you know ; but the fastest ship, I think, that ever left the ways was the 'Lothair,' of Aberdeen, and I believe she was faster than that other Scotchman, the 'Thermopylæ,' with her sixty days from London to Melbourne. I'll tell you what happened to me once : I was second mate of a Newburyport ship, and we were running our easting down bound out to Canton, and were somewhere near Tristan d'Acunha, when we sighted a vessel astern. It was blowing hard from the nor'west, and the next time I looked, a couple of hours later, there was the ship close on our quarter, and we doing twelve knots. 'Holy jiggers,' says I to the mate, 'there's the "Flyin' Dutchman."' 'Naw,' says he, 'its the "Thermopylæ."' But when she was abeam a little later, she hoisted her name, the 'Lothair,' and its been my opinion ever since that she was making mighty close to seventeen knots." Then I asked him what he thought of the runs of some of our old tea-clippers of from four hundred to four hundred and forty miles. "Don't believe it," was all he said. It is very possible that the "Lothair" was doing better than sixteen knots at

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

that time, and one of the most prominent young naval architects in New York told me once that if he got the order, he could design a sailing vessel which, under favorable conditions, would log eighteen knots.

The best authentic day's run which I know of was made by the ship in which we sailed from New York to Calcutta three years ago, on her next eastern voyage to Anjer. She was running her easting down in ballast not far from Amsterdam Island, and from noon to noon on one occasion she sailed three hundred and fifty-one miles, an average of fifteen miles an hour ; I mean knots, of course. Captain Kingdon wrote to me of this performance from Passaroean, and asserted positively that it was done by some of the best observations which he ever got in the Southern Ocean, and that dead reckoning had nothing to do with it. Indeed, that whole passage was a very quick one, as he went out to Java in eighty-three days from New York, and broke the record, as far as he knew, from the longitude of Cape Agulhas to Anjer, having covered that immense distance in twenty-one days. I told Captain Scruggs about this, and he doubted it, until he learned the vessel's name. "Oh," said he, "the 'Mandalore' ; well, maybe she did. I saw her in the dry-dock once, and there never was such a bottom on a merchant ship ; 'twas like a yacht's." And, in truth, the handsomest vessel which I ever saw, taken as a whole, alow and aloft, was the "Mandalore" of London, built at Stockton-on-Tees. Seen, as we often saw her afterwards, moored in the Hooghly at Calcutta, among scores of the finest sailing ships in the world, she was the star of the fleet, the pride and very life of her captain. Poor, dear old Kingdon ! The voyage on which he broke the record from Good Hope to the Straits of Sunda was the last he ever made. The "Mandalore" sailed from Banjoe-wangie, bound to Boston on the return passage, but called

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

a few weeks later at Table Bay with the captain sick. He pluckily continued, though against the doctor's orders, but was soon afterwards landed at St. Helena ill with cancer, the vessel proceeding in charge of the mate. Captain Kingdon then went by steamer to London *via* Madeira, but was too far advanced in life for an operation, so he was ordered to Cairo, in the hope that the dry atmosphere would prolong his life. But his constitution was not able to hold out much longer, and two months after his arrival in Egypt died Ray Kingdon, true friend, master mariner, gentleman. Latitude, $11^{\circ} 25'$ north; longitude, $33^{\circ} 14'$ west.

MAY 28

The wind god is so exceedingly gracious to us at present that I cannot but think that he is saving himself to swoop down upon us in fell wrath at the Horn. Here we are bowling merrily along within five hundred miles of the equator, doing two hundred and twenty miles in the twenty-four hours, with an unlimited prospect of wind ahead; and if we could maintain this speed of nine knots, we would cross the line on Sunday, nineteen days from New York. There are sure to be several days of calms between the Trades, though, so let us call it twenty-five days.

During the whole of yesterday the captain kept as sober as a lord chancellor, until ten o'clock last night, when he took a drink, which set him off again. He was very talkative when we left the deck at 10.30, and the last thing that I remember before dropping off to sleep was, "You'll have an easier time of it if you break a few of their —— heads." This to the second mate after he had had two more drinks. We knew by this he was in for another round of festivities, and my wife said this morning that he

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

was charging around the cabin all night, snoring and groaning, falling over camp-chairs and door-sills. I have known him to sink into a stupor on the cabin sofa, shoot off with a whoop in a lurch of the ship, wallow on the floor till he struck the table-legs, and then peacefully continue his slumbers in that attitude. He doesn't like my mixing with the men so much, especially when pumping-ship; he is very suspicious, and said last evening that he shouldn't think that I'd want to come into contact with such men, forgetting how much more interesting they are than he is.

If sailors can be induced to talk, they are the most entertaining people as a class which it is possible to find. But it is very hard for a stranger to break the ice with them; and if the stranger should be a gentleman it makes it twice as hard, for they will always be extremely reserved in his presence. The only way to do if you want them to talk freely among themselves (which is much the most amusing) is to ask them questions and try to start conversations with them at every opportunity; generally, at the end of a week, they will see that you really like to converse with them, the ice will gradually melt, and from that time forward, if you should ever feel gloomy and sulky, go down on the main-deck and stand by the galley during the second dog-watch, and listen to the witty passes at each other; in fifteen minutes you will be shaking with laughter, for theirs is real humor.

At the pumps this evening I asked the Frenchman several questions, and found him not at all averse to talking, though his English is very bad. In speaking of the Southern Ocean, he said that his preference lay in favor of the Horn voyages, saying that the Good Hope seas were too short, meaning that in the event of a very heavy sea it is best to have as long a one as possible. Probably he was thinking of the Agulhas Bank, where there is at times

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

possibly the most dangerous sea in the world,—a Bay of Fundy sea multiplied by ten. Across this bank, in a westerly direction, flows a swift current that issues from the Mozambique Channel, called now the Agulhas Current, and this, meeting the westerly gales, produces enormous, hollow seas, from which no vessel, however buoyant, can keep free.

What a splendid fellow this Gaul is ! What a back and legs ! and his wrists are as large as some men's ankles. He has a really engaging smile, too, in spite of his bull-dog jaws and shaggy brows. Opposite to me to-day pumped Jimmie Rumps. Curiously enough, he is the only sailor whom I have ever heard swear in joking among themselves, however they may talk alone in the forecabin, and he does so because he thinks that it is big. "There's a fellow I'd like to see on the pumps," he remarked, quite an ugly look coming into his face ; and, glancing astern, I saw the skipper descending the weather-poop ladder. Though many of the men were evidently of this opinion, not a word was said by any of them ; for might I not repeat their sentiments aft in the cabin for aught that they knew ? Therefore the observation was received with scowls and a dead silence, which continued until Rumps again broke in with, "Last voyage I was in the American ship 'Ivanhoe,' and I was nearly starved to death !" "Eh ?" said Louis, sharply. "I said I was starved in the 'Ivanhoe,' " repeated Jimmie. "Oh," replied the Frenchman ; "I t'ought you meant zees sheep ; you'll find no bettair food anywhere zan here." It is not often that a sailor will acknowledge this, and it speaks very well for Louis.

"Say," Jimmie went on, "I've had enough of the sea, and if I can, I'm going home to Brooklyn on eight wheels [*i.e.*, railway car] ; and lemme give you a tip on San Francisco ; don't you miss the baths, though it'll cost

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

you ten cents, and a quarter for a fresh-water swim. And, say, you go over and see Oakland ; but I dunno if they've got the fare down to five yet."

It is rather surprising that Captain Scruggs doesn't take an interest in keeping track of his various voyages, plotted off on the different charts, as Captain Kingdon did. The latter used some which had sixteen voyages pricked off on them as plain as ink could make it, forming a very useful aid for future work, as he could select the average from them all, for each voyage as it progressed. Our skipper, however, takes no such pains, and so far hasn't even looked at an ordinary chart. To-day my wife asked him to show her where we were, at noon, and he hauled out from under the sofa an old, ragged, hydrographic wind-chart, and after much stertorous breathing he managed to stab the position on the paper with the dividers, being so palsied from last night's potations that he had to steady one hand with the other before he could hit the chart within several degrees of where we were. Latitude, $8^{\circ} 24'$ north ; longitude, $31^{\circ} 40'$ west.

MAY 29

The end of the Trades is at hand. After blowing us through nearly twenty-five degrees of latitude, the wind began to let go yesterday afternoon and to simultaneously haul to the southward, while an immense pall of blue-black cloud rose slowly out of the southwest and solemnly spread itself over the clear sky, with an indication of thunder-squalls in the "white heads" which crowned its summit. Sure enough, in the middle watch there was some mild thunder and lightning, but hardly any rain. However, a drizzle started later on, and as the morning was a soft one and the atmosphere almost as heavy and hot as the steam from a kettle,—a typical tropical morning,—the men were

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

turned to scrubbing the paint-work generally. It was a very long, tedious job, for every particle of white paint had been transformed into a dirty drab in the New York docks. I never saw such a change in a vessel as the men, starting at the taffrail, worked their way forward,—poop, bulwarks, boats, skids, everything putting off the grimy look, and assuming in its stead a glossy whiteness which almost hurt the eye.

It is strange that we have no head-pump here. On the "Mandalore" there was a very powerful one, worked by four men, and a line of two-inch hose that reached to the after hatch. Our method of washing down the decks, though, is as primitive as irrigation in India, for all the water must be hoisted over the side in a canvas bucket and dumped into a cask, whence it is taken out as wanted.

Speaking of the "Mandalore" reminds me of a gruesome tale which MacFoy, the bosun, told me last evening. So broad is his brogue that it was rather hard to understand him, but I gathered the following: One day, about nine years ago, there started from Hamburg, bound to San Francisco, the big Liverpool ship "Falls of Ayr." The weather growing very bad in the Channel, though, she up helm and ran back for the Downs, to anchor till the gale should break. Shortly before she sailed the "Mandalore" left Hull, also bound around the Horn to San Diego, on what MacFoy said was her maiden voyage. After getting well out into the Channel, though, and finding it as thick as pea-soup, she, too, ran back for the Downs, and before anybody knew what was happening, with a fearful crash she hit the "Falls of Ayr" head on, well aft on the quarter, dividing her nearly in two and smashing her boats, which she carried aft, Liverpool fashion. Very curiously, the "Ayr" had no after companion-way, entrance to the main

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

cabin being effected solely by means of the doors on the main-deck. These, being of iron, crumpled like paper under the impact of collision, and then jammed, so that in the hurry and confusion they baffled all attempts at opening, and before anything could be done the ship foundered, carrying down with her every soul aft,—captain, two mates, steward, and cook, caught like flies in a trap. Nor was this all. Three boats had been broken into match-wood, leaving but one unharmed, in which only a handful of the men and two apprentices escaped. “And look again, sir,” continued David, “she’s the unluckiest ship that ever left a yard. Two years later she ran down a large Belfast ship off Pernambuco, one of the Star Line,—I think ’twas the ‘Star of Greece,’—though both ships finally made Buenos Ayres for repairs.”

And this was the dear old “Mandalore” which carried us so happily across thirteen thousand miles of ocean only a short time ago! We had absolutely no suspicion of those accidents before, and I asked the bosun if he couldn’t be mistaken, but he answered, “I never forget a ship, sir; this one I mean is a London ship built at Stockton nine years ago.” That settled it; but how strange that we should never have heard of either case!

There are two boxes of Sicilian oranges on board which are holding out remarkably well; for though they are getting a little dry, not one has so far spoiled. We also have good cool water to drink yet; for in spite of the great heat of the last two days, it has not penetrated the big galvanized iron tanks below. Indeed, the water is so much cooler than the air that a blur forms on the outside of a tumbler. But this will soon change, and we will have drinking-water at a temperature of ninety degrees for a fortnight. Latitude, 6° 5′ north; longitude, 30° 30′ west.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

MAY 30

This afternoon was very hot and calm, and we had the first hard rain of the voyage. As we had had no wind at all previous to this shower, the courses had been hauled up to prevent chafing; but some of the buntlines and clew-lines had been let go when the rain came, although as there was not much wind in the squall, the men were allowed to drop braces and everything else and run for tubs and buckets to be filled with fresh water, so that for the next thirty minutes the decks presented a remarkable sight. The head-yards were braced up, while the main- and after-yards were still squared, with the starboard clew of the foresail, both clews of the mainsail, and the port-clew of the cross-jack hauled up, while the decks were covered with a wonderful snarl of ropes. However, we filled every bucket, tub, and cask on board, while the men ran for their soiled clothes and spread them out all over the forward deck to soften in the warm rain, the mate producing three pairs of old trousers which he carefully deposited on the after-hatch. Odd notion, this washing of ordinary clothes; I had never heard of such a thing. The rain lasted for an hour, and the captain had the bath-tub filled and I had a delightful fresh-water bath, the temperature of the rain being 79° . Only those who have been compelled to bathe for weeks in brine can appreciate the luxury of fresh water.

Our calm reminded the mate at dinner of a curious circumstance which happened once in the Pacific. Quite a fleet of ships started out together from San Francisco bound around the Horn; and, keeping well together, they all fell into a calm streak just north of the line which lasted for twelve days. During this time several ships passed this fleet about fifty miles to the westward of them (among which was the "Wandering Jew," an American ship, since

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

burned) with half a gale of wind ! This story seems to be quite true, as the "Jew's" log-book for that day showed that she was a degree west of the becalmed vessels, and mentioned that they stowed the fore and mizzentop-gallant sails. A fact of this sort shows what different weather conditions may exist at a distance of less than one hundred miles.

We witnessed a punishment this afternoon which I thought was never resorted to except in the navy ; and, even there, the construction of a modern war-ship necessarily precludes it. We were sitting at the break of the poop, when we saw a man coming down from aloft in a hurry, as though he were especially anxious to reach the deck ; when, to our surprise, no sooner had he done so than MacFoy gruffly said to him, "Back you go ; and this time to the sky-sail-yard ; d'ye hear?"

So up he went again (it was Louis Eckers, the youngest and dullest seaman in the ship) till he reached the main-royal, when of course he had to "shin" up to the sky-sail-yard, as there are never any ratlines above the royals. Presently, though, he stood upon the yard, one hundred and eighty feet above the water, grasping the slender sky-sail pole with one arm, and surveying the deck quite comfortably. When he had been there about half an hour, the bosun roared out "Come down"; and it was not till then that we realized that he had been mast-headed for bad conduct. It seems incredible that a punishment so humane should be resorted to on a Yankee ship.

The eating on board, aft at any rate, is still extremely good, particularly the coffee, which is put up in convenient packages for sea use and labelled "Best Maracaibo"; thus there is no deception, the greater part of "Mocha" having its origin in Central or South America. Every day at meals the mate seems to grow more hideous and gro-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

tesque, and he is the only man whom I ever saw to whom the latter adjective could be applied. His nose, which is enormous, is canted far over to the right ; one nostril is the size of a slate-pencil, while the other would fit a small gas-pipe, and his dense, kinky moustache becomes at meals the lurking place of various liquids and solids ; while ears like water-lilies expand from his head like those of a bat. His table manners are actually shocking, though in some ways he is perhaps not much worse than the skipper, who contrives to decorate the lapels of his coat with a spray of soup at each dinner. Some men embellish the region of their waist-bands with various fluids, but Captain Scruggs is dexterous enough to decorate his entire front with such things.

Mr. Goggins has a stock phrase which is simply too absurd, when he declines anything further at table. Suppose the captain to say, "Have some more potatoes, sir?" he will reply, closing one eye and leering at the dish with the other, "No-o-o, sir, I thank you, sir ; I've 'ad sufficient, sir, I thank you, sir." This answer is invariable, and it is never abbreviated or curtailed in any way. He has also of late acquired the extremely objectionable habit of coming to the table with bare feet, which I am going to ask the skipper if he cannot prevent. Latitude, $5^{\circ} 16'$ north ; longitude, $30^{\circ} 5'$ west.

MAY 31

Our progress for this twenty-four hours was not such as would delight the heart of a steam-yachtsman, for our difference of latitude was precisely nothing, and we made twenty-five miles of westing, which would indicate a current. The heat, of course, is great, and also the oppressiveness, everything being indescribably sticky and soft. The temperature of the sea has risen to correspond with

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

that of the air, both standing at about eighty-four degrees ; severe rain-squalls with little or no wind necessitate oil-skins on deck, for if your clothes get wet they will be hours drying in this weather ; indeed, they will not dry at all, unless you put them on, when the heat of the body evaporates the moisture. As we have been several days now in very hot weather, we have had plenty of opportunity of comparing the cabins of a wooden and an iron ship in the tropics. As might have been expected, that of the "Higgins" is cooler than that of the iron "Mandalore" ; but the difference is surprisingly little, not more than two or three degrees. The principal disparity we notice at night, as the "Mandalore's" top-sides used to retain the heat of the sun for so long a period that it was frequently two o'clock in the morning before the temperature fell perceptibly. The thermometer now in our room stands at about 85° day and night as against 87° and 88° in the other ship.

Yesterday we caught a dolphin. It was a true dolphin, *delphinus delphis*, a mammal, the bottle-nose of sailors ; seafaring people giving the name to a small beautifully-colored fish, *coryphæna hippuris*, which isn't a dolphin at all.

Scores of the big, graceful creatures had been disporting themselves around the ship for several hours, as many as a dozen sometimes simultaneously breaking the water in a space which apparently could have been covered with a table-cloth. By and by they aroused the blood-loving propensities of the mate, who forthwith rigged his harpoon and stationed himself on the bowsprit-shrouds to watch for his prey. Presently a dolphin shot under the martingale-boom, when zip, the heavy iron flew through the air and passed completely through the unhappy creature, whose blood instantly transformed the lovely blue of the sea to a rich crimson. Here Mr. Goggins showed indications of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

insanity and bawled for the watch, who came running up on the forecastle-head with beaming faces. A dozen hands seized the harpoon-line, and a few hearty pulls landed the dolphin alongside the starboard anchor amid the wildest acclamations from the men. As he was to furnish fresh food for them for several days, however, their joy was natural, and he was dragged down on the main deck, cleaned, and skinned, which latter process was accomplished by slitting the hide into longitudinal sections, and then, starting each strip, three hands would take a strong hold and with a hard wrench the strip or ribbon would be ripped off with a noise like the tearing of heavy silk ; one of the men, the facetious Charley Neilsen, suggesting the propriety of starting a chanty. After this had been accomplished, the carcass was suspended from the mainstay, bearing a singular resemblance to a hind-quarter of beef.

This morning we had dolphin liver for breakfast, which could scarcely have been detected from calf's liver, and this, with some new-laid eggs and salt mackerel, afforded us much the same breakfast which we would have had ashore. "And the flesh you won't know from beef ; eh, cap'n?" said Mr. Goggins. But we hardly believed this and our distrust was justified when a strange dish was placed before the skipper at dinner. "What on earth is that?" I asked.

"Oh, this is a dolphin stew," quoth Captain Scruggs, with much satisfaction, "and that's just pork fat on top to flavor it."

Whatever it was, the thing was in a deep yellow dish and looked like a wretched meat pie, the slabs of pork taking the place of crust. But yet stranger things were to be disclosed ; for when the captain inserted a spoon and sculled around in the recesses of the cavernous redoubt, he brought to light and placed upon our plates irregular lumps of what seemed to be coke, while some of the fragments were of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

that dead black that pitch assumes, smooth in places, and in others sharp and ragged. I can assure the reader that a dolphin ragout is a strange thing.

It will no doubt surprise some people to know that the largest steamship line in the world is the Hamburg-American Company. That is, its vessels, which number one hundred and twenty-four, aggregate the greatest number of tons. The new freight steamers "Pennsylvania" and "Pretoria" of this line are mammoth vessels, and two more of the same class are now building by the Vulcan Works at Stettin. Their gross tonnage is about twelve thousand five hundred, with a displacement of twenty-three thousand tons, and a carrying capacity of twenty thousand tons. It is marvellous that a vessel should be able to carry, safely, twenty-twenty-thirds of her own weight. The new White Star freighter "Cymric" slightly exceeds these vessels in carrying capacity, and it requires six hundred and twenty-five carloads of freight to fill her enormous hull.

Below will be found a list of the five largest steamship lines, with the aggregate tonnage of each.

	Tons
Hamburg American	341,000
British India	295,000
North German Lloyd	266,000
Peninsular and Oriental	251,000
Messageries Maritimes	279,000

The Cunard Line is simply swallowed up in these figures, and even the White Star Line, with all its freighters, falls below them ; while the Japanese Nippon Yusen Kabushiki, with one hundred and sixty-two thousand tons, exceeds the Cunard, which the average citizen would perhaps place first on the list. Latitude 5° 16' north ; longitude, 30° 30' west.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

JUNE 1

Three weeks at sea this day, and we are involved in the vortex, so to speak, of the Doldrums, with all which the name implies : intense heat, sultry, humid atmosphere, a baking sun which glares down between heavy showers and an almost total absence of wind. We were congratulating ourselves last night, for at 8.30 we took a northeasterly wind, which sent us along at seven knots through a sea spangled with phosphoric jewels and leaving a wake of silvery light astern, like the trail of a meteor.

“About, about, in reel and route,
The death-fires danced at night.”

But on issuing from the companion-way this morning, lo ! a great calm was lying upon the waters ; while the sun, like a globe of incandescent gold, sent down terrible rays of heat, trebly intensified by the brassy glare from the ocean. Perspiration dripped from the faces of the weather-hardened seamen upon the least exertion, the pigs breathed in short gasps and the poultry stalked about the deck with open bills.

“Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
’Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

“All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the masts did stand,
No bigger than the moon.”

A typical day of the low latitudes this. To me there is ever something wonderfully impressive in an absolute calm, when no breath of wind tarnishes the surface, and the only evidence that the ship is not resting upon a plane of glass

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

is to be found in an occasional slow, deep surge, hardly ever absent when in the profound depths of the ocean.

All around the northern and eastern horizon hung superb, dense masses of violet cloud, descending at intervals in steaming showers, while broad on the port bow lay becalmed a large square rigger, hull down, but lifting at times on the swell till we could see her courses hanging in the buntlines in easy, graceful curves. Nearer and nearer, by imperceptible degrees, she approached, till at eleven o'clock she lay not more than three miles distant,—a magnificent four-masted bark, bearing the stamp of the Clyde upon her powerful iron hull, and presenting, with her double top-gallant-yards and splendid sheer, a perfect illustration of the modern sailing ship, of the largest and finest class. How beautiful and stately and proud she looked as she floated along, apparently conscious that she was homeward bound, and fully aware that she was one of the "swift shuttles of an empire's loom" which Kipling mentions in those fine verses "The Coastwise Lights of England!"

"I'll bet there's nothin' ter eat aboard there but rice, hard bread, and water," said a croaking voice at my elbow, and the greasy countenance of the grizzly old mate was thrust suddenly into the foreground, totally destroying the beauty of the scene. Mr. Goggins (always Mr.) never loses a chance to blackguard his native country, which shows better than anything else what sort of creature he is. We made our number to the ship, to which she replied with her own name, but which we unfortunately could not make out, though, owing to the position of our flags, she may have been able to do so.

It is pleasant to study a great vessel like this, and to wonder how old she is and what great gales she must have witnessed in her career, walking up and down the world ;

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

now perhaps carrying five thousand tons of grain from California to the starving multitudes in India ; now beating her way round tempestuous Agulhas, full to the hatches with tea and silk ; now struggling against the thunderous southwesterly monsoon in the Bay of Bengal, homeward bound from Calcutta with twenty thousand bales of flossy jute in her great body. God speed the gallant ship ! Latitude, $4^{\circ} 24'$ north ; longitude, $29^{\circ} 35'$ west.

JUNE 2

This afternoon was a perfect scorcher, even worse than yesterday, and the sun glittered down from a sky absolutely cloudless. Half a dozen albacores gambolled lazily around the ship all day, sometimes casting themselves several feet out of the water and then falling back with such a splitting crack that it was marvellous how their skins withstood it ; and as these fish usually weigh about two hundred pounds and are some five or six feet in length, they made quite a fascinating display.

Last night we had what will probably be our last look at the pole-star for a couple of months. The sky was very clear then in the north, showing Polaris just above the horizon ; theoretically, the altitude of this star is the approximate latitude in, and it ought to be visible at, the equator ; but owing to vapors, etc., the polar star is generally not visible south of 5° north.

My wife is remarkably well in all this heat, a fact well illustrated by her hearty appetite at meals, considering that what we eat for dinner is usually supposed to be the accompaniments of cold weather. Our noon repast to-day, as an example, comprised a liberal portion of dense, steaming pea soup, hot Boston baked beans, and brown bread, followed, topped off with, oh, heavens ! smoking plum pudding and Edam cheese in lumps as large as walnuts !

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Most people would consider this a throttling diet on the equator, and so it is, more or less ; but our appetites are so fine that just now we don't mind such a little inconvenience as Boston beans bubbling in pork fat.

At supper the heat was worse than ever and we were hurrying to get on deck, when my wife called attention to the strange, yellow tinge of a cloud-bank right ahead, which we could see through the cabin door.

"Oh, it's nothing at all," said the skipper ; but, as if to nail his words, there came a blast of cold wind, which heeled the ship over to the scuppers and sent the captain and mate flying on deck. We followed instantly, and beheld a thrilling sight. Ahead, from southwest to east, the sky was covered with thick, windy-looking, saffron clouds, rushing rapidly toward us ; while the sea, as black as beneath a summer thunder-squall, was whipped into angry, spitting white-caps, through which we were just beginning to force our way. In the northwest, over against this gloomy scene of dun vapor and dark, foam-flecked water, gleamed the sun, just setting in golden splendor, encircled with wonderful clouds of the most delicate blues and grays.

Meanwhile, the ship was in the wildest uproar which we had seen yet. The newly washed clothes had been hung in lines across the poop, and they were thrashing about like tattered flags ; while ever and anon detached clothespins whistled by, necessitating very lively dodging. On the main-deck sixteen sailors were doing absolutely nothing but casting off the wrong braces ; while ropes were flying, sails were slatting and booming, the bosuns were jumping about sulphurous with profanity, and Mr. Goggins in five minutes had so far lost command of himself as to lean helplessly against a capstan, quite speechless. Captain Scruggs stood at the weather poop-ladder shouting commands, to

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

which no one paid any attention, such as, "Brace up those head-yards there ; what's the matter with you, Mr. What's-your-name? Come out o' that trance and git a watch-tackle on the foresheet. Hurry up that handy-billy now ; or maybe you want me to show you what a handy-billy is." (This with blighting sarcasm.) "Bosun, get that jib-top-sail in !" The trumpeting of a rogue elephant couldn't have been worse than the roar in which these orders were given, and the relief was infinite when objects began to straighten themselves out and the skipper went below. At seven o'clock we were doing eight knots, steering south-west by the wind. "The southeast Trades," said the captain, positively ; "they always come in a squall like that." But, so far from this being the truth, the wind had let go entirely at eleven, and we were once more lying idly on a motionless sea. Latitude, $3^{\circ} 50'$ north ; longitude, $29^{\circ} 3'$ west.

JUNE 3

Even Captain Scruggs's proverbial good luck seems to have vanished, for we have not made more than fifty miles per diem for several days, usually drifting about all over the ocean without steerage-way, until a squall comes along every two hours or so and sends us ahead four or five miles. The skipper lately has kept his temper well for so intolerant a man, but it is now oozing rapidly away, and he rolls out a reverberating oath at the men every few minutes, at whom he rages for apparently nothing. He seems to think that the most laborious tasks ought to be accomplished instantaneously, and he stuns Jimmie Rumps now and then with something like, "I'll learn yer to obey with the end of a rope, for yer can't pull any more than somebody's d—— cow" ; and constantly asks him, "Ain't yer got a mouth on yer to answer with?"

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

I had a talk with Coleman the other day. This man is the graven image of the conventional Mephistopheles, and arrived, together with Olsen, at New York, on the American ship "S. P. Hitchcock" a fortnight before we sailed, ninety-two days from Honolulu. Coleman couldn't say enough in favor of Captain Gates (indeed, every one speaks well of him), adding, "She's a bloody sight different from this packet." In saying which he alluded to Captain Scruggs's abusive manner when talking to the men, which is entirely unnecessary and doesn't do any good. Sailors, of course, can't bear this when they are doing their best, and will make it just as hard as they can for a captain in return. In the face of several recent outrageous pieces of cruelty on our ships, I do not think that our skipper will personally lay hands on the men. Still, you cannot tell to what length he will go when we have been together three or four months.

The mate approached us last evening and gave it as his opinion that we'd never see the big steel Bath ship "Dirigo" again. "Why not?" said I; "she had not been more than one hundred and sixty days at sea when we sailed."

"I know; that's all right," he answered; "but she was spoken off the Horn by the Briddish ship 'Howth,' that arrived a month before we left. Oh, you'll never see *her* again." That's the way with this individual,—he always thinks that something is going to happen. Then he suddenly asked,—

"Do you know wot Dirigo means?"

I told him that I did know what it meant,—“I direct.”

"Naw," he replied; "hit's the motto of the State of Maine, and means 'go ahead'"; and when I tried to tell him that that was a very free translation of it, he said, "I don't care for no translation; in the Greek language it

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

means 'go ahead.' " Such incontrovertible evidence was, of course, indisputable.

Mr. Rarx, the second mate, is of an altogether different type from Mr. Goggins. He has more natural intelligence, is very neat and clean, and is, besides, a far better seaman, and handles the men in such a way as to get twice as much work accomplished in a watch as the mate. But I am inclined to think that he has a very bad temper, from the motion he made with a fid the other day at two of the sailors who had made a mistake with a splice ; and when he told me about an easy voyage which he had just made in the " William H. Smith," and added, " I didn't have to speak cross to the men once from Singapore to New York," he looked at me very hard, and it seemed as though he were "sounding" me, to see whether I would believe improbable yarns. Still, I may be doing him injustice.

Perhaps the most agreeable man in the ship is David MacFoy, and we talked together for half an hour yesterday at about six o'clock. " This is a tedious place, mister," said he ; " we were three weeks here in the Doldrums a couple of months ago in the ' P. N. Blanchard,' from Manila to Boston. We'll be awhile here now if signs count ; and what's that we've got ahead of us?—the Horn in mid-winter ! Oh dear, dear ! The last time I went round to the westward was in the ' Tam o' Shanter,' a couple of years ago now, and we were forty-nine days off Cape Horn, and that much snow that in half an hour the lee decks would be full o' drift. But d'ye know, I'd rather double the Horn to the west'ard than run the eastin' down goin' out to China and Australia. If yer do get heavier sou'west gales there, you're hove to comfortable-like ; but runnin' to the east'ard, it's a terrible thing to have them greyhounds a-chasin' yer. On the last passage out to Wellington two hands were washed overboard out o' the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

waist, another was washed away from the wheel off the poop, and a fourth poor fellow fell from the upper mizzen-top-sail-yard, and only lived ten minutes. Oh ! that other's a crool cape, sir. No, I'm not married ; there's too many grog-shops around. Now, look : when I landed in Boston a few weeks ago from the ' Blanchard ' I had a hundred and seventy-six dollars comin' to me. That was on a Friday. The next Monday I landed in New York with fifty cents, and signed here next day ; but that was pretty quick work."

This, and much more, did the big, handsome Scot reveal to me, in the pleasant accents of his native land, and with that knack of story-telling which so many ship-masters imagine that they possess, to the chagrin and distraction of their friends. I expect many more agreeable half-hours with this interesting fellow, for he instils much individuality into his tales. Nor will I ever forget him as he leaned against the pin-rail in the dusk this evening, his clean checked jumper lying open across his brown chest, as round as a barrel, and his head shaded by a wide-brimmed felt hat. He is an ideal bosun.

Being now in one of the great ocean cross-roads, we are constantly sighting vessels, both steamers and wind-jammers, bound north and south, the steamers being those on the voyage to and from the river Plate and Brazil to the United States and Europe. Yesterday we sighted five vessels, but none near enough to speak. Latitude, 3° 40' north ; longitude, 27° 50' west.

JUNE 4

Our calm hot weather continues with no indications of a break, and the sun is continuously obscured by heavy, cumulus clouds, though the heat is scarcely so overpowering as it was a day or two ago. But the humidity is suffo-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

cating, and as we have no sun, rugs, towels, and everything else feel almost wet to the touch. Last evening we had a sharp squall at 6.30, for which we lowered the sky-sails and luffed smartly at the same time. Very heavy rain fell too, making the fourteenth hard shower of the day. In the middle watch last night, the mate said that the heaviest rain fell which he had ever seen, together with a single dazzling lightning-flash and a simultaneous crash of thunder.

In our lives we have witnessed many scenes of great tumult, but never have I seen any to compare with that on board this ship this afternoon at four o'clock. Captain Scruggs had been growling and yapping around the main-deck all day, cursing everything, and particularly the light air which came fanning along, whenever it fanned at all, straight out of the south. Thus far we had not once tacked ship, though several times the wind had shifted so as to bring it on the other side. We were crawling along then this afternoon toward the east when eight bells went and both watches came on deck ; while in another minute, without previous warning, the skipper yapped out, "All hands 'bout ship." Paint-brushes and serving-mallets were dropped and tar-pots stowed away, while every one hastened to obey the summons.

Now, there is always more or less confusion the first time that a square-rigger tacks or wears on a voyage, though if everybody keeps his head there ought not to be so very much ; and if our skipper had only let Mr. Goggins attend to the small details there wouldn't have been a tenth of the disorder here. From the moment that the helm was put down, however, until we filled away on the other leg the ship was like a mad-house at recess. I don't believe that there ever was heard on a vessel's deck such yelling, or howling, which is a more comprehensive word. Nearly

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

every order given by either mate the captain at once countermanded, sometimes without knowing it, often on purpose. The main-deck was full of capstan-bars, lead blocks and braces, which had been cast off when the order came to 'bout ship ; and over and among these encumbrances eighteen men wrangled, stamped, and swore to an accompaniment of chattering blocks and thrashing canvas, as the ship came up to the wind, the mates cuffing and thumping the awkward ones with unflagging diligence, Mr. Goggins lumbering heavily aft to administer a painful booting to that hapless creature, Neils Brün, who has been in almost continuous trouble since the mate nearly pulled his ear off, a fortnight ago.

And where was the master of the ship all this time? Behold him at the break of the poop raging like the heathen, while at times he shook both fists together above his head and swore like a pirate, as his voice went booming and crashing above the noise of battle. But the full glory of the scene was reached when, a few moments after he had roared out " Maintop-sail, haul !" the main-brace jammed in the brace-block and wouldn't render. His passion was almost fearful as he called upon the blank-blank-blankety who fouled the brace to show himself ; while he jumped off the poop and raged away, tearing the braces apart as though he were wringing some one's neck. Even the second mate lost his head once as the old man shouted to his bosun, " I told yer to let go that t' gallant-brace, didn't I? Do yer want me to show yer how it's done? I will ; but I'll wipe the deck with yer first. Where are yer steerin' the ship to, yer at the wheel? Maybe yer'd like to have her aback ?"

Now, if we had never been to sea before, we might have supposed that this was the necessary and proper manner of putting a ship about ; but as we had seen the " Manda-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

lore" under similar conditions several times, where there was almost perfect order during such evolutions, this scene was positively astounding, and disgusted us with Captain Scruggs. He is manifestly a fine seaman (American ship-masters are invariably that), but he loses command of himself and every one else as soon as there is anything to be done.

Although the American sailing ships have decreased in numbers amazingly in the last twenty-five years, there being in 1871 twenty-four hundred and sixty-six square-rigged vessels under the flag, as against four hundred and fifty-six at the present time, there seems to be good reason to think that an increase in this branch of ship-building is about to commence. Arthur Sewall, the great Bath ship-owner, has a large three-thousand-ton vessel completed and the keel of another one laid down, both of steel, while it is not improbable that he will build a fleet of such sailing ships. Think of our immense trade to the East fifty years since, and then ponder on the fact that not long ago the only vessel which entered the port of Calcutta flying the American flag for a period of four years was a British-built steam-yacht! That sailing vessels in general are not passing away as rapidly as people suppose, however, was shown by a circumstance that occurred about six months ago, when the freight-steamer "Massachusetts" arrived one day at New York from London and reported that in twelve hours she passed fifty-four sailing vessels of various rigs, all close-hauled on the starboard tack! Her approximate position then was latitude 48° , longitude 27° .

For several days the men have been setting up the rigging fore and aft, and they are now finishing the mizzen-top-gallant, royal and sky-sail backstays. It was a tedious job, but intensely interesting to watch, and I had never seen it done before on a square-rigger, as the other ship's

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

rigging was set up with turnbuckles. Latitude, $3^{\circ} 22'$ north ; longitude, $27^{\circ} 50'$ west.

JUNE 5

We think that we have taken the southeast Trades, though the wind as yet is nothing to the eastward of south. Last evening the dense rain-clouds and vapory masses of the Doldrums gave way to a clear sky dotted with trade clouds, and a lovely night followed, the moon in the first quarter being visible for the first time in many days. We had also a magnificent view of the southern heavens, with the golden Cross now well up, wheeling slowly through the sky, the finest constellation in the south. Immediately beneath, though a little to the left of, the Cross a strange thing is to be observed in the shape of what seems to be a large pear-shaped blot in the surrounding stars, bearing a close resemblance to a dark cloud, about the same size as the Cross itself. Within this space, which sailors call the Black Cloud, not a single star can be observed with the naked eye, though the sky round about the Cross in every other direction is thick with stars of the third and fourth magnitude.

At eight o'clock this evening we tacked ship for the third or fourth time to-day, and by reason of so much practice this herculean task was accomplished with a little less noise than before. Still, the disturbance was very great, with a prodigious amount of shouting and bad language from the skipper, which once more rose to a climax when one of the fore buntlines caught on something, just after he had sung out "Let go and haul." Captain Scruggs, who was standing at the extreme forward end of the cabin-house, here executed a few fantastic steps to relieve his mind, and being clearly outlined in the moonlight, he made a very idiotic appearance. The manœuvre of tacking on this occasion,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

by the way, was a very impressive one, the white moonbeams transforming the dull gray canvas into cloths of satiny sheen as the great yards revolved to maintop-sail haul.

It must be said that the captain was justified to-day in kicking at the weather. The breeze was of the very faintest sort, and as often as we tacked ship the wind actually seemed to jump around and head us off, so that, after we were once more braced up on the port tack this evening and the wind shifted back and into the south, heading us off to nearly west, we really began to pity the skipper.

The phosphoric display here is the most beautiful which we have ever seen. Our wake every night is a swirling, gyrating, writhing path of liquid fire, in which glitter thousands of apparently incandescent globes as large as billiard-balls, with now and then a suggestion of fiery serpents twisting and wriggling through the glowing mass.

“Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes ;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

“Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire ;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.”

How singularly devoid some men are of decent feelings ! I talked last evening at the pumps with Murphy (he whose nose was pulled) and Rumps. The latter was boasting as to how long he could stay drunk without seeing startling visions, and rejoiced in saying that he had been in the lock-up of more than one city in the United States. Murphy,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

however, bowled him completely over by remarking quite calmly, "I been in the jail of every large seaport in the world."

Though the temperature is just as high, 84° at noon on deck, the humidity has almost disappeared and the weather seems clear and settled. Latitude, $2^{\circ} 49'$ north ; longitude, 27° west.

JUNE 6

Indications seem to point with certainty to our having taken the southeast Trades, for a strong breeze sprang up at six this morning, descending upon us in a squall. We trembled lest it should prove naught but a puff ; but we had the satisfaction of seeing it steadily increase, so that four hours later we had logged thirty-four miles, close-hauled, laying our course, the wind being strong and true at southeast. It might not be thought amiss if I state here what the origin of the trade-winds is. They are due to the inrush of cold air from the poles towards the equator to take the place of the warm current which rises from the latter. Owing to the easterly rotation of the earth on its own axis the air from the north becomes a northeast wind, and that from the south a southeast wind. The hot air flows to the poles as an upper current, and, having been cooled there, it descends to the surface of the earth to form the westerly or anti-trade-winds.

At 8.30 this morning a vessel was sighted to windward, bound north, which soon resolved itself into a tramp steamer. Here was an excellent chance to be reported ; so telling the helmsman to hold her up as much as possible, the captain hauled out the flags DRHF, bent them on to the signal-halliards, and when he thought that the steamer had opened out our monkey-gaff, he told the mate to hoist away ; which, being a very simple operation, he

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

accomplished without accident ; and in a few seconds the flags which spelled our name were fluttering merrily away a hundred feet above the deck. Anxiously we waited, but no answering pennant showed from the steamer, and we were about to blast her skipper with deep-sea anathemas, when she was observed to alter her course at right angles and come bearing down upon us, pushing a big snow-bank of foam ahead of her bluff bows. On she came, as if to lay us aboard, until she was within half a mile, when she shifted her helm again, describing a deep circle, while at the same instant the familiar little red-and-white-striped pennant flew up to her triadic stay, meaning " I understand you " ; down came our flags on the run and " Report me all well " was hoisted instead, or rather it wasn't hoisted until after the skipper had discovered that the miserable Goggins had run up " Steer after me " by mistake, which necessitated some lightning changes, as the stranger was moving rapidly away. Again the gay little triangle fluttered from the latter, while we ran the stars and stripes to the gaff and dipped three times, the other reciprocating with the scarlet ensign of Great Britain. The steamer then kept away, and in half an hour was a blot in the northeast ; from her course the skipper thinks that she was from Pernambuco bound to the Cape de Verde. Now, here is a man who deserves to be publicly commended, and I wish that we had caught the steamer's name, that it might appear in these pages. How many steamer captains are there who will alter the course for the purpose of speaking a mere wind-jammer ? This incident seems to refute the assertion which is often made about the careless and what-are-you-to-me-spirit of British ship-masters, for no one could be more civil or polite than the captain of this tramp ; rivalling in this respect the Germans, who are said to be the most painstaking of all the nationalities in the reporting of vessels.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

I nearly forgot an agreeable break in the monotony of yesterday. We sighted a brig in the forenoon ahead and to windward ; and though she had a lot of fore and aft canvas set, which ought to have held her up well, we rapidly ate up towards her, so that at four o'clock she was ahead and a little to leeward. We gradually crawled up on her then, and in another fifteen minutes had her abeam, so close that the features of her helmsman were clearly visible. Then I thought of our megaphone, presented to us just before we sailed, and here was a grand opportunity of putting it to practical use. So I brought it up on deck and the following conversation ensued :

“Hello ! what brig is that?”

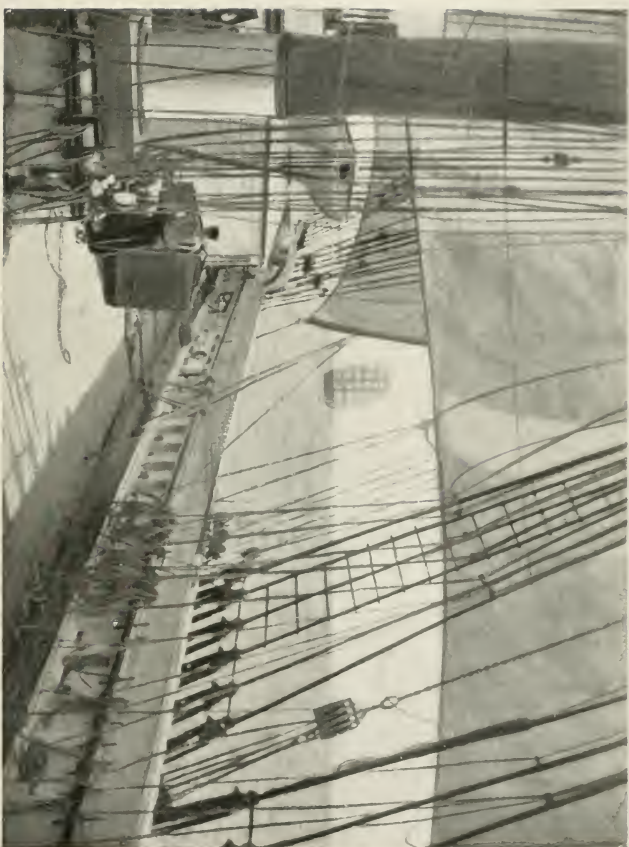
“The ‘Venturer,’ of Nova Scotia, from Philadelphia for——” Here followed a terrific aggregation of syllables which we couldn’t catch.

“When did you sail?”

“May 7, from Delaware Breakwater. What ship is that?”

“The ‘Hosea Higgins,’ from New York for San Francisco. Please report us all well.” A flourish of the arm from a man on her poop answered our request, which ended the interview. The megaphone worked beautifully, though they are of no use in windy weather. Of course, the mate, never having seen one, felt it his duty to jeer at it, which he did by saying, “That thing, whatever yer call it, ’s no good ; I could hear better’n you without it.”

Reference to a copy of the *Maritime Register* on board showed that the “Venturer” was of one hundred and ninety-three tons, hailed from Weymouth, Nova Scotia, and was bound to Margem do Torquary, Brazil ; small wonder that we couldn’t understand it before. It reminds me of an Italian bark which sailed from New York a short



Overhauling the "Venturer"

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

time ago for Alexandretta, the "Nostra Signora del Sacro Cuoro di Jesu."

The "Venturer" was what is usually known as a tidy little vessel, and she made a really fine picture as she surged buoyantly along over the watery hillocks. Accurately, she was a brigantine, and we got several very fair photographs of her, though the light was bad. Altogether, we sight about a dozen vessels a day now, which shows how densely populated the Atlantic is near the equator.

A circumstance quite surprising is the frequency with which the mates leave the poop when on watch ; indeed, a good deal more than half of their time is spent on the main-deck ; whereas on ships of foreign nations it is the general rule that the officer of the watch shall never leave the poop unless he has some excellent reason ; common sense shows the desirability of always keeping an officer where he will have full command of the ship.

Well, we're doing grandly now, and at noon were only ninety-five miles from the equator, and should cross it between one and two o'clock to-morrow morning. Latitude, $1^{\circ} 35'$ north ; longitude, $27^{\circ} 52'$ west.

JUNE 7

South latitude ! Our expectations were fulfilled, for we entered the Southern Hemisphere in the morning watch, crossing the great circle which circumscribes the earth at fifteen minutes past four. Thus we have entered upon the second stage of our voyage ; and while the first quarter was certainly not everything which could be desired, we reached the line in very good time, twenty-seven days from New York. If we had had even a little better luck in the Doldrums, four days could have been stricken from the twenty-seven ; this is a far better passage, though, than we made in the "Mandalore," when we had been forty-nine

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

days at sea before we finally cut the equator. Perhaps the most comforting part is the fact that the skipper seems to have exhausted his supply of *aguardiente*, for he has been very solemn and strictly sober for three or four days. Heaven grant that he has no more grog !

This weather is so magnificent now that the memory of our late smothering calms, during which we were eight days in making four degrees of southing, has entirely passed away, for we are humming through the water at eight knots, close-hauled, with streaming scuppers, while the superb southeast trade-wind sings a blithesome tune in the rigging. It is the grandest wind that blows ; so cool and steady, and the ocean so sparkles under its influence, with a snow-white crest topping each sea, reflecting the splendid blue of the heavens in its azure depths, that existence becomes an unbounded delight. I think, too, that the finest cloud effects which we saw on our first voyage were in the southeast Trades. True to precedence, yesterday afternoon at four o'clock the northeastern sky was obscured by a huge dark cloud of the color of indigo, and rendered doubly so by the sun shining upon it ; this cloud extended almost to the sea-rim, black and frowning, while immediately beneath it, on the horizon, appeared some far-away masses of cumulus cloud of a most beautiful cream color, enchanting the mind with their loveliness and resembling great yellow icebergs.

As we were contemplating this spectacle, MacFoy sung out something which I thought was "Vessel on the lee." The mate then went aloft for a better view, and when he had come down I asked him if he could see the vessel, to which he replied, "St. Paul's Rocks." This excited us at once, and I went up to the cross-jack-yard, from which elevation I plainly saw against a dark cloud what appeared to be twin light-houses, like Thatcher's Island lights at

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Cape Ann, Massachusetts. Although fifteen miles distant at the time, and the weather was slightly hazy, these two rocky columns rising from a depth of two thousand fathoms, the only land within hundreds of miles, produced an effect wonderfully majestic and solemn. The exact position of the rocks is $0^{\circ} 55' 30''$ north and $29^{\circ} 22'$ west, and they are five in number, though only two are of considerable altitude, the loftiest being one hundred feet in height. They are separated from each other only by narrow chasms, so that until you approach very close the appearance is that of a single island. The whole space occupied by St. Paul's Rocks does not exceed five hundred yards in length and three hundred in breadth ; and while Darwin concluded that they were not of volcanic origin, more modern scientists—Renard, Geikie, and Wadsworth—have decided that they are eruptive. These rocks are totally devoid of vegetation, but are the resort of incredible numbers of sea-birds, both gannets and noddies, as well as a certain spider, while the water in the vicinity swarms with fish, seven varieties having been taken by the "Challenger" during a very short stay.

Captain (afterward Admiral) Fitzroy, when in command of the "Beagle" during her celebrated five years' voyage, visited these rocks, and wrote an admirable description thereof. Among his observations is the following : "The multitude of birds covering the rocks was astonishing, and they suffered themselves to be kicked about and killed with sticks ; at the same time those on the wing even darkened the sky. Numbers of fine fish, like the grouper of Bermuda, bit eagerly at baited hooks ; but as soon as a fish was caught a rush of voracious sharks was made at him, and notwithstanding blows of oars and boat-hooks, the ravenous monsters could not be deterred from seizing and taking away more than half the fish that were hooked."

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Had it been earlier in the day we would have stood in toward the rocks to behold the surf which rages incessantly against the weather-side. But it was too late ; and even as we looked the lofty obelisks began to fade away, and at 6.15 we had what I hope will not be our last look at the lonely St. Paul's Rocks. The Atlantic Ocean near the equator, between the meridians of 18° and 23° , is subject to frequent and violent earthquakes, which have the effect upon a vessel like that of being dragged over a reef, or that of a heavy chain-cable being suddenly run out through the hawse-pipes.

The most singular fact in relation to the component parts of sea-water is the variation in the proportion of salt ; for every ton of Atlantic water evaporated there is yielded eighty-one pounds of salt ; ditto Pacific, seventy-nine pounds ; ditto Arctic, eighty-five ; while the Dead Sea heads the list with one hundred and eighty-seven pounds, though I have never seen such statistics in regard to our Great Salt Lake.

Although the temperature in the shade to-day was very agreeable, the sun's heat was terrific. It is customary to refer to a "baking sun," but I should call that of to-day a boiling sun, on account of the moisture ; and it is strange that on a day like this the sun's rays will not dry out a wet towel, though exposed to them for several hours during the hottest part of the day, so great is the humidity. Latitude, $0^{\circ} 49'$ south ; longitude, $29^{\circ} 53'$ west.

JUNE 8

These are fine Trades, though the squalls are severe and sudden. A few words here, in passing, as to squalls. What landsmen often call a squall sailors call a puff, such as are experienced along our coasts with a northwest wind, lasting a few seconds. A sailor's squall often lasts for

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

thirty minutes and is accompanied with heavy rain, while it can be observed approaching in the form of a nimbus cloud touching the ocean a long while before it reaches the ship.

In this twenty-four hours we did two hundred and thirteen knots, an average of more than nine within the hour, while in many of the squalls we must have been going nearly twelve. How many yachts are there which can equal this on a bowline? Ship-masters, however, cannot realize how fast a yacht can sail with a light wind ; they all seem to think that a yacht sails best in a gale. Captain Kingdon often used to say to us in the Southern Ocean, when we were doing twelve knots before a fresh gale, " Ah ! this is where I'd like to see an able yacht ! Sixteen knots, eh ? " And he couldn't understand that under those conditions a smart yacht could sail but little, if any, faster than we were doing. But what is even more difficult for them to grasp is the speed of a racing yacht in what they call a light air. Sometimes when we were fanning along at, say, five knots, I used to worry Captain Kingdon by telling him that a seventy-footer would run him out of sight in that breeze in a few hours. He refused to believe that any yacht could make nearly ten knots while the " Mandalore " was doing perhaps five.

This morning we had a heavy sunrise squall, for which we had to let go the royal halliards, the sky-sails having been stowed during the night. But, quick as the men were, the wind was swifter yet ; for before the clew-lines and buntlines could be manned a great rent was made in the mizzen-royal, and in a few minutes the second mate reported that the upper foretop-sail was in the same condition ; both were, therefore, unbent and lowered as such, while a brand new mizzen-royal was sent up, the first of the strong new sails which will be bent before we reach the bad

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

weather. It was the hardest squall which we have had yet, and the wind and rain made a thunderous noise while it lasted ; yet, high above the din, could be heard the powerful voice of Mr. Rarx, shouting to the men to bear a hand with the mizzen-royal clew-lines. Though there were plenty of squalls throughout the night, the sky was perfectly clear between them, and thickly studded with fine constellations, while the moon silvered the great wool-packs as they sailed serenely up out of the southeast. Quite a sea had made by eight bells this morning, in which we wallowed a good deal, but lost none of our way. Sea-birds have been very scarce lately, though a single large frigate-bird has sailed all day on motionless wing in wide circles overhead.

I wonder how many perfectly well and healthy deep-water captains there are ? This sounds absurd at first, as it is the general opinion that sea-captains are always thoroughly hearty and strong. Of course some of them are, for long-voyage skippers not infrequently live to a very advanced age, proving that they must have always been sound men ; yet in most instances it will be found that they suffer from some malady brought about in their profession. Perhaps the most common is liver trouble in conjunction with dyspepsia in some form. Captain Kingdon's death, it will be remembered, was caused by a cancer or abscess in the liver. Such complaints are due to an inactive life for months at a stretch, for captains, on account of their dignity, cannot take part in the working of a ship or in pumping her out, so that walking the poop must constitute all their exercise. Rheumatism, produced by bad food and exposure, divides the honors with the liver, while from heart-disease but comparatively few long-voyage captains are free. It generally develops in those of a nervous temperament, induced by worry in gales and dread of trouble

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

with the crew if they are unruly, besides a score of reasons only understood by the initiated. Even in my very limited experience, I have known three master-mariners afflicted with cardiac disease. One, a splendid fellow, Coalfleet, of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, died in his bunk in the North Atlantic ; another, in the Ward Line service, was grievously stricken in Cuba, and had to retire from the sea ; while the third suffered from dreadful intermittent attacks of angina, but I have lost track of him for several years. Latitude, $3^{\circ} 50'$ south ; longitude, $31^{\circ} 35'$ west.

JUNE 9

Late yesterday afternoon Captain Scruggs came up and said that Fernando de Noronha was visible to leeward from aloft, and that if we looked hard enough we might be able to see it from the deck. So we gazed long and earnestly over to the westward, and there, sure enough, arose a soft, rose-colored cloud through the mist ; and in another half-hour we could perceive the various islands which constitute this group, together with the lofty pyramidal rock one thousand feet above the sea, which crowns the loftiest of the islands, giving it a peculiar individuality, so that it is not possible to mistake this cluster for any other known group. We were near enough to count four distinct islands, the largest of them being twenty miles in circumference, and we could just make out the tremendous walls of sheer, unbroken rock falling into the sea ; but beyond this it was not given us to penetrate even with the strongest glasses on board. Would that we had been fifteen miles nearer, that we might have compared this group with Trinidad, which rears its desolate summit two thousand and twenty feet above the sea, fifteen degrees farther south. The spectacle of the surf breaking on Fernando de Noronha must be even grander than on St. Paul's Rocks ;

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

for, lying in the very heart of the strong southeast trade-wind, the full force of the mighty South Atlantic surge dashes ceaselessly against its basaltic walls.

Last evening was very fine indeed, the wind having let go sufficiently to make the deck agreeable ; and as the moon shone with great power, it was a night of remarkable beauty even for the Tropics, although some ragged scud which blew swiftly across the moon presaged plenty of wind for to-day. The indications were fulfilled, for it has been very squally since early this morning ; all the royals came in at eleven o'clock, and we have been plunging along in a broken sea, through savage blasts which roar in the rigging with an angry voice. The most unfortunate thing is that the wind is heading us by hauling to the southward, and for the greater part of the past twenty-four hours we have been steering well to the westward of southwest ; so that, in spite of our weatherly position on the line, we are going to have trouble in getting past that portion of Brazil lying to the southward of San Roque. Indeed, at noon we were only seventy-five miles from the land, a little south of the Great Bugbear, as Maury pertinently styled the famous cape.

For dinner to-day we had canned lobster, which came from the far-distant Cape of Good Hope ; at least, the skipper called them lobsters, but the mate disgustedly muttered "Crawfish." This sort of thing the skipper cannot stand, as he considers it a crime for Mr. Goggins to know more than he does, and actually resents any information which the mate volunteers at table. He generally doesn't care to exhibit his knowledge in the skipper's presence, and it is hard to see why to-day he forgot himself in so unusual a manner. Yesterday, for instance, I remarked what a particularly hot day it was for the Trades, and the skipper promptly denied it on principle until furnished with ocular

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

proof by thermometers, while the mate discreetly observed, "I feel like gettin' out me warmer coat."

Mr. Goggins is occupied during the first watch every other night in teaching two of the men where the different ropes lead to on deck. One of these hapless individuals is Louis Eckers, who doesn't understand much English, and the other is John Pettersen, an immensely tall, lean Dane, who lives in such terror of the mate that he utterly loses his head at every command. He is, besides, pitifully anxious to please, and his awkwardness is really remarkable. If there happens to be a rope yarn in his path he is sure to trip on it, and when he starts to move in obedience to an order, he first stares all about as though just recovering consciousness, and then suddenly perceiving that the men are some distance off by this time, he laboriously gets his lank frame under way after heavily tripping over some object, and, with elbows squared and head bent low, he charges like a bull across the deck. Neither of these men has ever been aboard of a square-rigger before, and what little sense they have seems to vanish when anything is to be done. I'll never forget John's appearance last night as he clattered heavily forward toward the fore-castle when the mate said ferociously, "Show me the spanker-sheet." Poor fellow! so rattled he knew not whither he was going.

Speaking of ropes a moment ago reminds me of the largest one ever made in England. It was of white manila, weighed five tons, and was twenty-two inches in girth with a breaking strain of eighteen tons. This huge rope was made a short time ago for the express purpose of towing a floating dry-dock from the Tyne to Havana, which itself weighed six thousand tons. Seventy men were required to haul in the hawser and coil it away. Latitude $6^{\circ} 18'$ south; longitude, $33^{\circ} 58'$ west.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

JUNE 10

Oh, unhappy day ! Oh, joyless hour ! We could not weather South America after all ! Late yesterday afternoon when I had plotted the run off on our own chart, I sought the skipper and said to him, "Unless my chart is out, we're not more than forty miles off the land." "No," he answered, quietly ; "we're just thirty miles from the beach, and I'm going to wear ship at six." How bitter was his tone as he said this ! Bitter and calm with despair, for that which he said in jest three weeks ago has truly come to pass. Far back in the North Atlantic one morning, when we were not far enough to the eastward for that latitude, I asked the captain if he weren't generally farther east than we were then. But he made light of it, trusting to his star of luck, as he jocosely answered, "Oh, well, maybe we'll have a chance to look at Brazil." Prophetic utterance. No one knows until he has "been there" how it galls a skipper to be caught here, for it often puts two or three weeks on the length of a voyage. At any rate, when six o'clock came last evening we wore ship to a running and complicated accompaniment of boisterous profanity, and stood away east on the starboard tack. If the Trades were where the general average shows that they ought to be at this season, east-southeast instead of south-southeast as they are, we would have fetched by with two or three degrees to spare.

The breeze was pretty strong when we turned in last night, and gave evidence of freshening considerably ; but no one looked for any such wind as we had this morning. We were awakened by the loud voice of Captain Scruggs, "Haul up the crojjick, Mr. Rarx," and five minutes afterwards, "Clew up the t'ga'nt-s'ls fore and aft," while a sudden headlong dive showed that something more than a strong breeze was blowing. Dressing was difficult, and when we finally emerged from the companion-way, behold

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the ocean almost white with breaking seas and a moderate gale whistling from south-southeast. The seas were short and we plunged heavily into them with an unpleasant jerk ; but it was a glorious sight to watch the billows as they came roaring at us, deep blue in the hollows and crested with hissing froth. We hadn't been more than half an hour on deck when the captain sung out, "Haul down the maintop-mast stay-sail and clew up the main-sail," which meant that we were going to wear again and stand in shore. We were nearly in the wind on the other tack, and the second mate had just roared out, "Head-yards now," when crash ! a tall sea fell over the weather side and full upon the wee Chinese cook, the meekest, jolliest little fellow imaginable. He was standing outside of the galley door when that sea claimed him. It slammed him first against the main hatch ; washed him back into the scuppers ; then aft nearly to the cabin bulkhead, and finally sat him fiercely down by the pumps, during which evolutions the frail little fellow could be perceived shooting about in the surging waters, his long, black, thin pig-tail curling and writhing several feet behind him. After the water had partly run off, half burying the men on the lee foresheet, our little Chinaman lay very still, and we feared that he was badly hurt, though the men were roaring with laughter, while the skipper thundered "Why in h— don't yer pick him up?" to the mates, who stood as though petrified, gazing at a cask of sea-water bearing down on the cook which would have flattened him like one of his own pancakes. All at once he came to, however, saw the barrel almost on him, and skilfully rolled out of the way of it, escaping with some painful bruises on his arms.

This was the only sea that boarded us, and we were soon straightened out on the old port tack, steering southwest, and doing scarcely four knots, for we were under short can-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

vas and the seas pounded us back, and even now we will hardly go free of the land; for in spite of our twelve hours of easting during the night, a powerful northwest current has set us back to such an extent that our noon sight showed us that we were only ten miles farther off-shore than at the corresponding hour yesterday, and that we had made only thirty miles of southing. If the wind shifts only a point, though, we might be able to weather the land after all.

Last night the mate and I had a conversation about fast passages, and he said to me, "I can tell yer, there was plenty of smart ships thirty or forty years ago that yer never hear tell of nowadays. There's the Boston ship 'Siren,' as I was mate of; we were comin' around from Coquimbo, bound to Liverpool, when we were caught in a pampero off the river Plate. It come in a squall as usual, and the fust thing I know, there was the fore- and main-t'-gallant-masts over the side. We didn't have no spare spars aboard, but, in spite of that, we went from 3° south right into Liverpool in nineteen days. Pretty good for a lame duck, and considering the Doldrums, too.

"Then there was a smart passage I heered tell of the other day about a modern ship, the British ship 'King George'; she went from Cape Town up to the Delaware Capes in forty-seven days."

This last was really a fine performance, for the distance which she covered was six thousand eight hundred miles. Compare this passage with the voyages of sailing vessels to the westward across the North Atlantic in winter. They are nearly always fifty days coming across, and not infrequently seventy, or nearly a month longer than the "King George" was from South Africa, while the distance is less than half.

In the Gulf of Mexico trade there is a wonderfully fast

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

little fore-and-aft schooner called the "Margaret S. Smith," of Portland, Maine. This vessel ran on one occasion from Ruatan, Honduras, to Mobile in seventy-two hours, which was an hourly average of twelve and one-half knots ; and considering that the net tonnage of this schooner is only one hundred and twelve, her performance must be regarded as almost phenomenal. There are not very many large sailing ships in these days which can show a record of three hundred miles per diem for three consecutive days ; yet the "Smith" is doubtless less than one hundred feet long.

The other day I managed to get a large dollop of slush on a pair of thick trousers, and I asked the skipper if Sammie, the boy, couldn't get it out, thinking that he could do so with some soap and a little warm water. But lo ! fifteen minutes later I saw my trousers soaking away in a tub of water like a pair of dungaree breeches ! This, as I observed before, is the way with seafaring people : whenever there is aught amiss with a garment, pop it goes into the wash-tub. Latitude, $6^{\circ} 49'$ south ; longitude, $33^{\circ} 48'$ west.

JUNE 11

"All hands wear ship ; all hands 'bout ship." These are the cries which ring constantly through the vessel now. Woful to tell, the Trades are still from the south-south-east, though the captain in some way has contrived to control his temper to a wonderful degree ; such unlooked-for and devilish a performance of the Trades is enough to finally ruin any skipper's chances of entrance into Heaven's Gate, or the Golden Gate either.

Last evening at five o'clock we descried the land from aloft on the lee or starboard bow, and after supper it was very plain from the deck, so that at six we tacked and

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

stood off shore again. At that time the sun had just sank behind the sandy wastes of the Brazilian coast, casting a deep crimson light over the sea ; while dead ahead, at the extremity of a profound curve in the coast-line, Point Pedras rose out of the ocean in a low headland, with a tremendous mass of gloomy cloud above it, lending to that part of the scene a sombre and awful aspect. Though the land did not show up sufficiently well to allow us to perceive any of its characteristics, it was plain enough to permit us to say that we distinctly saw the shore-line of this vast and torrid land. Point Pedras, it might be well to state, is not only the easternmost point of Brazil, but of the entire Western Hemisphere, being forty-five miles farther east than Cape San Roque.

This afternoon we perceived a disturbance at the end of the fishing-line which is always towing astern, and it was presently seen that we had hooked a fine specimen of the sailor's dolphin, the most beautiful in coloring of all deep-water fish. I think that it might be as well to apply the name dolphin to this fish from now forward, if there should be occasion to mention one again. Of course it isn't a dolphin at all, but as sailors call it so, and this is supposed to be a book about sailors, this name is as good as any other.

Carefully we coaxed him up beneath the counter and then tried to kill him by holding his mouth out of water, for he would have parted the line if we had attempted to haul him aboard. As he sheared about on the end of the line he presented a spectacle which was actually gorgeous, and, being immediately above him, our view was perfect. His motions were the very ideal of grace, and as he moved swiftly from side to side he exhibited in succession all of his wonderful hues, vivid greens and yellows merging into silver and Prussian blue. His antics were cut short, how-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ever, by the arrival of the mate with the grains, which he skilfully drove into the creature's side (what a useless slaughter !), and he was hauled up over the stern. Then we stood by for the dying colors. Out upon them ! Not for a single instant can they compare with those of the fish in his natural condition, when, darting about a fathom or so beneath the surface, he positively enchants the eye with his brilliancy. He will yield us fresh food for supper, such as it is ; but all deep-sea fish are poor and dry, save one, the flying-fish, which, if served in a restaurant with tartare sauce, I'm sure could not be detected from a smelt.

One often hears the discussion in shipping and yachting circles as to the seaworthiness of fore-and-aft schooners in comparison with square-riggers for deep-water work, and the question is often raised, " Which would make the faster passage to San Francisco from New York, the ship or the schooner ? " Naturally there are points in favor of each ; the advantage lying with the ship when off the wind in strong breezes, and with the schooner when by the wind. In the case of a voyage to, say, Hong-Kong, in the south-west monsoons, the ship would probably arrive at her destination ahead of the other, as there would be five thousand miles of hard westerly (fair) winds in the Southern Ocean, and another long stretch of free wind from the Straits of Sunda to Hong-Kong. On the other hand, in a westerly passage of Cape Horn, in which the vessel would be probably close-hauled for two or three weeks in the Southern Ocean, or perhaps more than a month, the schooner would have an immense advantage in being able to lie at least two points closer than the ship, if the wind allowed her to carry enough sail to go ahead. The wind is generally too heavy in the vicinity of Cape Horn, though, to allow a small vessel to show much canvas when close-hauled, and the passages of four schooners to San Fran-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

cisco found below indicate that in reality there is not much difference between the voyages of these schooners and the average of square-riggers. They were all Gloucester fishermen, and were sent out by Mr. Horatio Babson, of Boston, loaded with fishing supplies, rosin, pork, and hardware, between 1868 and 1873.

	Tons.	Days.
"Urania"	92	125
"Varuna"	92	131
"Laura M. Mangam"	85	131
"Reunion"	90	148

The average of these vessels was one hundred and thirty-four days, as against one hundred and forty-five for square-riggers ; so that whatever advantage they may have gained off Cape Horn and in the northeast Trades in the Pacific, they, doubtless, lost in the long stretches of southeast Trades on both sides of the continent. It must also be added that all the schooners sailed during the month of November, so as to reach Cape Horn in the middle of the southern summer. This fact seems to me to be a good answer to those ship-masters who are wont to assert that they would rather double Cape Horn in July than in January,—*i.e.*, in winter than in summer,—saying that the gales are harder in the latter month than in June and July. But the fact that November was chosen for the schooners by a man who was no doubt familiar with the Southern Ocean would indicate that the weather there is better in January.

To-day Mr. Rarx told me of a novel and very successful way of manning a vessel with what is known as a checker-board crew. Two forecastles are necessary, or one with a dividing bulkhead, all the men of one watch being white and the others black. If they were together in one forecastle, violent hostilities would continuously prevail ; but if separated, they will work against and try to outdo each

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

other ; so that, with a little judicious flattery or word of encouragement, such work as the making and shortening of sail, tacking and wearing, will be done with incredible alacrity. All-negro crews are held in esteem by some long-voyage skippers, but the men are said to be very unruly at sea, though fearless sailors ; while the singing on board of a ship manned by darkies, both chanties and otherwise, is said to be wonderfully good. Latitude, $7^{\circ} 35'$ south ; longitude, $34^{\circ} 20'$ west.

JUNE 12

No abatement of the southerly wind. We thought this morning that the breeze was certainly going to haul to the eastward ; but the wind, though strong enough, yet hangs in the south-southeast, and we are, therefore, still hammering away at it, tacking or wearing four times in each twenty-four hours, so that in four days we have made only ninety-eight miles of southing, a rate of nearly exactly a mile an hour. Apropos of which Rumps made quite an original remark last evening. For the full comprehension of the observation it must be explained that if there is much wind and sea a ship will not make better than a seven-point course,—that is, with the wind at south she will do about west by south, or almost at a right angle. So the bosun remarked, “Well, here we are, walking up and down the avenue, eh?” It described what we were doing perfectly.

This morning, while on the starboard tack, the skipper, who has now lost every vestige of the patience which he formerly exhibited, thought that at last the wind was going to shift to southeast at least, so he sung out to wear round ; but when we were snugged down on the port tack, we fell off to southwest half west, exactly as before. It seemed impossible that a human being could have shown such boundless rage as the captain did then. We could hear him

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

muttering away at the farther side of the poop, "What's the use? No sort of use; no sort of use at all." And then, in a frenzy of sudden wrath, he stamped lustily upon the deck and swore like the mouth of the pit, his wiry whiskers bristling as though electrified, as he fiercely wagged his head; for he wot not that we were hard by. Then his eye wandered to the main-deck, and down the weather poop-ladder he clattered, looking for trouble, for we could hear him growling and mumbling at the galley door.

In rough weather, instead of ordinary teacups we have large, flat, china utensils, which look like shaving-mugs, so that at first I seemed to miss the brush. The mate, thinking to have another go at merrie England, cried, triumphantly, "I'll bet you had nothin' like them on the 'Mandalore.'" But we quite shocked him with the information that on that good ship we were furnished not only with these useful pieces of crockery, but with some which held an imperial quart, from which we drank our soup in heavy weather as from Brobdingnagian teacups. Perhaps Mr. Goggins was never so absurd as to-day after dinner, when he confidentially called to me and said, "Say, did yer hear the cap'n say 'pressperation' instead of 'perspiration' just now? There ain't no such a word, yer know"; this with an urbanity which would have floored a Chinaman.

Mr. Rarx, too, sometimes favors us with some observations entirely *sui generis*, and particularly droll in that he has a well-inflated opinion of his own choice of English. He was telling of a painful accident which happened to him several years ago, in which his back was wrenched; "and, sir," he concluded, "I didn't know what to do; I couldn't stand, and I couldn't lay, and I couldn't set." We wondered whether he were possessed of any sort of ornithological accomplishments.

In windy weather wearing stirrs up a lively scene. This

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

is how it is done on the "Higgins" : The skipper is pacing athwartships, undecided whether to hold on any longer or not ; then suddenly he stops, walks to the break of the poop, and says quietly to the mate, " See the braces clear for running, Mr. Goggins." In five minutes or so the mate catches the captain's eye, and asks, " Are you ready, sir ?"

" Am I ready, sir !" repeats the latter, who will have nothing suggested to him ; " most certainly I am *not* ready ; don't you see that squall to windward ?"

The mate withers ; and when it has passed the idea of having to break tacks again seems to have festered in the skipper's mind, for he suddenly snaps out, " All hands wear ship," like a bunch of fire-crackers going off. " All h-a-n-d-s wear ship" roar the mates, running forward to rouse out the men, and aft they tumble and take up their positions at the various ropes. Then the skipper begins his harangue with voice of thunder and wind-mill arms : " Haul away on your main and crojick buntlines and clew-garnets ; square the crojick-yard ; you at the wheel, hard up yer hellum. Weather main-braces now ; haul away, you blasted old women ; come in on those tops'l-braces. Head-yards now ; let go the foretack ; foresheet now, all hands ; forebraces ; steady your wheel." The ship by this time has fallen off dead before the wind, and the old man is in the zenith of his passion, whirling back and forth across the poop, belching perfect volcanoes of profanity. " Main-braces again now ; overhaul those spilling-lines and that main lee inner buntline ; again your main-braces ; crojick-tack, — — it ; look alive there and get that main-sheet aft ; lead it to the capstan ; heave ; in she comes, that's well. Main and crojick bowlines now ; that's the style. Haul taut the weather-braces fore and aft, and clear up the decks."

This oration is delivered in a hurricane voice to an

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

accompaniment of roaring wind and flying spray, which sometimes enshrouds the whole fore-castle like a snow-squall ; and the mates whiz about, driving the men before them, and they in turn rend the air with their cries as they come in on the braces. Each man seems to have an individual ejaculation when hauling away, only one man, of course, singing out at each rope ; but as there are often half a dozen knots of men at work, there are as many strange yells. Louis, the Frenchman, says, "Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho," beginning very deep and ending in a falsetto ; Broadhead, one of the youngest and smartest seamen in the ship, eases his mind with "Hoo-oop, come in with her ; oh, fiddle-strings ; oh, split the wind" ; Olafsen cries, "Ha-joop, ha-joop" ; while Timothy Powers, the wild, carrot-topped Irishman, screams, "Yah ha-a-a-a, yah ha-a-a-a," like a freight train with the brakes on.

Best of all, though, are the chanties ; and as the men know each other well by this time, there are plenty of them ; and good old songs they are, songs of the days of '49, into which the men throw heart and soul. Some of the best ones for hauling are, "Blow, my Bully Boys, Blow," "A Long Time Ago," and "A Poor Old Man," which latter two I believe that I mentioned before ; while some of the melodies sung to pumping ship are even better. One is "The Plains of Mexico," entirely in the minor, with a weird effect ; another, "The Banks of the Sacramento," each verse of which ends,—

"For there's plenty of gold,
So I am told,
On the banks of the Sacramento."

Still another, "The Girls of Dublin Town," is sung to the Southern tune of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," the final words of each stanza being,—



"Blow, my bully boys, blow"

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

“Then it’s hurrah, hurrah,
For the girls of Dubberlin town ;
Hurrah for the bonnie green flag,
And the harp without a crown.”

“John Brown’s Whiskey-Bottle’s Empty on the Shelf” and “Give a Man Time to Roll a Man Down” are too well known to need comment. It is a fine sight to see eight muscular fellows at the pump-handles in the dusk of the evening, their broad backs standing forth against the dark recesses, rising and falling as they sing their favorite choruses, MacFoy of the port watch and Murphy of the star-board always supplying the solo parts. Latitude, $7^{\circ} 56'$ south ; longitude, $30^{\circ} 4'$ west.

JUNE 13

Worse and worse ! The wind is more ahead than ever, and in the last twenty-four hours we made six thousand and eighty feet of southing, or precisely one sea-mile. Between yesterday noon and six in the evening we did make a few miles of latitude, for we tacked ship at the latter hour close to Cape St. Agostinho in $8^{\circ} 40'$ south ; but after standing over on the starboard tack till one o’clock to-day, we went back again to the northward, and at mid-day the sun told us that we had made only one mile of latitude to the good. I thought that the captain intended to stand off shore this time for at least two hundred and fifty miles ; but when both watches had dined at one o’clock, we wore round again and once more stood in for the beach. What a pity it is that we can’t make better use of this magnificent breeze, which is too strong for even a main-royal ! Free, eleven knots would be our speed now, instead of which we go diving hard into it jammed on the wind, pegging along at never more than six knots, four points off our course on the most favorable tack.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Last evening we were presented with a most exquisite panorama of the Brazilian coast. At noon we were immediately east of Pernambuco, about thirty-five miles off shore ; and, continuing on our southwesterly course, we brought the land aboard twenty-five miles south of that city at five o'clock. All that we could make out of the shore at that time was that it consisted of a succession of lofty hills ; and it was not until we came up from supper at six o'clock that we saw the land distinctly enough to appreciate aught of its beauty, lying as it did at that hour broad on the starboard beam and ahead. On the quarter appeared dimly the snow-white angular walls of a little town lying snugly on an arm of the sea, glowing warm and mellow in the rich light ; while by the aid of glasses we perceived, shrouded in the mists of a thundering surf, broad stretches of coral sand fringed at high-water mark with clusters of palmettos and cabbage-palms ; back of these, dancing and shimmering in heat-waves, rolled the sand-dunes ; and then came the series of lovely hills rising tier on tier into the interior, rich in that wonderfully luxuriant vegetation that clothes the surface of equatorial Brazil, with the veils of night mist just beginning to form in the valleys and deep ravines. The whole of this fascinating scene lay steeped in the after-glow of a superb sunset, which touched everything with a reddish-golden tinge to be observed only in the tropics.

Lying almost entirely within the torrid zone, the climate of Brazil is naturally a very hot one, and is also extremely humid, the rainfall for the year at Maranhão amounting to the enormous total of two hundred and eighty inches, or seven times greater than that of New York. Such an excess of moisture has a corresponding effect upon its plant life, and has given Brazil a wealth of vegetation not excelled by any country of the world. Travellers assert that it is

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

utterly beyond description, and that in the ravines and passes near the coast, where the humidity is intense, it defies man's utmost efforts at restraint. Even as far south as Rio, trees split for palings send forth shoots and branches immediately ; and on the banks of the Amazon, the level of which mighty stream is yearly raised forty feet by the immense rainfall, the loftiest trees destroy each other by their proximity, and are literally bound together by rich vines and lianes. In the province of Maranhão, the grasses, roots, and other plants extending from the brinks of pools in time weave themselves into vegetable bridges, along which the traveller wends his way, unaware that he has left terra firma until he perceives the scaly jaws of an alligator protruding through the herbage before him. On all sides the vegetation is bewildering, and every representative of plant life is of a gigantic size.

But to return to ourselves. Happening to glance ahead a little later we caught a glimpse of the great light-house on the extremity of Cape St. Agostinho just as its beacon flashed over the sea, sending its brilliant needles of light far out over the moon-lit ocean. Just at dusk a large coasting steamer came unexpectedly out from under the hills, in whose stern waved the green-and-gold flag of Brazil ; and, heading south across the wide wake of the moon, suddenly vanished in the gloom beyond the sombre headland. The light on Cape St. Agostinho, by the way, can compare favorably with our most powerful ones, for its rays are visible twenty-five miles at sea ; the tower being in the form of a white iron tripod one hundred and sixty feet high, whose apex is three hundred and sixty feet above the ocean. Indeed, on the whole of the South American seaboard, from the Guianas to Cape Horn, there is only one other light which equals it, and that is on Cape Frio, just to the eastward of Rio Janeiro.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Speaking of Cape Horn, I wonder when we're going to see that famous rock? At this present rate we would be several months in beating down the coast ; if we were only as far south now as the Abrolhos Islands, we could begin to keep off a little, that being about the first point at which ships bound to the westward begin to think of bearing away. The old mate told us the other day that coming to the eastward towards New York this last time, they unbent the foresail and made some repairs to it on the main-deck with Cape Horn in sight ! This means that there was not enough sea there at the time to wet the decks, for a sail is never stretched there if there is any probability of water coming aboard.

The sea has now returned to its usual Prussian blue, for, being on soundings yesterday afternoon, it changed to a most beautiful, pale, transparent green, owing to the white, sandy bottom over which we sailed, only twenty fathoms away ; our least distance from the land having been about eight miles. Latitude, $7^{\circ} 57'$ south ; longitude, $32^{\circ} 47'$ west.

JUNE 14

Though the Trades are still from the south-southeast, we have done very well, as an offing of one hundred and thirty miles has enabled us to hold on to the port tack all day ; and as the coast-line south of Maceió trends slightly to the westward, we may be able to go free of the land until we reach the Abrolhoses, for which it will no doubt be necessary for us to make a slight hitch. We were more than seven days in making nine degrees of latitude ; for, a week ago last night, we passed the St. Paul's Rocks fifty-five miles north of the line, and yesterday we had not quite reached the eighth parallel. Can the reader duplicate this tortoise-like progression in the southeast trade-wind? It is more like the Doldrums in spite of a

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

spanking breeze. Sometimes when there is a lull in the wind the deep voice of Captain Scruggs will be heard, "Loose the main-royal"; but five minutes later will come the order, "Let go the main-royal-halliards; and you can put the gaskets on, Mr. Rarx, we won't want it any more." This word "loose" is almost invariably used at sea, and you never hear "Set the mizzen-t'-gallant-s'l" or "Hoist the fore-sky-s'l"; they are always "loosed."

At dinner to-day the skipper said, "I'll bet they've been having trouble off the river Plate lately." "Why?" said I. "Don't you see this swell a-heavin' up?" he replied; "they've been having a southerly buster down there." Now, that portion of the South Atlantic in the vicinity of that vast estuary, the Rio de la Plata, is subject to terrific gales of wind known as pamperos, because they blow off the pampas or plains of the Argentine; but the skipper, having lived long on the coast of Australia, where the hardest gales are called southerly busters, usually gives that name to the pampero.

The Rio de la Plata should never be called the Plat River, pronouncing it as we do the Platte River in Nebraska; if the English form is used at all, it should be called Plate, which is so universal that one of the largest, if not the largest, shipping-houses doing business in South America is known as the Brazil and River Plate Steamship Company.

A rather singular fact in connection with the skipper is that he has never been to any one of the three largest and most important ports between Cancer and Capricorn,—Calcutta, Bombay, or Rio Janeiro. This is really astonishing, as it would be hard indeed to find another American sailor brought up in the last generation who had never been to either Calcutta or Rio; Bombay is more modern. Captain Scruggs is quite interested in the Nicaraguan Canal project, and he insists that with its completion will pass

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

away the sailing ship from the face of the waters, though I do not entirely agree in this theory. People also thought that when the Suez Canal was cut through it would kill the long-voyage trade to the East ; yet what are the facts ? It is probable that nearly double the number of sailing vessels pass Agulhas per year as pass Cape Horn, fully eight hundred rounding Africa in both directions in a twelvemonth. The amount of case oil alone from New York and Philadelphia which goes East in sail bottoms is enormous. Few people, though, realize how much cheaper it is to ship goods from New York to either San Francisco or China in sailing vessels than by rail or steamer. For instance, the railway freights from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans averages about fifteen dollars per ton ; sailing ship rates, from seven to eight dollars per ton, and often less. Eighty thousand cases of oil, which would be the cargo of a modern two-thousand net ton iron sailing vessel, are transported to Shanghai around Good Hope for seventeen thousand dollars ; but if they were sent overland to San Francisco from New York, and then by steamer to destination, the freight charges would be trebled, for they would amount to fifty thousand dollars.

We have just finished reading aloud the book which contains perhaps the finest descriptions of tropical scenery in English,—Kingsley's "Westward Ho." Nothing could be more charming than the picture of the delight of the scurvy-ridden fellow-voyagers of Amvas Leigh upon first landing in the West Indies ; while the description of a Barbadian sunrise is positively entrancing. Latitude, $10^{\circ} 15'$ south ; longitude, $34^{\circ} 35'$ west.

JUNE 15

Another very excellent run was the result of yesterday's work, even though we could not steer a better course than

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

southwest, for we made not far from three degrees of latitude, finding at noon that Bahia bore west, distant one hundred and twenty miles, so that we are at the moment some distance off the land. Last night was one of the grandest that we ever remember at sea. A strong breeze whistled from the southeast at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the long southerly swell, making a rather confused sea in which we sheared about considerably, our high, powerful bows crushing the steep head seas which came rushing ceaselessly at us, piling up on either hand a hissing wall of foam and then flinging it far away on both bows, which, meeting the next on-rushing wave, and impinging one against the other, would shoot up to an astonishing height, to be driven back again in a perfect hurricane of spray, which drenched the fore-castle-head, completely obliterating for the moment the lookout, who emerged from these showers like the shade of Neptune, with the water dripping from his oil-skins in the moonlight in glistening rivulets. The moon herself was full almost at the moment of rising, shining with so great an effulgence as to necessitate the partial closing of the eyelids if one looked at the disk, and casting a weird light upon the abysses of a heavy rain-squall crossing our stern. I don't know when we have enjoyed an evening as much as this one, lying at full length in deck-chairs, watching the mizzen-truck roll through the stars in tremendous arcs, and listening to the bursting of the seas against the bows and the hissing of the water as it rushed under the counter. There is but one word which describes it,—ideal.

Has any one ever seen a keg of root-beer tapped in hot weather after it has been well shaken up? Or has any one ever heard of a keg of root-beer at all. I have always thought of it in bottles. However, we have one on board, and if the expansive force of a superheated, well-agitated

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

barrel of root-beer can be appreciated, it will be understood that we had a very animated and sprightly thirty minutes this forenoon. Ever since the commencement of the voyage a beer-keg of this fluid has been churning and rattling away under one of the alley-ways which extend aft on either side of the cabin-house. For some time past the skipper has been cautioning us to save all the Apollinaris bottles, as he wanted to fill them, in cool weather, with the root-beer. But he grew impatient, and concluded to broach the keg this morning, after the contents had been well shaken up for a week in equatorial heat. Therefore he gathered round about him a phalanx of empty bottles, and, assisted by the second mate and the boy Sammie, advanced hardily against the passive "kag." After much ado, and the use of sundry expletives and the dripping of perspiration, they got it mounted on its side upon a low wooden box, wedged it, held a bottle under the spigot, turned the faucet, and stood by. But something was wrong ; no liquor flowed, so that the spigot must have been plugged with something. "Mr. Rarx," said the skipper, "go and get a bit of stiff wire." Back came the second mate at the end of a minute, during which Captain Scruggs was engaged in impotently kicking and pounding the keg ; and when Mr. Rarx had brought the wire, he spent ten minutes jabbing away with it, eliciting with great force now and then a little jet of brown foam, which generally hit him somewhere in the face, which he persisted in holding in front of the spigot. Tiring of this, which gave promise of lasting all day without bearing fruit, he despatched the carpenter for an auger, having finally reached the conclusion that it was for lack of a vent that nothing would flow. The second mate was intrusted with its manipulation, and very confidently proceeded to bore a hole in the bung in the upper side. The wildest dream could not

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

have pictured huger success. No sooner had the instrument pierced the wood than, with a hissing shriek, a column of dark liquid as big as a pencil shot high into the air like the spouting of a whale, breaking full against Mr. Rarx's head, after blowing the auger out of the hole. Then there were frantic shoutings for a plug, while the little cascade played merrily away, falling in a gentle shower of amber froth upon those who tried in vain to stay its impetuous flow. Finally it was plugged, and the skipper called for a tumbler, that he might draw a glassful of the godly nectar, and, sipping it, gain courage for the bottling operation. But, oh, misery! No sooner was the faucet turned than out shot a horizontal stream of root-beer as large as a garden-hose, and with such incredible force that the liquid was blown into a sticky foam a few inches from the spigot. Then there was a rush for utensils on every one's part but the skipper's, who stuck fearlessly to his post in spite of the thick jet of mucilaginous steam, trying to turn the faucet with a monkey-wrench. During this exhibition my wife and I stood at the break of the poop, looking down upon the actors, and simply howling at the old man, who, crouched low upon the deck, wrestled like a gladiator with the unruly "kag"; and when he finally emerged from his vapor-bath, with dripping beard and garments soaked to the skin, I feared that the second mate would die of apoplexy. However, most of the beer was saved, and we filled and corked away fully seventy-five bottles of the bubbling mixture. Latitude, $12^{\circ} 51'$ south; longitude, $36^{\circ} 2'$ west.

JUNE 16

Most doleful to disclose, the Trades began to let go this morning, and at ten o'clock the sky-sails were set for the first time in several days, while at the present moment, the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

middle of the afternoon, we are doing wretchedly, even though we have come up to south-southwest. As for the day, it was really magnificent ; temperature of the air, 80° ; of the sea, 78° , while the breeze was of that singular mixture of vigor and balm so often observed in the southeast trade-wind. Not a cloud specked the deep cobalt of the heavens all day save some feathery mare's-tails near the zenith and a few clusters of pearly clouds on the southeastern horizon.

As usual, though, there was something to mar the serenity of the day ; how many days are there without some untoward incident to cast its fell shadow ? In this case it was the temper of Captain Scruggs, who no sooner did he perceive that the wind was letting go than he at once began to blackguard the men and the weather in wild, lurid language. Perhaps he wanted to catch up with himself, for it must be chronicled that three days, actually three long days, seventy-two hours, have passed without his having consigned any one's immortal parts to the fathomless pit ! Last evening my wife asked him if about 20° south wasn't the average spot to lose the Trades ; this, in truth, is about the usual place at which the southeast winds vanish, but the disagreeable man glared at us for a few seconds and then snapped, " How do I know ? You're liable to lose 'm anywhere," with an explosion on the final word.

It is strange how he always tries to show that he knows just a little bit better than any one else ; if, for instance, I asked him if Montevideo wasn't in $34^{\circ} 50'$ south, he would be certain to reply, " No ; $34^{\circ} 55'$," on which occasions the mate usually gazes in wonder at him, and then smiles gently at us, as though to say, " You see, you can't teach him."

Ahead of us, distant from fifty to two hundred miles, lie a number of shoal spots, called the Royal Charlotte, David

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Scott, Hotspur, Busbridge, Victoria, and Fly Banks. There are more than twenty fathoms on all of them, though, except on a certain unnamed shoal, thirty miles south-south-east of the Fly Bank, on which the ship "Professor Airy" struck in 1875. I wonder whether the water is discolored on these spots? It would be rather strange to come suddenly upon a stretch of green sea surrounded on all sides by water of the darkest blue.

In a copy of *Harper's Round Table* on board I found an amusing article called "A Yankee Skipper's Trick," which seemed good enough to transcribe, so here it is: "A good anecdote is told illustrating the superior enterprise of the Yankee skippers years ago. The New Bedford whalers left port for many a long voyage, sometimes to the far north, at other times to the far south. These intrepid followers of the sea sought and pursued the whale into the ice-clad latitudes about the poles with a natural fearlessness. A squadron sent out by Russia to explore the south seas, and reach the pole if possible, had attained a degree of latitude which the commodore proudly told himself had never been reached before by white man or other human beings. While he reflected upon the fame which would surely embellish his name, his sailors cried, 'Land ho!' Off to the south he descried a long, low-lying bit of land, and hastened to shape his course to reach it, there to plant the Russian standard on its highest point, claiming it in the name of His Majesty.

"What was his disgust and astonishment when, as his vessel approached the shore, he observed, over a bit of headland, a flag fluttering from a mast-head. In a few minutes a little schooner poked her nose around the point and came sailing smartly over the waves towards his vessel. The lean, Yankee captain, who was standing in the rigging as the schooner came up in the wind, yelled,—

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

“ ‘Ahoy there ! What ship is that?’

“ ‘His Majesty’s ship the ——.’

“ ‘Well, this is the “Nantucket” from Massachusetts. We’re doing a little piloting in these latitudes, and if you want to run in the cove yonder, why, we’ll pilot you in for a small charge.’

“The commodore’s disgust caused him to square his yards and shape his course to Russia.” Latitude, $16^{\circ} 11'$ south ; longitude, $37^{\circ} 15'$ west.

JUNE 17

I don’t expect that we will weather the Abrolhoses after all ; we might be able to scrape along, but that would be taking chances, which Captain Scruggs never does. The chief danger in holding on to this course would be that of drifting foul of the reefs which stud the ocean in the vicinity of these islands. Therefore at eight o’clock this evening we will go around on the other tack, and it is to be hoped that we’ll do better than we did yesterday, with only ninety miles of latitude to our credit. This day was even finer than its predecessor, and we had some very grand cloud scenery, the eastern horizon being covered at five in the afternoon with great cirro-cumulus clouds in which we could perceive a number of bright luminous spots on the sea-line, called by sailors “sun-dogs” ; being the bases of brilliant rainbows whose arches were concealed by the heavy clouds, producing a strange appearance.

The carpenter is now engaged in hewing out a new maintop-gallant-yard, a slow but interesting piece of work. The old one is weak and may not withstand the heavy weather of Cape Horn, and the maintop-gallant-sail is a very important one. It is as well to observe here, that whenever anything carries away aboard of this ship it is never spliced and forced to do further duty, as is the case

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

on many vessels ; the sheet, clew-line, or whatever has parted, is at once unrove, and a brand-new rope takes its place. The first illustration which we had of this was one morning in the Doldrums, when the maintop-gallant-stay-sail-halliards parted with a crack, and the half-dozen men on the end of it, among whom was myself, went down in a heap. Without a word a new piece of manila was rove in its place ; and the same thing happened to the spanker-sheet a few nights ago. Indeed, this is one of the distinguishing marks of a Yankee ship. You will rarely find a piece of old running-gear aboard of a square-rigger flying the stars and stripes.

Late yesterday afternoon we caught another dolphin, a small one, weighing about fifteen pounds. He showed none of the splendid blues of our first fish, though the yellows and greens were very fine. Indeed, this dolphin, as he was towed through the water under the counter, resembled nothing so much as a strip of gorgeous, glittering satin, particularly whenever, as the fish rose slightly above the surface, a glossy sheen irradiated his lithe, elegant body. And immediately afterward we captured a bonito, about as large as a bluefish.

And now we have come to the first piece of inhumanity or gross cruelty of which either of us has been a witness on board. What we saw before was not much out of the way, except in regard to the bad language and the general atmosphere of "toughness" that pervaded the encounters ; but even they were nothing to speak of when the character of the mates on American sailing ships is taken into consideration. That which I saw this afternoon, though, went far beyond hazing, for it assumed the form of full-fledged brutality. I want to begin at the commencement, so as to bring the whole affair to light and allow the reader to judge for himself.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

The actors in the little drama which just escaped being a tragedy were Mr. Rarx and the Finn, Karl Karlsen. This fellow is slow and thick-headed, with a very hazy idea of English, but is always one of the first to jump if he understands the order. He was told this afternoon at about three o'clock to overhaul a certain tackle, one block of which was belayed to a pin in the rail, while the second mate stood by, having in his hand another massive block of a threefold purchase. The captain was below asleep, and I was standing at the forward end of the poop, not twenty feet from Karl. Suddenly Mr. Rarx, who was in a very bad humor, as I could see, walked close up to Karl and picked up a small coil of rope from the deck, and yelling, "You ain't doin' that right, d—— you," made as though he were going to hit him. The man at once set about the job in another way ; but the second mate's temper was so ungovernable that he stepped up to Karl with an expression in his eyes which I never saw before in any man's, gave him a terrific kick with his "letter-carrier" boots, and as the luckless fellow swung round under the shock and impetus, Rarx drew back the ponderous block which he still held, and which must have weighed nearly fifteen pounds, and flung it full against the sailor's face. I could hear the thud distinctly, while with a sharp cry the big, powerful man reeled across the deck and would have fallen prone had it not been for the main fife-rail, against which he sunk gradually down, the blood pouring from a wide gash in his nose and forehead, and rapidly forming a little pond on the deck, while a crimson track stretched from where he crouched to the second mate, who stood over by the rail with the block raised above his head, as though challenging any other of the men hard by to take up the row. Half the watch saw the affair, and if looks could have annihilated him, Rarx would have dropped

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

dead on the spot ; and I saw Broadhead and the Frenchman, who were putting an eye-splice into the end of a wire rope, flush crimson and bend hard over their work at this miserable act of cruelty.

Meanwhile Karl remained where he fell, groaning, trying to stop the flow of blood which was rapidly saturating his clothes ; why the block didn't crack his head like a walnut will ever remain a mystery to me ; it would have broken the skull of any one but a Russian seaman. For some few minutes there was a dead silence for and aft ; then Rarx walked up to Karl, shook him heavily, and cried, " Now, then, get away out o' this, you ——— ; fine mess you've made on the deck. Go wipe the blood out o' yer eyes, and bring a swab and get this out the deck, *and don't you be long about it, neither.*" It struck me that this was rather hard lines, having to mop up your own blood ; but in a few minutes more Karl recovered enough to totter forward, and when he next appeared he had a bucket of sand and water and a broom, and at the end of half an hour no trace of the assault remained save a large gloomy stain, which will have to wear out.

Later in the evening I remarked to MacFoy that this was the most villanous and unprovoked piece of brutality that I ever imagined, and that it was astonishing that a man who appeared to be such a well-principled fellow as Rarx would do such a thing. " Well-principled, is it ? Huh," was David's comment ; " peaceable enough to you aft I guess, but you'd think different if you could see him dark nights on the main-deck wearin' ship. Did you ever see a Yankee second mate that wasn't a hound ?" " I don't know very much about them personally," I answered, " but they certainly have a hard name ; the only other American second mate whom I ever knew was on a foreign ship, where he had to treat the sailors like men."

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

“Oh,” said MacFoy, “what do you think o’ what you saw this afternoon?” “Well, about the only thing anybody could say about it is that it was damnable,” I answered. Here the bosun looked steadily at me and said, “If you’d seen what I have in these ships for four years you’d think no more o’ that than steppin’ on a cockroach.”

At any rate, I’ll never forget the scene at the instant before the block struck Karl’s face : about half the watch in the rigging looking angrily down, the clumsy form of the Russian spinning round from the kick, and the second mate standing over him, red with anger, in the act of swinging the block well back to gather force for the blow. And this is what is known as “discipline” in Yankee deep-water men ! Well, my only comment is, thank God that my wife wasn’t on deck to see it. Latitude, $17^{\circ} 45'$ south ; longitude, $38^{\circ} 5'$ west.

JUNE 18

No one to-day made the least allusion to yesterday’s sinister deed until this evening ; Mr. Rarx was as bland as usual, and after supper all that the skipper said was, “They tell me the second mate had a little fun yesterday.” This indifference served to corroborate the bosun’s remark about what he had seen in Yankee ships. I think that the skipper wanted me to express my opinion and then he was going to tell me his in a loud voice before the men ; but I asked him if there wasn’t a ship over to leeward, pointing abaft the beam ; it served the purpose very well, for he fetched up his lumbering, prehistoric telescope and passed five minutes or so in looking for a vessel which wasn’t there, so that he forgot all about Rarx and the Finn.

To our great astonishment we were enabled by a little shift of wind to fetch by the Abrolhos Islands and to keep

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

on, as we were on the port tack. It was a matter of great satisfaction to us all, and it put the captain in quite a radiant humor. The wind has been pretty well from the eastward of late, and even if it hasn't been very strong, it enabled us for the first time in many days to round in the weather-braces and take advantage of what there was. Last night was exactly like the weather during a summer northeaster on the New England coast, one of those disagreeable spells which occur two or three times in July and August that fill the hearts of the hotel proprietors with dismay. A dense drizzle, increasing at times to heavy showers, prevailed throughout the night, accompanied by a mist which concealed everything one hundred yards away ; while at times we had short but severe puffs of wind, for which we had to stow the sky-sails. At 9.30 in the evening a very strong breeze came out of the east ; and, increasing, the second mate, whose watch it was, went forward to haul down the jib-topsail. So he left us on the poop in a heavy shower, and in a few minutes we heard some sharp slatting, but paid no attention to it, supposing that the jib-topsail-sheet had got adrift. Presently Mr. Rarx came back breathing heavily, and remarked, "Very funny ; I don't see how that sail could go like that." "What's wrong?" I asked. "Wrong? Why, the main-top-gallant-stay-s'l's clean gone out the bolt-ropes, and in a minute we'll have the old man up here tellin' me 'twas my fault."

Sure enough, in a few moments the captain's bushy face arose through the companion-way, and he said without preliminary, "I suppose that was the main-t'-gallant-stay-s'l that went, eh?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Rarx, meekly, "I was——"

"I suppose you were going to say that you was about to haul it down ; well, you needn't bother to explain ; if

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

you hadn't had it too flat 'twouldn't have went ; thirty years ago, men didn't sign as second mate till they knew how to trim a sail."

The blighting sarcasm with which he said this put the second mate's temper on edge again, and I expect that he'll store this up against the skipper for possible future use, for he is unquestionably a fine sailor-man.

It is rather remarkable that we have caught no fish lately, as the sea in the vicinity of the Abrolhos Islands is the greatest fishing-ground on the whole Brazilian sea-board. For twenty-four hours now we have been on soundings with an average depth of forty fathoms ; and while the water is of a dirty green color, it is wonderfully phosphorescent, though not quite equalling the water on the equator ; still, when the patent log was hauled in last evening at eight o'clock (it hung up and down at that hour), the line was a rope of fire, dripping with silver sparks, and long after it had been coiled away over a pin it continued to emit brilliant flashes of phosphoric light.

Our new main-topgallant-yard is coming along nicely. It is being trimmed down from one of the double topgallant-yards which the ship used to carry ; this is a rather remarkable fact, that if a vessel carries double topgallant-sails the yards will be larger in every way than if they were single. It would be hard to conceive a more gnome-like appearance than that presented by the carpenter to-day as he was hewing at the spar with an adze, seen from a distance of about one hundred feet ; nearer, the illusion vanished. But his tall, peaked felt hat, immensely broad face, open dungaree-jumper which refused to meet over his globular person, and short, fat legs, lent him, when he rested on his adze with wide-spread feet, a wonderfully elfin aspect.

In a squall this morning I noticed that the mate wore for the first time a tremendously thick garment of red

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

cloth, which he called a llama coat, being made of the wool or hair of that quadruped. It looked something like a flannel shirt, but was not split up the sides, and seemed to be as thick as a felt slipper. Mr. Goggins says that he has never yet seen the rain which can penetrate it. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is the fact that he has worn it for fifteen years and intends to wear it fifteen more. How sailors hate oil-skins ! Their aversion to them is universal, and seems to be unreasonable. The captain, for instance, has several ancient, heavy suits which he calls his Cape Horn clothes. Whenever his presence is required for any length of time in a heavy rain, he dons one of these suits and goes on deck in a soft felt hat and a pair of slippers, only to return in fifteen or twenty minutes with dripping garments, his slippers sobbing at every step ; in two minutes, though, he is arrayed in another suit, with the same foot-gear, and marches on deck again to repeat this operation as long as his dry clothes hold out. All this for dislike of oil-skins and boots. Latitude, $19^{\circ} 56'$ south ; longitude, $38^{\circ} 15'$ west.

JUNE 19

Rio is said to possess a superb climate in the winter months ; but if it is finer than the weather which we are having now it must be supernaturally beautiful. For twenty-four hours we have run before a fresh northeast breeze, the only fault to be found with which is the fact that, as we are now dead before the wind, the after-sails are the only ones which draw, blanketing the others. The course this morning was given to the quartermaster, southwest, which will not be altered except in case of necessity till we have passed the Falklands. No mention has been made, by the way, of our helmsmen, dignified by the name of quartermasters. They do not really hold this rank, as

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

they are merely sailors who have been picked out by the mates as the best helmsmen, and receive no more wages than able seamen. The idea of this is to have only certain men to steer the ship, that they may thoroughly understand her under all circumstances. It is curious to see how much less tanned these men are than the others, owing to the protection of the wheel-house.

The old mate continues to crawl growlingly about the decks, grumbling at various actual and phantasmagorical afflictions. His mode of progression is a sort of creeping prow, as he thrusts his face into every nook and cranny, with a hundred wrinkles in his great, flabby nose, as though he were continuously assailed with disagreeable odors. He hazes the men a great deal more than the second mate does, though I do not think that he is particularly courageous ; a flock of Gogginses might, like jackals, prove dangerous, but singly, his valor I'm sure would dwindle at close quarters. Being a poor seaman, the men have no respect at all for him, and in the presence of the skipper he bawls at the sailors and makes a feint of hitting them, glancing at the old man for approval, as he rolls about, exhorting them in his most rasping voice to "Come now, git a move on."

Mr. Rarx gets several times more work out of his watch, for he knows how to handle the men ; and as he has recovered his equanimity he continues to exhibit his claims to being a humorist. His men were hoisting the yards up taut in the second dog-watch yesterday, and when they came to the maintop-gallant-halliards, they burst into a fine chanty, "Whiskey" ; then when they had finished with the main-yards they began on the foretop-gallant-halliards, but without a song. The yard seemed to stick a bit ; and as sailors can always do twice the work with the inspiration of a song, Mr. Rarx called out, "Give us a little more of that whiskey, fellows" ; which so tickled the fellows' fancies

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

that some of them shook in their extremity of mirth, though a sailor must always laugh at a mate's joke. If the second mate were not such a bad-tempered man he would not be an unpleasant companion, for he talks well and is always very neat ; but his recent villanous deed deprives his conversation of most of its erstwhile attractions, while he appears to think absolutely nothing of it.

Louis Jacquin is indisputably the best sailor in the fore-castle, though young Broadhead, the New Yorker, is by no means a bad second. Louis's marlinspike seamanship is really beautiful ; and it turns out, as I expected, that he has served a long period in the French navy. Strange how sailors shift back and forth from man-of-war to merchant-man. This man has good principles, too ; for when the little bosun Rumps began to blackguard the skipper the other day, saying, " I'd like to have a crack at you ashore," looking up at the poop, the Frenchman said, " Zat ees not right"; nor was this intended for me to hear. Louis made a queer mistake the other day. He was telling Broadhead about the attractions of Paris, and finally asked him, " Have you evair seen Père la Chère?" " What's that?" said Broadhead. " Père la Chère, zee cemetarie," answered Jacquin. It was an odd mistake for a Frenchman to make.

The captain is in fine feather now that we are doing well, but is annoyed that we do not meet more steamers. I never saw a skipper so anxious to be spoken and reported as Captain Scruggs ; and last evening when a large steamer passed us bound south, probably to Rio, he almost wept because it was dark.

One of our two cabin cats has vanished ; it was the " coon-cat," and after a long search to-day we were forced to the belief that it has fallen overboard. It is hard luck, and its companion, the Maltese, is inconsolable. The cap-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

tain seems really cut up about it, for he has all a sailor's fancy for animals. One of Mr. Goggins's traits, however, is his cruelty to the poor, ugly alley-cat which belongs to him,—another illustration of the sort of creature that he is. Latitude, $22^{\circ} 30'$ south ; longitude, $39^{\circ} 25'$ west.

JUNE 20

At nine o'clock this morning I sighted a vessel's upper canvas ahead, far down in the southwest ; she seemed to be a bark, and as such I reported her to the skipper. The breeze was from the eastward and blowing fresh, so that every sail was drawing to the utmost, and we were doing nearly eleven knots at the time. Slowly we drew up on the vessel, slowly but certainly, and at eleven o'clock she proved to be a ship, and we concluded that she was one of the Englishmen which sailed a week ahead of us : the "Balclutha," from London, the "Merioneth," from Swansea, and the "Peleus," from Hamburg, all bound to San Francisco, and the "Annesley," from Cardiff for Portland, Oregon. It was quite probable that we would fall in with each other hereabouts. In spite of the power of our glasses, however, it was impossible to tell for a long while whether she was a Yankee or a Britisher, until all at once she yawed, when the sun reflected from her sails showed that they were of cotton, so that the chances were in favor of her hailing from the States. We paid no further attention to her, though, till after dinner, when, by that time having raised her hull out of the water, we perceived that she carried a stunsail on the starboard side ! Here was a spectacle as unusual as a blue moon in these days of scanty rigs and short crews ! Still, in spite of her extra cloths, we overhauled her, and soon made the additional discovery that, like ourselves, she crossed three sky-sail-yards. (What a graceful, slender look they give to a



"Eight bells"

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

vessel !) Captain Scruggs at this instant emerged from the cabin with his ancient, feeble-looking, clattering, brass telescope under his arm, levelled it at the flying stranger, bracing the long, tottering tubes against the top-gallant-backstays, gazed at her for a full minute, and announced her name,—the “Judas Dowes.” Now, this vessel sailed from New York for San Diego six days before we did, and though she has a fine record as a fast sailer, lo ! we have overhauled her on the fortieth day. I am under the impression that Captains Scruggs and Platt had a wager as to who would pass the equator first ; and as the “Dowes” undoubtedly crossed ahead of us, our skipper was in quite a bad humor when he found who the stranger was. We asked him if he couldn’t be mistaken, to which he disdainfully answered, “Mistaken ? Of course not ; wasn’t I master of her four years before I took the ‘Hosea Higgins’ ?” “Does Platt recognize us, do you suppose ?” I asked him then. “Most certainly he does,” testily replied the captain ; “who wouldn’t know them upper topsails ?” And in truth the “Higgins” could be picked out among a score of other vessels simply by her long topmasts. There is every prospect of passing the “Judas Dowes” in the night, for at the moment, 4 P.M., we cannot be more than seven or eight miles apart.

Many people, even those identified with affairs nautical, will be surprised to learn that there are still fully half a dozen of our ships which make a regular practice of carrying stunsails whenever they will draw. Those vessels which I am certain follow this plan are the “Paul Revere,” the “Judas Dowes,” and the “Indiana.”

The sail which the “Dowes” carried this afternoon probably doesn’t add half a knot to her speed ; but some of the ships mentioned carry such an extra spread of canvas as to very decidedly augment their sailing powers. For instance,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Mr. Rarx said, "While I was second mate of the 'Paul Revere' awhile ago, we had stuns'ls that added a thousand square yards to the ship's canvas and put two knots on her speed." Some seafaring people of the present day do not believe that fifty years ago our famous clippers carried royal-stunsails, a leading maritime publication in New York saying a year ago, "We never heard of a ship-master foolish enough to carry royal-stunsails." Now this is a mistake, for Mr. Goggins has positively asserted that about thirty years ago he was in a bark for some months that set these auxiliary sails, the vessel's name, according to the mate, being the "Chickloa," so called after a large coffee plantation in Guatemala. Far more conclusive proof, however, is to be found in "Two Years before the Mast," in which Dana, always minutely accurate, mentioned the royal-stunsails set on the ship "Alert," in which he returned to Boston from California.

Last evening at the pumps I had some interesting yarns from Murphy, who is a round, jolly, chubby individual, very active and good-natured. The second mate says that this fellow is not at all a bad lot, and that his only fault lies in his inclination to be a little "fresh." Murphy commenced about the American bark "St. James," in which he went out from New York to Shanghai in ninety-seven days three years ago." "Oh, but she's just a daisy, she is! Why, she's a square-rigged yacht. And go, I tell you honest, I saw her log fifteen knots on that voyage under the tops'ls and fores'l between Tristran d'Acunha and the Cape; and if ever you want to sail with a nice man, you ship with Cap'n Banfield; there's no better." As a matter of fact, the "St. James," which is a very large vessel to be bark-rigged, being of fifteen hundred tons, is the most yacht-like square-rigger under the stars and stripes, and a friend of mine who went out to Shanghai in

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

her on this very voyage which Murphy mentioned, in speaking from a passenger's stand-point, corroborated every word of the sailor's, and said that it would be impossible to find a more agreeable man to sail with than Captain Banfield, who for some time was in the large Boston schooner yacht "Alert."

In contradistinction to this fast passage of the "St. James" friend Murphy spoke as follows: "The last time I went round the Horn was in the Yankee ship 'Centennial,' and we were a hundred and ninety-nine days from New York to 'Frisco. We had a terrible time off Cape Horn, and ran back twice to the Falklands for repairs, and at last a third time we bore away for Montevideo. We passed close to Stanley this time, too, but there was a heavy gale on and we dasn't try for that place again. As we ran by, though, we saw an American ship tryin' to weather the Billy Rocks at the entrance to Stanley Harbor, and we passed so close to her that I heard the cap'n say as how he could see the sailors in the riggin' with the glasses. We afterward found out 'twas the 'City of Philadelphia.' " Then I remembered the tragedy of this ship. She sailed from Philadelphia for San Francisco a little over two years ago. Her captain had just bought her for himself, and she had on board a passenger travelling for his health. The vessel was disabled off Cape Horn, bore away for Stanley for repairs, missed stays off the harbor, struck on the terrible Billy Rocks in a gale of wind, and every soul on board perished.

The last Yankee square-rigger to lay her bones upon the beach was the "Commodore," which ran on Malden Island in the Pacific, in 5° south and 155° west, about a year ago, while on a voyage from Honolulu to New York with sugar. All hands saved.

Murphy, like Louis, is a man-o'-war's man, and said that

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the last government vessel in which he served was the "Olympia." "Oh, Lord, she's a terror for work," he added. "I'll bet she can't beat this packet in that line," said one of the men. "She can't, eh? I'd just like to see you try her once. This ship's a playground compared to her." This, in part, bears out what Mr. Rarx said, that this is one of the hardest ships for work that he has ever seen. *If sailors get enough to eat*, though, by far the best way to run a ship is to keep them hard at work continuously; they will always be in far better humor, and when they turn in they will think more about sleep than about imaginary grievances, which foremast hands are very prone to do. Latitude 25° 12' south; longitude, 42° 14' west.

JUNE 21

Oh, simple, childish Captain Platt of the "Judas Dowes!" This morning when day broke we looked in vain for this vessel, for behold the watery expanse void of objects fashioned by the hand of man save ourselves. We had confidently expected to see the "Dowes" upon our quarter, where, in truth, she would have been if Captain Platt hadn't shown the white feather, sheering off under cover of the darkness and secreting himself beyond the horizon.

How odd it is to meet an acquaintance away down here near the end of Brazil! The last time that we saw the "Judas Dowes" she lay on the opposite side of the pier from the "Higgins," both ships having just come in from sea; and lo! we renew our intimacy far down here, thousands of miles from home, below the southern tropic. And a sort of mutual good-fellowship springs up between us, for are we both not going to fling down the gauntlet to the dreadful Horn in the darkness and gloom of midwinter?

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Everything is so very smooth and sunny and cheerful here at present, that it is hard to believe that there are, no doubt, at this moment, giant four-masters struggling in the grip of an Antarctic sou' wester, hove to, with a tarpaulin in the after-rigging, or driving before it for their lives, buried to the rails in those great Cape Horn surges which roll so grandly onward in their endless journey around the globe.

Turning, then, from such violent scenes, it is doubly pleasant to be wafted thus along over a motionless sea, rippled by the fresh northeasterly breeze that blows us over two hundred miles of water every day. It is warm, too, for this latitude at this season, 77° at noon, for the sun to-day reached the most northerly point of his declination, and at four o'clock this morning, at Greenwich, he entered the constellation of Cancer, ushering in the first day of the southern winter.

Our skipper has formed the very obnoxious habit of immersing beer and Apollinaris bottles in the galvanized iron bucket which holds our drinking-water in the pantry, for the purpose of cooling them off ; so that we were shocked one day to observe several labels floating about in the water, having added to it glue and other equally unpleasant foreign substances. Fortunately, the weather will soon be cold now, which will, I hope, put an end to these objectionable proceedings.

Every Sunday thus far Captain Scruggs has blossomed out in a white "biled" shirt, with a standing collar turned over in front, by reason of which he suffers torments throughout that day, until about three in the afternoon, when indications of a sudden metamorphosis begin to appear. First he begins to move restlessly in his chair, elevates and depresses his chin with great force, inserts his hand inside the band and tugs away at it, and finally, un-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

able to stand it any longer, off comes the offending collar with a great wrench, while he passionately nods and revolves his massive head, to free himself of all restraint, as though he had been in a pillory.

It is a curious fact that hardly a single ship-master will say anything in favor of Nelson ; personally, I have never yet met one who would admit that this greatest of sea-fighters was better or worse than any other naval commander, for all of whom they appear to have a silent disdain. A sea-captain usually takes as his model Napoleon or Cæsar or even the present emperor of Germany ; our skipper reveres the memory of Napoleon and considers him the embodiment of everything grand and exalted ; as for Nelson, he won't even deign to talk about him, and brusquely dismissed the subject to-day by saying that Nelson didn't even have much command or influence over his men !

There was a vast deal of shouting and confusion on board all day, occasioned by the shifting of the old sails to the new, strong suit for Cape Horn ; as the captain said, " Now we're gettin' ready for business." It is the general idea that old sails, nearly worn out, are bent for the bad weather, whereas the very newest of all are sent aloft, for old canvas would melt like wet paper in a really hard squall. Therefore the ship now glitters in a brand-new suit of clothes and presents quite a fine appearance ; a yachtsman, however, would contemplate with dismay sundry streaks of mildew and tar-stains on the main-sail, though this is the first time that it has ever been stretched on a yard. So long are our topmasts that the big, upper main-topsail has a double row of reef-points in it ; all the uppers are three times as deep as the lowers, which seem but strips of tape in comparison ; when this vessel has nothing set but the lower topsails, it must verily be a

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

howling gale. Latitude, $27^{\circ} 50'$ south ; longitude, $44^{\circ} 30'$ west.

JUNE 22

Good-by, sweet north wind ! Farewell, bright, blue skies and balmy weather ! We turned out this morning to find the ship ploughing into a short, severe sea, heading south-southeast, with nothing set above the topsails and a strong wind whistling from southwest, or dead ahead. The change came last evening in the second dog-watch ; it was hard upon eight o'clock, and the mate was telling me something about the fit of the upper mizzentop-sail, when, looking ahead, he suddenly cried, "By jimminy, look at that cloud ; here comes the river Plate," and ran forward, bawling, "Let go the sky-sail-halliards !" Looking quickly toward the southwest I beheld a very wonderful sight ; for, extending from west to east, about twenty degrees above the horizon, was a strange, narrow band of black cloud which came rushing toward us at headlong speed, with a gray bank of mist beneath it extending to the horizon. This mass had apparently risen by the exercise of some magic, for fifteen minutes previously there was not the least indication of it in the sky. Even as we looked, another ribbon of sable cloud formed at an angle of forty-five degrees to the first, and cornucopia-shaped (though not vertical like a tornado), with the big end toward us, came charging down upon us with all our kites aloft.

The mate's yell brought the skipper on deck, who sang out instantly, "Get the sky-sails and royals in as quick as you can, Mr. Goggins. Keep her off there ; hard up." This last to the helmsman ; for in an instant our northerly breeze had been nipped off, and the wind was now from the west ; therefore, as the yards were squared, there was

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

a great thrashing about of new canvas. Nothing parted, though, and by 8.30 we were pretty well straightened out, but were surprised an hour later to see the wind let go a good deal, while the ship came up to her course again, southwest. But the captain, glancing at a gray mist to windward, muttered, "There's dirt in that yet"; and sure enough, at five this morning we had our first taste of nasty weather, and breakfasted in a severe squall which played tenpins with the dishes. Once more it eased up before dinner and we set the fore- and mizzen-top-gallant-sails; but while the skipper was enjoying his postprandial siesta, the second mate came below and, poking first his head and then his shoulders into the cabin in that peculiarly cautious manner of mates desiring to speak to the old man, aroused him with, "There's too much wind coming for the t'-ga'-nt-s'ls, sir"; to which the captain answered, "All right; tie 'em up," jumping on deck, whither we followed him. It is remarkable how quickly sailors rouse themselves from insensibility to alert action; only a moment previously the captain was breathing heavily in a deep sleep, yet no sooner did Mr. Rarx touch him and make the above observation than the answer came instantly, as though the skipper were talking in his sleep.

The wind when we reached the deck was rapidly increasing and had knocked us off to south again, with a bad, greasy look to windward, and it was raining heavily. The men were hauling on the lee maintop-gallant-clew-line and buntlines, while Mr. Rarx was settling away the halliards and swearing that never, since Noah took charge of the ark, was there a slower gang on a ship's deck, as he ordered four hands aloft to put the gaskets on the sail, the wind blowing their oil-skin jackets up over their heads as they trotted up the ratlines, exposing them to a hard drenching in the pelting rain.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

During the forenoon watch we sighted a sail, which was doubtless the "Judas Doves" again. It is astonishing how enormously a slight elevation will add to the visibility of objects at sea. From the deck, for instance, this vessel was sunk to her royals, and at the moment it was utterly impossible to tell whether she was a ship or a bark ; but by mounting to the top of the wheel-house, only seven feet above the deck, all three of her upper topsails were in plain sight.

We saw Louis Jacquin fly into a regular Frenchman's passion yesterday afternoon while shifting the sails. He was at the lee upper mizzen-topsail yard-arm, putting the finishing touches on some gear, when the second mate shouted up to him, "All ready to sheet home?" To which he answered, "All ready, sair"; evidently misunderstanding the question ; for no sooner did those below man the sheet on which Louis was seated than crack ! went that individual's black head against the under side of the yard, and he was then thrown off to leeward, only preventing himself from going over for good by a piece of wonderful agility. Oh, what a rage he was in ! He thought that Mr. Rarx did it intentionally, and the atmosphere smoked with foreign imprecations ; and even at that distance we could see his angry blue eyes (he has china-blue eyes and raven hair) snapping and popping away as he roared down, "Eh ! well, sair ; what is zee mattair below ? Do you want to heave me ovair side wiz your sheet ?" and it was several hours until he recovered his composure.

Our new maintop-gallant-yard is all but finished and has been secured under the starboard rail till needed. A little remains still to be done to it, and these finishing touches the goblin carpenter insists on bestowing upon it in spite of the showers of spray ; and it is an amusing sight to watch him pop out of his shop, snip off a few shavings, work-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ing like a demon for thirty or forty seconds, and then pop into his den again to avoid a sea. By reason of all this spray flying and damp weather, I have donned my Cape Horn red-leather slippers purchased from the slop-chest and said to be impervious to water. But they defy comfort equally well, being as inflexible as Cape Horn itself, and are spangled inside with perfect little galaxies of wooden pegs, so that I fain would have boiled them as the pilgrim did his pease. If man were provided with hoofs instead of feet, it is conceivable that he might contrive to become accustomed to these slippers ; as it is, I cannot understand it.

Having crossed the thirtieth parallel, we are now "off" the river Plate in the sailor's sense, who always speaks of being off the Plate when between 30° and 40° south. At least one gale is usually experienced before these ten degrees of latitude have been crossed, though ships generally reach the thirty-fifth degree before anything happens. Latitude, $30^{\circ} 25'$ south ; longitude, $45^{\circ} 33'$ west.

JUNE 23

A pampero ! By heaven's thunder, we are battling in the vortex of one of these river Plate howlers, with a high, confused sea, and the ship plunging heavily into it, almost denuded of canvas ! Yesterday at 4.30 a reef was tied in the foretop-sail, as the wind showed signs of rapidly freshening ; but there was a lull from five until midnight, when it began to breeze up again, and when we went on deck at 7.30 this morning, behold ! a strong gale coming out of the west-southwest and the ship, under a reefed maintop-sail and foresail, was pounding considerably in a very ugly sea, but not taking much green water aboard. By the way, when a ship is under an upper maintop-sail, it is, of course, to be understood that all three lower topsails

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

are set as well ; and a "reefed fore- and maintop-sails" means only the uppers, as the lowers are too narrow for reef-points.

Wonderful to relate, there astern of us at daybreak was the redoubtable "Judas Dowes," with the same canvas set as ourselves. We knew her by her stunsail-boom, and she was apparently gaining on us and was making better weather of it than we were. I never heard the wind so shriek and roar in a ship's rigging as it did this morning, and it whipped the tops off the seas and sent them flying aboard in storms of whistling spray, which seemed to cut the face like powdered glass. It kept on breezing, too, and at 9.30 the old man ordered another reef tied in the maintop-sail. Thus far the damage from wind or sea was limited to the injury of one man, Louis Jacquin, who was thrown across the forecastle-head against an anchor-fluke with great force, badly lacerating his left leg, and incapacitating him from other work than steering. And still the wind increased, and at half-past eleven the skipper estimated its velocity at fifty-five nautical miles an hour. At noon I started to go on deck to bring down a book which I had left in the wheel-house ; and, without stopping to put on oil-skins, I got into a leather jacket and went up out of the companion door. The captain was leaning against the lee side of the wheel-house, and I was about to join him, when he called out, "Hey, don't you see that sea,—jump !" I looked over my shoulder and beheld a huge hill of water rising higher and higher alongside, in that peculiar, lazy manner of very large waves. Still, trusting to my own judgment, I did not think that it would break aboard, when there was a crash like a broadside of artillery, relieving me of any further suspense, and I was swept completely off my feet (and this on the poop), only saving myself from bringing to against the rail by a lucky clutch

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

of the lazarette hatch-house. Then swash came the water back again, and I was once more half buried in the cold brine ; but, watching a chance, the skipper and I shot across to the companion door, opened it, and were assailed with the cry, " The cabin's flooded," which rang out above the gale. It was even so. The great sea had stove the forward skylight on the cabin-house, and had deluged the dining-room with hundreds of gallons of salt-water. It is impossible to conceive of such a wreck as we encountered below. The poor little gentle Malay was leaning against the table almost in tears, trying to keep his feet under him, while Sammie was doing noble work with a bucket, baling out the water which was swirling about with the rolling, to a clinking chorus of plates, cruets, thick glass tumblers (as indestructible as granite), knives, forks, and spoons, which had been swept off the table when the water broke full upon it. Ten minutes later our dinner would have been reposing on it ; and fancy the calamity in that event ! But it is too dreary to contemplate. Indeed, the dinner was delayed nearly an hour, and we had neither soup nor dessert,—the first occasion on which we ever knew these courses to be omitted at sea ; the weather must truly be violent when it so happens. But we had plenty of good scorching hot coffee ; and, it might be asked, why is it that during the heaviest weather at sea the coffee is always boiling, while in one's private house it is only after a protracted warfare with the cook that the coffee comes in at a higher temperature than lukewarm ?

Well, the wind kept on blowing still harder, and at two in the afternoon had attained the fury of a full-grown pampero. And the sea ! Oh, how it boiled and seethed like frothy cream ! And how the wind screamed aloft in the squalls ! Fortunately, they came at comparatively long intervals, with sunshine between ; but while one lasted it

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

was nearly impossible to catch sight of a square yard of dark water, for the surface was as white as milk ; and the crests of the tall seas were fairly wrenched off and shot through the air with terrific force, the atmosphere being full of flying spooondrift which the toughest skin couldn't face, while the horizon was everywhere filled with ponderous, breaking seas. Our motion all day was very severe : first a heavy roll which dipped the lee rail under, while the water boiled up to the lee fore-dead-eyes ; then the awkward weather roll down the windward side of the sea ; and finally a deep, headlong dive into the valley, with a wall of water on either hand. The skipper thought that the average height of the larger seas was about forty feet from crest to trough,—not so large as the Cape Horn rollers ; but it must be borne in mind that this was a very quick, vicious sea, with not more than three hundred feet between the crests, so that solid water was bound to come aboard even on the poop.

Well, well, it was a magnificent sight ; and as we are now accompanied by a cheerful flock of Cape pigeons, everything has a true Southern Ocean look. My wife was not in the least frightened during the day ; but she had such a good grounding on our first voyage that it is not astonishing. We made no departure in the twenty-four hours but two degrees of latitude, which was extremely good work, considering that we were by the wind in a pampero. Latitude, $32^{\circ} 25'$ south ; longitude, $45^{\circ} 33'$ west.

JUNE 24

In the morning watch to-day the gale broke after blowing for twenty-four hours, the main-sail being set at four o'clock, during which process both mates were knocked down flat on the deck by an unexpected sea while they

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

were standing by the main-hatch. At eight this morning the wind had moderated to a light, fitful breeze, and we wallowed all the forenoon in a high, broken sea ; indeed, throughout the night we could get but little sleep owing to the severe rolling. Glancing to leeward as soon as we appeared on deck, there was our old friend the "Dowes" on our beam, distant a little more than a mile, bobbing about under her top-gallant-sails as we were, though she carried her cross-jack and we the spanker. She made, indeed, a fine picture as she forged sullenly ahead, showing a glistening sheath of copper as she divided the slopes of the larger seas, with a glint of brass from the poop when the sun peered out from between light showers. At nine o'clock we perceived several agitated figures close to her wheel, and presently a string of flags blew out and were run up to her gaff-end, and quite a little conversation ensued. The first signal which Platt made was DWV, signifying "How are you?" This we answered with BRC, which is to say, "All well." Then followed in rapid succession, "When did you sail?" "When did you pass the equator?" "A pleasant voyage," to all of which we replied with the various flag combinations which spelled the words ; each then dipped the ensign three times, and the interview was brought to a close. It was very interesting thus conversing with the sly wretch, and it is singular how much interest foremast hands always take in such proceedings, carefully following every shift of flag, some of the older sailors always professing to be able to read the signals, often telling their messmates the most absurd things, which they implicitly believe.

I never saw so great a change in any one as came over Captain Scruggs yesterday during the gale. He was as quiet and retiring as the most bashful of individuals, and in fact exhibited an amount of anxiety surprising in so aggres-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

sive and domineering a person. Nearly all masters of sailing ships, as noted before, are nervous in bad weather ; and in truth, a gale of wind at sea is something to make one quiet and mindful of man's trivial strength when measured against the mighty powers of nature. But the captain was unnaturally reserved and almost crushed, and asked me half a dozen times what I thought of it ; while at 2.30 in the afternoon, standing on the weather side of the wheel-house, he put his face close to my ear and shouted, " It's blowing harder than ever," with a rising inflection, as though awaiting my inexperienced opinion. This morning, however, he was his same old self again, drenching Sammie with heavy showers of profanity on the least provocation. In spite of his depression yesterday, the skipper gave vent to one of his quaint sayings. At the time he had on a cap, which, though not tied under his chin, resisted the utmost violence of the squalls ; on commenting upon this to him, he cried, " They're great things ; you ought to have one ; 'twould stop on as long as your pants."

Some of the sailors are beginning to grumble even so soon as this. I had a talk with old Kelly this afternoon at the pumps and in a low voice he let fall his opinions on various subjects. Now, this man has been well educated and talks evenly, without effort, and the inflections and tone of his voice indicate that by birth his natural sphere in life is a good deal higher than that of a common sailor. " Well," he remarked. " I've been in square-riggers for thirty-three years now, but I never did see one like this for yelling and cursing ; why, they knock all the sense out of a man's head the way they shout. And work, you talk about galleys, but there never was a gang of slaves driven as we are." This must be taken with the usual amount of salt, which should always be liberally sprinkled over the conversation of the average sailor ; still, when a second

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

mate acknowledges that the men are hard pushed, there is not much doubt about its being true. Kelly is right, though, about the shouting of Captain Scruggs ; if there wasn't so much sea-room I believe that we would all be deafened by this time ; and the worst part of it is that this sort of thing is absolutely useless. I have frequently known the skipper to work the men into such a state that they were paralyzed and unable to execute the simplest order.

At the present moment, sitting in the cabin, we can hear the wind beginning to sing again in the rigging, and a second gale would not surprise us in the least, for there is, in addition, a heavy swell rolling up from the southwest, all of which cannot be the result of our late gale.

This roaring of the wind aloft when it is blowing very hard is resolvable into several different tones : the heavy shrouds taking the base, the somewhat lighter backstays resembling the barytone, the halliards and braces standing for the tenor, while the buntlines and clew-lines take the part of a piercing falsetto, as shrill as a thousand piccolos ; the whole blending into a resonant chorus of orchestral power, with grand, majestic crescendi like the double open diapason of a cathedral organ. Latitude $32^{\circ} 35'$ south ; longitude, $44^{\circ} 50'$ west.

JUNE 25

The question which agitates us at this moment is, are we going to have another pampero ? for it is breezing up fast from west-southwest, the same old quarter. We didn't have much wind this forenoon, but by dinner-time it freshened so that at one o'clock the skipper said to the mate in tones of despair, "Get that upper mizzentop-sail in, Mr. Goggins"; and no sooner were the men down on deck again than came the order, "Reef the foretop-sail." All hands were on deck, and the foreshrouds were instantly

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

filled with the yellow figures scurrying aloft, and in half an hour the ship was once more under snug canvas.

At four yesterday afternoon, chancing to look under the foot of the main-sail, my wife and I saw a large four-masted bark under top-gallant-sails bound north and steering in such a way as to pass within easy signalling distance ; and the skipper lost no time in appearing on deck in answer to a summons, at once ordering the ship's number to be made. On came the stranger, and in a few minutes we could see that she had lost her mizzen-royal, yard, mast, and everything. She was a very ugly vessel, narrow and dingy, built of wood, with a curious stern like nothing we had ever seen before, and no more apparent sheer than a billiard-table. Very soon she was abreast of us, but no answering flags fluttered from her gaff, and we wondered what manner of ship this was thus to ignore signals. We thought that she was going to pass us by completely unnoticed, when there crawled feebly to her spanker-gaff the green, white, and red banner of Italy. The meaning of this manœuvre was that this ill-starred old ship, which was evidently an ancient steamer, was totally destitute of flags bar her national ensign ; and, having no signals, she would, of course, possess no code-book, and therefore our number, standing out stiffly a hundred feet from the deck, would be quite unintelligible to her.

No sooner was this ship hull down astern than another one arose ahead. We were below at the time, and when we reached the deck we were almost abreast of each other. Our name was still flying from the signal-halliards, while the other had hoisted FGH, meaning "What is your longitude?" We gratified her wish and she doubtless got our name all right, but refused to tell us hers ; but, dipping her ensign, went surging heavily along on her homeward-bound course. A long time passed before we could make

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

out what her ensign was, for it was a flag seldom seen on the ocean highways, and the mate had the honor of being the first to distinguish it. It was the flag of Chile : a broad horizontal band of red below, the upper half being divided into two squares, white and blue, with a large white star in the upper left-hand corner. She, too, was a wooden ship, but not so villanous-looking as the Italian, and carried double top-gallant-sails on the fore and main. We all hope that she'll report us, for we have sailed through thirty-six degrees of latitude without having sighted any vessel which would be likely to report us on arrival. How happy our relatives and friends will be when they see our report in the ship-news columns by that steamer just north of the line, "Spoken, ship 'Hosea Higgins.' Scruggs, New York for San Francisco, June 6. Latitude, 2° north ; longitude, 28° west !"

To-day at noon we were almost exactly in the latitude of Cape Agulhas, so that the Horn is thirteen hundred miles south of the southernmost extremity of the Eastern Hemisphere, a difference of latitude greater than that which separates Halifax and Key West, or New York and Havana. Latitude, $34^{\circ} 46'$ south ; longitude, $45^{\circ} 20'$ west.

JUNE 26

At quarter to five yesterday the skipper, thinking that we would do better on the other tack, wore ship at that hour in half a gale of wind. There was a deal of excitement and bad language on the captain's part, which so rattled the helmsman that we were thirty-five minutes in wearing, about eighteen or twenty minutes being our average. There was a heavy sea running at the time, too, and in spite of cautions my wife insisted upon sitting on top of the after-cabin skylight during the process of wearing, and when we began to roll heavily when before the wind and

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

sea, the expected happened ; for my wife fetched away and would have had a very severe fall if the captain hadn't grasped her tightly and held on. I tried to reach her in time, but lost my foothold, sat down vehemently, shot straightaway across the smooth deck-house with incredible speed, and brought to with a smash against the deck-house monkey-rail. I kept astonishingly cool in the flight across, and even selected where to put my feet when I should reach the rail ; indeed, it was an illustration of the theory that if a man is not paralyzed with horror at some frightful spectacle the presence of danger sharpens his wits, and his mind becomes clear and calculating. Immediately after wearing, the captain ordered the main-sail reefed, and at eight in the evening a single reef was tied in the maintop-sail, the weather being very squally, with much rain and hail.

To-day dawned with a light west-southwest wind and a clear sky, with a long, southerly swell which made us roll dreadfully all night. At nine o'clock we broke off to the southward of northwest ; so the captain wore round once more, and now we are making south by west half west. Skippers have an odd way sometimes of saying south *by* west, accenting strongly the "by" as a precaution against mistaking the course for south-southwest, if slurred over quickly.

We thought that we had finished with the "Judas Dowes," but no ; this morning at dawn she was in plain view, five miles astern, and overhauled us so rapidly that when we went on the other tack she had neared us to three miles. No sooner had she observed us in the act of wearing than up went her main-sail and cross-jack, and she followed suit ; there is no gainsaying the fact that the "Dowes" is the faster ship on a wind, though free things are reversed. By standing so long on the starboard tack

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

through Wednesday's gale and some heavy winds since we found, when braced up on the port tack last night, that the cargo had shifted slightly, and that on this leg the ship had a tendency to roll to windward. The captain said that the cargo hadn't actually shifted, but had listed, as sailors call it, the effect on the ship being perceptible to no one but a seaman.

Mr. Rarx told me the other day that he spent two years on the West African coast, between Sierra Leone and Lagos, aboard of an English supply steamer; and that while there he saw what, in his estimation, was the loftiest-rigged vessel that ever floated. "You can talk about your talkabouts," said he, "but that English man-o'-war had four yards above her main-royal. I'm tellin' you a fact," he added.

Well, we are dawdling away day after day up here in about 35° south instead of clipping down past the Plate the other side of 40° . The captain says that after we have passed that parallel until we reach 50° south we will probably have a number of fine days, clear and exhilarating, with magnificent sunsets. We have had some good views of the Magellan Clouds lately, as the sky at night in the south has been quite clear. They are strange-looking things, with somewhat the appearance of the nebula in Andromeda. Latitude, $34^{\circ} 39'$ south; longitude, $46^{\circ} 26'$ west.

JUNE 27

Very strong west to west-southwest winds, and the vessel laboring in a broken sea in corkscrew dives under single-reefed fore- and maintop-sail. It was fine up to midnight, when it clouded over and commenced to blow, so that we had to shorten sail; and at eight this morning, the ship diving deeply, the upper mizzentop-sail was stowed alto-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

gether. The "Dowes" made a valiant attempt to hold on to us ; but I think that we can carry on better in heavy winds, for when day broke she had vanished astern.

Last evening at the pumps Olsen and I talked together for the first time. He is a very decent fellow and the quietest man in the ship. "I never did see anythin' like the shoutin' here," he observed, the first thing. "Oh, blow that," quoth Murphy ; "it goes in one ear and out the other." "That's all right," answered Olsen, "but I ain't used to it ; and every time the old man hollers me heart's in me mouth. If I ever sign in an American ship again it'll be the 'S. P. Hitchcock.' When me and Coleman come round from Honolulu in her little while ago, we did more work in one watch there than we do here all day, and there wasn't any yellin' at all. You never saw Cap'n Gates on the main-deck neither ; he knew his business. On the whole, I like British vessels about the best of any, except the way they carry on is fearful, and bein' iron ships they can stand it. I sailed in the British ship 'Dominion' once from Barry to San Francisco, and I never did see such sail-carryin'. As for the main-deck, you couldn't put your foot on it in bad weather without fear of goin' overboard. One night in the Pacific, about 45° south, in a southerly gale, there came a crack, and away went all three t'-gallant-masts overboard, all from carryin' on."

Olsen's remark about Captain Gates's knowing his business was a cut at Captain Scruggs for prowling around the deck forward at all hours of the day and night. Sailors hate this ; and while a ship-master has the right to scour his vessel fore and aft if he sees fit, he is generally never seen forward of the galley, unless something special has happened.

After dinner to-day, when we went up on the poop, we

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

found that both wind and sea had increased, but there was nothing to warn us of what was to happen. We had arranged the folding-chairs against the wheel-house, sheltered from the violence of the wind by the bulwarks, and I was in the act of arranging a rug around my wife, when the skipper cried out, "Now, then, mind yourself!" We felt the ship rising higher and higher on an unusually heavy sea, and, looking forward, were just in time to see a great, white cataract roar over the weather-side abaft the main-rigging. Half of it tumbled into the waist, while the other half broke with a stunning crash full against the forward end of the poop-deck-house. It wrenched away a heavy wooden shutter, built to repel just such an attack as this, snapping a thick brass hook as if it had been of glass, washed away a short, massive ladder leading to the top of the deck-house, and then bore down upon us like a freshet. Captain Scruggs again came to the rescue, and, picking my wife up, chair and all, held her clear of the flood; while the only thing for me to do, seeing that my wife was safe, was to fall across one of the stern-bitts hard by and lift my legs out of the water as I best could; and here I remained for two minutes, floundering and wallowing about as though on a pivot, and this just after an especially hearty dinner. When most of the water had run off, the skipper placed my wife's chair on the deck again with such dexterous cunning as to disengage the supporting-bar in the rear, letting the whole contrivance down flat, so that my wife lay prone upon the deck in the chill sea-water, which still swirled about our feet. It didn't seem to disturb him much, and he only remarked, as he stamped on the deck, squirting little jets of water out of his Cape Horn slippers, "There, that's more water than I've seen on this ship's poop since I've had her." It was really a grand spectacle as the sea broke on board, and would have made a superb subject for a camera.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

We are now in the very heart of the violent river Plate region, being at noon to-day abreast of that vast estuary, whose mouth is three degrees in width. The Rio de la Plata, or River of Silver, is, like Cape Hatteras, the dividing line between two climates : that of the torrid Brazils and of the cold, bleak pampas of the Argentine and Patagonia, just as Hatteras is the turning-point, so to speak, in the climates of our Southern and Middle Atlantic States. They are, too, about equidistant from the equator. A rather noteworthy fact is that, bar Cape Horn, the three stormiest localities in the Southern Hemisphere are almost exactly in the same latitude, though thousands of miles apart : the river Plate, Cape Agulhas, and Cape Leewin, at the southwestern end of Australia. Latitude, $36^{\circ} 55'$ south ; longitude, $47^{\circ} 20'$ west.

JUNE 28

By way of variety, light winds were vouchsafed to us for the twenty-four hours, varying from southwest to northeast, and we made not fifty miles of southing in that time. Very suddenly last night at nine o'clock the wind let go at southwest, and instantly came out of the southeast, backing gradually to northeast, where it is now ; but though a fair wind we are not doing three knots an hour. However, the glass is falling and a change is no doubt at hand, and the sea has gone down till nothing remains but a sullen, greasy roll from south-southeast. We earnestly hope for a strong, fair wind which will give us at least eight knots, for the skipper's temper is failing rapidly, and he is beginning to rage at the weather. Generally, by the fiftieth day from New York he has crossed the parallel of 50° south, so that in round numbers we are about seven hundred miles north of his average, this being our forty-eighth day at sea. It has been noted previously, I think, that he has never

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

been more than one hundred and thirty days on a voyage, and has made eight voyages between New York and San Francisco in less than one hundred days ; his longest passage of the Horn—that is, from 50° to 50° —was nineteen days ; the shortest, eleven. Fine work, all this, which few ship-masters can equal.

My wife asked the skipper last evening if he had ever lost a ship. He said no, but that he had had one or two narrow calls. “One of the worst cases of smash-up I ever saw,” he continued, “happened to me when I had the ‘Judas Dawes’ about six years ago. We were well down in the southeast Trades in the Pacific, bound from ‘Frisco to New York ; the weather had been squally, and on this particular day, in about 14° south, I had specially told the mate not to loose the jib-topsail, but when I went below after dinner for a nap the beggar did it. When I went on deck again at four there was a squall makin’ ahead, and I ordered some hands to stand by the sky-sail-halliards, for I didn’t know the jib-topsail had been loosed. Well, sir, the squall hit us (it was a corker) and snapped off the jib-boom ; and, as I ran forrad, crack went the foretop-mast, then the maint’-gallant-mast, and at last over went the mizzen-t’-gallant-mast. In all my goin’ to sea I never saw the like of it ; ’twas as bad nearly as the ‘May Flint,’ only we had smooth water. Forrad we were a wreck, with nothing at all above the foreyard, while alongside was a fearful mass o’ gear slammin’ against the ship, and you know those Trades in the Pacific blow fresh. Well, we cleared up the wreck after hard work, sent up a few of the old yards that weren’t too far gone to fish, made sail, and crossed Sandy Hook Bar, ninety-eight days from ‘Frisco, under a jury-rig.” Captain Scruggs has as great a reputation for fast passages as any living American ship-master in the California trade, but we’ll have to have better luck if we are to

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

reach port in less than one hundred and thirty days from New York.

We are entering that region most celebrated in the world for its sunsets ; it would be interesting to know whether there is anything in this, or whether it is imagination on the part of captains. At any rate, we witnessed one this evening finer than any which we have ever seen before ; the sun sinking into the core of a huge, crimson cavern in the centre of an inky cloud, from behind which shot up scores of slender, golden arrows toward the zenith, presenting a scene of such lurid magnificence as to fill the heart with reverence and wonder. And by that same token, the sun is getting low in the northern sky, his altitude at meridian being only a little above 30° , or about the same as at New York towards the end of December.

The day being chill and raw, with a noon temperature of 52° , a fire was lighted in the cabin stove for the first time ; and as the thermometer below has stood for a long while at 55° and a dismal drizzle prevailed all day, the heat and glow of the fire were grateful beyond expression. Latitude, $37^{\circ} 42'$ south ; longitude, $47^{\circ} 40'$ west.

JUNE 29

From six o'clock yesterday evening till noon to-day we had a breeze so light that at times the sky-sails flapped idly against the masts, and for several hours we were becalmed on a motionless sea,—a sea so wonderfully smooth that, but for the temperature, we might readily have fancied ourselves in the equatorial Doldrums again. At four yesterday afternoon a crisp little breeze came whipping along out of the south (although it lasted only two hours) driving away the squalls and muggy air, a bright, rosy atmosphere taking their place at sundown, with a horizon as sharply cut as the edge of a razor. As for the night

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

which followed, it was as brittle and sparkling as any evening in Nova Scotia, wanting only the flashing pennons of the Aurora Borealis to complete the picture. The firmament glittered with splendid constellations, the stars dancing and scintillating with the glance of steel, as though electric sparks, while the Milky Way seemed firm and solid enough to walk upon. A magnificent sunrise succeeded this matchless night, and we stood entranced by the glory of the scene for half an hour, watching the lovely colors shift every few seconds like the revolutions of a kaleidoscope, changing the tiny, pink, shell-like clouds into glowing, golden embers as the great orb touched the horizon and threw a path of crimson fire even to the vessel's side. Where are the gales of wind which are supposed to scream incessantly over the Southern Ocean? Where are the giant seas which sweep the South Atlantic with their foaming crests? It is not difficult to answer the latter question, for we will not meet with any of those tremendous rollers which have made Cape Horn the hobgoblin of navigators till we have cleared Staten Land and receive the full fury of the thousands of miles of tempestuous ocean which lie to the south and west of the Horn. It is true that on our first voyage we experienced very heavy weather when in this latitude ; but then we were bound the other way and were near the forty-third eastern meridian (about four hundred miles the other side of Good Hope) at this parallel ; the weather, as a general rule, is far worse farther to the eastward at 40° south than in here near the land, where bright skies and much smoother seas are the rule rather than the exception. We are not more than three hundred and fifty miles from South America now, so that even if we did have a heavy westerly gale (westerly winds are almost constant south of 30° south) the sea could not rise to such heights as it does off Agulhas and Cape Horn.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

But these gentle winds we cannot understand ; at dinner-time to-day, though, a nice little breeze came along from the westward, and we are humming along under the sky-sails, doing well except that we are not making much westing, as we can't do better than south by west.

The captain is like one demented. As MacFoy whispered to me this afternoon when the jib-topsail-sheet parted, throwing him into a paroxysm, " If he doesn't get a fair wind soon he'll go mad." In truth, he has been in a passion all day, chassezing up and down the main-deck as though he had a devil. Just before the sheet went he had a spasm of tautening things up, and went braying about with a voice of brass, driving the men like animals before him ; he had just ordered the above sheet flattened in when crack it went, and in a few seconds the clew of the sail was in fluttering ribbons, for the wind, though not strong, whipped away the old canvas as though it were a cobweb. The mate caught it too when he came out of his cavern at quarter to twelve to take the sun, and by the time that we sat down to dinner the old man had worked him into a speechless state, so that throughout the meal he sat crushed and silent, with a face like a cigar Indian. These repasts on such occasions are pregnant with gloomy thoughts, stillness reigning as the skipper fiercely gnaws at his dinner, clicking his teeth, while the whole top of his head seems to move as he chews, his temples particularly rotating like the eccentrics of a steam-engine. His head is quite bald, and his face is embellished with such enormous whiskers that his whole head looks like an inverted sea-anemone ; and when he is angry, as he was to-day, his black eyes so glitter and snap under such shaggy brows that they seem about to jump out and annihilate you. After dinner, which appeared to increase his ill-humor, being a dyspeptic, he went up to put some new panes of glass into the skylight

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

which the sea had broken. He fussed and fumed around with putty, diamond, and chisel for half an hour, at the end of which time he had one pane nicely adjusted, when it cracked across one corner. This almost prostrated him, and when two other cracks appeared in rapid succession, each calling forth a low, intense "d——," he simply got up and ran away.

Then this amiable man commenced on the mate again, who, of course, began to "bullyrag" the men, and finally brought down young Louis Eckers to his knees with a hard blow in the face with his fist. This was due solely to temper, because he had to repeat an order which Louis didn't understand on account of his ignorance of English.

Our first albatross presented himself to view this morning. When you are making your first long voyage there is generally some confusion at first, resulting in the more or less similarity between an albatross and a molly-hawk. The latter are large birds and really look a good deal like the former; but when you have seen an albatross half a dozen times, you will never forget his appearance. There is no mistaking that great beak or the odd hunchback-look of those shoulders, much less the majestic flight of the stately bird as he skims along close to the surface of the sea and then rises in a splendid circle on those great wings of his. Our friend of this morning, however, did not long abide with us, but, after looking us over, wheeled about and vanished in the south. A Cape pigeon struck the taffrail this morning and fell on the poop by the wheel-house. He was a beautiful little creature, with a snow-white breast, dark-brown wings splashed with white, and a glossy black head and neck, with a sheen as of satin on the feathers. After sufficiently admiring the little fellow and showing him to the cat, who wouldn't approach within ten feet of him, we hove it overboard, and it whizzed screaming away to

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

rejoin its companions, who now follow us in scores. Latitude, $38^{\circ} 12'$ south ; longitude, $49^{\circ} 35'$ west.

JUNE 30

The bright happy weather of yesterday has given place to a chill, gloomy day with half a gale from the westward, while the ship under reefed topsails has been digging into a strong head-sea in quite a violent manner. How tender and delicate, so to speak, even the best and largest of wooden vessels really are ! For instance, at nine last evening the second mate said that he thought he would put the gaskets on the royals, the sky-sails having come in before supper.

"What on earth do you want to stow the royals for?" said I ; "there certainly is not wind enough for that."

"No, it's not the wind," he answered, "but this sea's makin' ahead, and she'll strain goin' into it with the royals on her."

There certainly was a southerly sea running, but the ship was diving easily, without wrenching or pounding ; and it surely was very surprising that a powerful ship like this would have to shorten sail for such a swell. "And that's just the great point in favor of an iron ship," said Mr. Rarx ; "you can drive her through most anything and not give her a thought. You know the 'William J. Rotch' ? We opened her all up forrad a-drivin' of her into a head-sea beatin' up the Sea of Japan trying to find Willywood-stock in a fog."

"Where's that place ? It's new to me," said I.

"Siberia," was his reply ; and it was not until some hours afterward that I grasped his meaning ; he intended to say Vladivostok.

As the night wore on it grew squally, and at three in the morning the fore- and maintop-sails were reefed, while at

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

four o'clock the massive iron hook on the cross-jack-tack carried away, and the sail was saved only by the prompt and good work of both watches. I awoke in the midst of the operation, and above the boom of the seas we could hear the skipper's hurricane voice shouting, "Haul away on those buntlines ; *haul away on those buntlines* ; HAUL AWAY ON THOSE BUNT LINES."

At five yesterday afternoon, just before we clewed up the sky-sails, we sailed through a whole fleet of albatrosses, feeding quietly on the water. It was the first time that we had seen so many of the big birds at rest at one time, and they looked very large and dignified as they rose and sunk upon the swell. To say that we sailed through them is not strictly correct, though, for when we had approached to within two hundred yards or so they rose from the surface and went sailing away into the southwest. It is always interesting to watch them rise from the water, flapping their immense wings, each two yards long, and rapidly paddling with feet as large as cabbage leaves to gain an impetus ; when, the wind striking beneath their pinions, they stow their great feet somewhere in their stern feathers, and with a couple of powerful strokes of wing away they soar up to windward ; and you can watch an albatross for half an hour at a time thereafter, and not a single alar movement can be discerned.

The Scottish bosun entertained me last night for some time in drawing comparisons between various sailing ships. I asked him how the men liked it here. "Why, can't you tell?" said he. "They don't like it at all ; and I can tell you it's no child's play aboard here. Most of the men, you see, have come out of British ships, where they don't break men's bones with clubs or their hearts with drivin'."

"If you like British ships better than ours, what did you sign in this one for?" I asked.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

“Why did I?” he replied. “Why, for the same reason that lots of others do,—for the sake o’ the Snug Harbor. Ye see, if any man serves five years in American ships and can prove it, he can end his days in peace and comfort in the Sailors’ Snug Harbor on Staten Island, where they take care of him. But, say, I never see a skipper like this one before. Has he slept at all since we came to sea? I’m hanged if I think so, for at all times o’ the night the first thing you know there’s th’ old man standin’ within two foot of you on the main-deck, like a black spook. Lord knows how he gets around, I don’t.”

To-day we attained the highest southern latitude which my wife and I ever reached, as on our first voyage around the other cape $39^{\circ} 5'$ was the southernmost point. Having crossed the fortieth parallel, we have also probably passed without the influence of the river Plate region ; but it is too bad that we are not two hundred miles farther to the westward. Latitude, $40^{\circ} 31'$ south ; longitude, $51^{\circ} 10'$ west.

JULY 1

Strong winds from the westward, shifting in the morning watch to southeast, and a rough sea prevailed up to noon to-day, when it cleared up, a persistent rain having added its portion to the dreariness of the weather. At five this morning, when the wind shifted to the southeast, we wore and stood in shore on the port tack, heeling well over to a strong breeze. Both wind and sea increased as the morning advanced, and at nine we had to take some of the sails off the ship. And here mark the skipper’s perversity : at this particular moment we were in quite a severe squall, and I shouted to him, “It’s breezing all the time.” “No, it ain’t,” he replied, harshly ; “the wind’s lettin’ go.” Ten minutes later he ordered the maintop-gallant-sail to be clewed up, and in another five minutes he ordered

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

in the spanker. Anything to differ from me and express an opinion of his own, even if he has to act against it.

After these two sails had come in the ship was easier, but the sea was making very rapidly, and in another hour we were taking large quantities of water aboard. It was a wild sight then : an immense squall overhanging us and darkening the heavens and the sea ; the ship enveloped in clouds of whirling spray ; the driving rain, whipping us with the sting of a lash ; the crash of a sea now and then against the forward house ; and the flock of sea-birds astern wheeling and diving through the squall, with a brace of gaunt, gray albatrosses sailing calmly along, as though this were a tropic zephyr.

During one of these squalls the carpenter was observed at work on the weather side of the forecastle-house, dodging the seas as each gave warning of its approach by a peculiar motion just before it broke aboard, which one soon learns to know. We were beginning to think that if he didn't look sharp he would catch it, when a great mass of water arose alongside, faltered a moment high up above the rail, and then, with overwhelming fury, the whole sea thundered aboard. First it flattened Chips out against the deck-house as though he had been crucified against it ; then it lifted him, mighty man though he is, and drove him with terrible force against the pumps ; while the huge volume of water, encountering the various obstacles in its mad career about the deck, shot into the air as high as the mainyard, totally blotting out the waist of the ship. What saved that carpenter from mortal hurt is beyond human ken. The mate says that it was his sheathing of blubber which encases his carcass like that of a seal. At any rate, he painfully gathered up his clumsy, massive frame and stumbled forward with both hands on his left leg, which proved to be very badly bruised, and he complains now of a hard pain in

his chest. This was by far more water than we have had on board at any one time, and it is difficult to conceive of the grandeur of such a sea breaking aboard, though it is an awful sight withal ; its power seems resistless, and as it sweeps over the side with a peculiar, crushing sound, one involuntarily grips the rail or a belaying-pin with the grasp of a vice.

When this last squall had passed, lo ! a ship to windward, and I was again the first to sing out " Sail ho." There is much secret pleasure for me in this ; for, whenever it occurs, the captain always walks over to Mr. Goggins, who is generally wool-gathering at the break of the poop, and asks him if there is anything in sight. " Naw, sir, there hain't nothin'. Oh, yes, there's a sail to wind'ard, sir, through the fog." " Oh, thanks," usually answers the skipper ironically, by which the mate knows that he's been caught again.

Visions of the " Dowes" appeared to us as we studied the stranger as closely as the flying spray and rain would permit, the ship being under her topsails with the main-sail hauled up. Presently, though, we saw that she had no sky-sail-yards, proving that she was not our friend ; while her short, thick, pole bowsprit showed that she was doubtless a metal ship, which belief was later confirmed by painted ports.

At noon the sun burst through the dense pall of cloud, and an afternoon of dazzling beauty followed, with the good old " Higgins" surging ahead over the long, blue, foaming seas, a sky of sapphire overhead, dappled with a few thin, cirrus clouds and a grand breeze over the beam, giving us about eight knots on a southwest-half-west course. Just at noon the other ship, too, presented a splendid appearance. To begin with, she was a very handsome vessel, and had so altered her position as to be close astern, a little

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

on our weather quarter, distant about one-third of a mile. Her topsails and courses (she had set her main-sail and cross-jack) were swelled out like great cylinders, while her painted ports lent her the dignity of an old-time frigate ; and she presented to us a perfect ideal of the poetry of motion as she rolled deeply but easily, now sinking into a valley to her lower yards, now cleaving the lofty crest of a breaking sea which veiled her in a storm of spray.

At half-past one we decided to signal her, and ran up our number, to which she instantly replied that she was the "La Pallice"; then we informed her that we were from New York bound to San Francisco, fifty-one days out, while she proved to be from Hamburg for the same destination, and was fifty-nine days at sea ; after which we dipped our ensign, which she answered with the tricolor of France.

We are reading Nansen's "First Crossing of Greenland" together with the greatest interest, being one of the most charmingly written of all stories of Arctic work. What a delightful time we will have with his "Farthest North" ! We have it on board, but I am waiting till we pass 50° south, so that we can read it in a part of the world almost as rough and desolate as he passed over in his great journey. Latitude, 42° 24' south ; longitude, 52° 36' west.

JULY 2

We had a good breeze from the south all last night and this morning, which put us off to about west by south ; but, as our aim for the past four or five days has been to make westing rather than southing, this breeze was most acceptable. The strong wind of yesterday eased up in the second dog-watch last night, and we carried the top-gallant-sails without trouble afterward.

A great change has taken place in the temperature, for

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

at eight this morning the thermometer stood at 38° in the air and 47° in the water,—a fall in thirty-six hours of 15° in the atmosphere and 16° in the sea. People who have never been exposed for consecutive hours to a temperature at sea of between 30° and 40° can have no just idea of how penetratingly cold the wind is when the mercury drops below 40° , or of how many clothes it is necessary to wear if one wants to stay on deck a long while without constant motion. For example, I have on now two suits of heavy underwear, pilot-cloth trousers, a heavy jersey, a whipcord waistcoat, a padded leather jacket, and a mackintosh; the costume is completed with mention of knitted woollen gloves and socks and leather boots and ditto hat. Now, there are numerous brawny, burly individuals who will ridicule this mass of apparel, and insist that one ought to keep moving, which would make it unnecessary. But to begin with, our promenade is here limited to seventy-five feet instead of several hundred, as in the case of a transatlantic steamer; and, besides, I have not that maniac passion for pedestrianism which lays so fierce a hold on some people the instant that they set foot upon a vessel's deck. When I want exercise, half an hour at the pumps, even in cold weather, is sufficient; and I'll warrant that it would be enough for the brawny, burly individuals before noticed. Neither of us came to sea to stay below, so we pile on sufficient clothes to repel even the strongest blasts, and can sit comfortably and unruffled for hours on deck without a break.

Points in connection with such a voyage as this can be learned only by experience; our first one gave us all that was necessary, so that we knew exactly what to bring with us this time. A leather jacket very thickly lined is almost inconceivably useful, as are a pair of heavy leather knee-boots, at least one size too large, to allow for woollen socks.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Such boots well greased will be sufficiently water-tight for all ordinary purposes, and if they should become water-logged, they can always be dried at the galley-fire ; rubber boots, though, should never be omitted from the sea wardrobe. The best head-gear is a woollen cap with ear-flaps, and a sou'wester, of course, for bad weather. As to oil-skins, there is now manufactured a water-proof stuff, which has proved in this case to be everything that is claimed for it. It is brown in color, and in texture much like a mackintosh, but harder to the touch, and is in two pieces,—short jacket and trousers. These suits have been used in the life-saving service on the Atlantic coast, and the only objection which the men made to the suits was that the sand cut the stuff in a high wind, so that in a short time it became quite porous. At sea, however, I have never found the equal of one of these suits ; and, as a test, I stood for two hours yesterday in drenching rain and spray in one position, so as to allow the elements full continuous sweep at one point, and when we went below the inside of the jacket was not even damp. A long oil-skin coat is extremely unwieldy at sea, for if it is blowing at all hard the skirts cling to the legs most aggravatingly, and I have had some hard falls by being thus tripped. All mates wear long yellow coats, however, and I wondered why until yesterday, when I asked Mr. Goggins if a short jacket and pants wouldn't be more comfortable ; but he replied, indignantly, " Wot do yer think I am, a foremast 'and ? " It seemed to me that a mate who has to wear a long coat to distinguish him from an ordinary sailor must be like the man who tells another that he himself is a gentleman,—he must be somewhat in doubt about it.

It is to be hoped that this treatise on deep-sea garments has not proved a bore ; but after our previous voyage so many persons asked us what we wore in bad weather in the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Southern Ocean, that the above explanations may not be out of place. My wife dresses much as she would for golf, —a short skirt and leather gaiters for clear, cold weather, with yellow oil-skins when it rains and the spray flies.

We observed some further fine cloud effects to-day a little after sunrise, the horizon being smothered at frequent intervals with dense squalls ; and at nine o'clock a ponderous mass of cumulus cloud appeared in the south, rearing its immense domes nearly to the zenith, like heaps of yellow wool, for the sun's reflection changed the color of the great bank to that of rich cream, while far below, at the base, the cloud shaded off into a dim, sable mass. "There's snow in that fellow," quoth the skipper, which was certainly true, for ten minutes later we were swallowed up in a thick snow-squall, which lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes. Snow seemed to be a singular phenomenon on the second of July, not to mention the biting cold. Latitude $43^{\circ} 8'$ south ; longitude, $56^{\circ} 45'$ west.

JULY 3

This morning broke with a clear sky and little or no wind, and when the sun came up fine and rosy, he looked over the rim of the horizon across an azure sea just crinkled by a faint westerly breeze. Light as it was, though, there was a biting sting in it which, before breakfast, set the teeth chattering and raised one's knuckles into big gristly knobs. The broad sweep of the South Atlantic was well-nigh motionless, for it was only at considerable intervals that a slight swell came sighing up from the Antarctic, and the sea was as calm as off Newport in August. Clothes suspended against the walls hung without motion, and we might well have fancied ourselves in Long Island Sound ; as for the day, it was cloudless save for an occasional snow flurry, which lasted only a few minutes. This clear, cold,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

merry weather at sea is indescribably charming, though, no doubt, the men would tell a different tale, for Olsen and Jacquin, who were mending an old fine-weather royal on the cabin-house this morning, had to knock off work now and then to beat some feeling into their stiffened fingers before they could drive the needles through the canvas.

As we draw nearer and nearer to Cape Horn the men are daily growing very anxious to know the ship's position, and as I am, of course, the only individual on board who will gratify their curiosity, they often ask me several times a day. Frequently, on the main-deck, a man will ask what the position is in a very low tone, after a careful scrutiny round about to see that none of the after-guard is hard by. Sometimes, as I pass by the wheel-house, I am assailed in a raven's whisper with, "Say, mister, what's the latitood?" and their pleasure at being told is quite child-like. A passenger on a sailing ship, by the way, is seldom, if ever, called by his name; he is simply "mister." Of course, in a general way, sailors often get an idea of the approach of land from the discoloration of the water, the increase in the number of vessels sighted, and the presence of land-birds; but the average sailor probably couldn't tell within much less than a thousand miles of where he is on a voyage like this. Even a second mate is generally very much in the dark on this subject, for he is never a navigator on American ships, as he ought to be, and keeps no reckoning. We have often seen Mr. Rarx go up to the mate and hint in various ways that he would like to know the ship's position at noon. The mate sometimes tells him; but Mr. Rarx is too good a seaman to stand well with such a man as the mate, who does not know very much more of that art than some of the sailors. Besides, it *might* get to the men through one of the bosuns, which would be truly horrible and unspeakable; therefore,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

unless there is a passenger aboard, sailors live in almost blank ignorance of their whereabouts throughout a four or five months' voyage.

The bosun of the port-watch, big MacFoy, has been limping badly for several days, his left foot being so severely mashed and swollen that he cannot bear even a loose rubber boot on it. This is the result of a sea which fell upon him one night at the weather forebraces. It slung him across the deck and jammed his foot against a fife-rail stanchion, but luckily broke no bones. I have promised to give him a glass of grog to-morrow, the Fourth of July, but exceeding caution will have to be exercised lest I be apprehended by the powers.

Yesterday the main-spencer was rigged, and as this is a heavy-weather sail, a description of it may prove of interest. It is otherwise known as a storm-try-sail, and, being a fore-and aft-sail, is set on the main lower mast. A number of stout screw-eyes were driven into the mast, extending from a point about eight feet above the deck to an iron band three feet below the top ; through these eyes an iron rod was inserted, and to this rod the sail was laced. A standing-gaff was then rigged, furnished with hoops, to which the head of the sail was bent, the method of setting being by hauling it out on the gaff, like the fore- and aft-sails on steamers. It is forty-four feet long on the luff and twenty-two on the gaff, and is, of course, of No. 0 duck, with a bolt-rope nearly as big as the fore-tack. The spencer is what is known as a steadying sail in bad weather, and is usually set after the courses have all been hauled up and the ship is head-reaching under the lower topsails, or when the ship is regularly hove to.

There was a very turbulent scene enacted while the sail was being bent. The mate was aloft, swinging over the rim of the top in a bowline, trying to fit the end of the gaff

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

into a gooseneck, both man and spar flying wildly about as the ship rolled. Two vang's led down from the gaff-end to the deck, one on either side, while a man on each, trying to hold it steady, was jerked about like the tail of a kite. The mate was already in a passion, for no sooner would he have the end nearly in the socket than away it would fly, while he himself brought to with a thump against the futtock-shrouds. At this juncture Captain Scruggs appeared with his sextant. It was the signal for chaos. Everthing almost immediately was plunged into inextricable confusion. Something had manifestly gone wrong with the old man below, for he was bristling when he laid down his instrument on the deck-house and walked with foreboding leisure to the break of the poop. You could see that he was seething within himself ; but for some time he appeared totally unconscious of the mate, the spencer, and everything else ; but when the gaff drew off and smote the taut weather-shrouds with the force of a steam-hammer, he thought it was time to take a hand. Did the mate give an order he would instantly countermand it, sandwiching in sarcastic remarks, such as, "Ah, that's beautiful ! You'd make a master-rigger, you would. Think you'll git that in by dark ? I could put the whole main-mast in while you're scratchin' away up there." At these pleasantries old Goggins fairly snarled and bared his teeth in devilish grins, but kept silent. At last, seeing a chance, he bawled to the man below who was surging up on the rope, "Lower away smart, now." "Hoist away, there," immediately cried the skipper. Behold the fatal straw on the dromedary. "'Ow in the name o' G—— am Hi to do this, Cap'n Scruggs, if you don't let me alone?" And then they went at it like Kilkenny cats, so that the air quivered with blasphemous discharges. It was quite astonishing to hear the mate answer back with such intrepid vehemence,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

and they kept it up so long that the captain lost his sight ; for when he removed his sextant the sun was falling, which didn't add very much to the geniality of his temper. Scenes of this sort are heralded with the most intense joy by the men, who turn their heads away to hide faces which actually glisten with delight. Latitude, $43^{\circ} 13'$ south ; longitude, $58^{\circ} 24'$ west.

JULY 4

We celebrated Independence Day not with pyrotechnical demonstrations, but with a remarkable barometric performance : it fell seven-tenths of an inch in ten hours, from 30.40 to 29.70, and this with an ugly look to windward. The breeze began to freshen late yesterday afternoon, and at five o'clock in came the fore- and mizzen-royals. At table, the various utensils suddenly began to jump about, which was very astonishing, inasmuch as the sea was almost perfectly quiet half an hour earlier. The breeze kept on making, and when we came up from supper, at six o'clock, the captain ordered the main-royal- and mizzen-top-gallant-sail clewed up. At this time the ship was diving heavily, and it was time to take the fore- and maintop-gallants off her, too ; the skipper had just concluded to furl them, when, with a great weltering plunge, the ship pushed her lofty flaring bows completely under a coaming sea, and then instantly rearing back, the enormous mass of water was projected with terrific force against the forward end of the forecastle-house. It smashed the lee door like cardboard, though it was three inches thick, and then washed aft like a Hooghly bore, absolutely filling the lee decks to the rail with solid water,—that is, it was six feet deep in the scuppers, and it seemed incredible that any bulwarks could withstand the strain ; yet the water ran off in a few minutes, leaving no further trace of its power than a snarled

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

mass of running gear which had been lifted off the pins. Good luck that the lookout had just been ordered to the top of the house instead of the forecastle-head, or there wouldn't have been much of him left after that sea had struck him.

The forecastle, though, was a spectacle indeed. Its doors open forward, which no sailor likes ; and when the big sea came from dead ahead and stove the lee door, the water poured into the house in thousands of gallons. It stood a foot deep on the floor, and shot up violently to the carlines at every roll, washing the men's bedding out of even the topmost bunks (they are always built in three tiers, one above the other), while their chests went banging about in the deep water, the majority of them burst open, and others broken all to pieces. The sills of the doors on all ships opening on the main-deck are usually about eighteen inches high, to prevent the entrance of water, if possible ; but if, as in this case, a great quantity finds its way into the forecastle, these very sills prevent its egress. To be sure, there are leaders which are supposed to draw the water off, but they are so small that more than an hour passed before all the brine had disappeared. How sorrowful and helpless the poor fellows looked as they surveyed their drenched clothes and broken chests ! and, worse than all, the dank, soaked forecastle. It means more suffering and privation than landsmen have any idea of, for the men will have to sleep in soggy, clammy, mildewed bunks for at least a month. No forecastle ever dries off Cape Horn, on account of the intense humidity of that region ; and even if the forecastle has a stove in it, it doesn't dry things out, but calls forth instead a rank steam from the reeking walls, which pervades the room like a foul mist.

All this time the glass had been falling, and we looked for bad weather ; the captain had the main-sail hauled up, and in every way stood by for a heavy blow. But we

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

worked out a false reckoning, for the wind shortly afterward let go more than half, while the aneroid rose to 29.85, where it is now. Since six o'clock this morning we have been about six points off our course, with the wind at south-southwest ; therefore the captain once more wrapped himself in his mantle of wrath, and throughout dinner kept mumbling continuously to himself concerning the probability of there being a Jonah on board. This was not the first time that he has hinted at such things, and, though we knew well that he meant us, I didn't say anything, but let him growl on. It is almost impossible to conceive how unpleasant it is to be considered a Jonah aboard ship ; it is easy to say, " What's the use of paying any attention to it ? " But you can't help heeding it, though it is only superstition, and the eyes of every one on board aft seem to say, " Look at the Jonah." Foremast hands do not care how long they are at sea if they get decent food and even passably good treatment ; indeed, the saying among them is, " More days, more dollars." Still, in spite of everything we are reminded of that dismal verse in the " Ancient Mariner,"—

" One by one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang
And cursed me with his eye."

There is another cause, however, for the skipper's bad temper ; yesterday we slaughtered our first pig, and at all three meals to-day we had fresh pork. Captain Scruggs caused prodigious quantities of it to disappear and has been in anguish ever since. Indeed, it is hard to imagine anything edible which will so upset one's digestion as fresh pork at sea ; it is bad enough ashore, where plenty of exercise is to be had, but aboard ship one hearty meal of pork freshly killed will cause an incredible amount of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

distress. The skipper instanced an illustration of how difficult it is to digest at sea : on the last outward voyage he killed a pig just before he reached San Francisco, and, the weather being too warm to keep the meat sweet, most of it was given to the sailors. Now, these men can digest sour, soggy bread and salt beef like ironwood, yet this fresh pork vanquished them, and five men were actually laid up in their bunks at the end of the second day.

Had many severe hail-squalls during the last twenty-four hours, but fine weather otherwise, sharp and clear. Latitude, $44^{\circ} 41'$ south ; longitude, $59^{\circ} 58'$ west.

JULY 5

Very light southerly airs and a calm sea have added vastly to our surprise at such weather off Patagonia. How remarkable it is to find these gentle, variable winds here, when the popular notion of this region is a continuous westerly gale ! Findlay's "South Atlantic Directory," however, indicates generally fine weather from 40° to 50° south *near the land*, and this has been our skipper's almost invariable experience, except that the wind ought to be to the northward instead of to the southward of west ; at the present moment, though, the breeze shows signs of hauling to the northward with the sun, instead of against, so perhaps it will stop there for a while. The wind has been so light and contrary for the twenty-four hours, that in that period we made only eight miles of latitude and seven of longitude !

My wife and I have finished reading Nansen's "First Crossing of Greenland," and during its perusal we learned some remarkable facts. For instance, it is strange how the body craves fat or grease of any sort when deprived of it for a long while ; and it is also very odd to read that a lump of butter eaten alone slakes the thirst of men in the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Arctic regions ! I wonder why Nansen doesn't undertake the ascent of Mount Everest ? It seems to me that he, with all his strength and vitality, would be peculiarly well fitted for such an expedition, not to mention his being a man of science. How much interest the writings of Sir Joseph Hooker would lack if that great mountaineer had not been a scientist ! The amount of risk to Nansen, too, in comparison with an Arctic voyage, would be very small ; while the glory of being the first to stand upon the topmost pinnacle of the earth's surface could be dwarfed only by the attainment of the Pole itself. I have loaned the second mate the Greenland book, as Mr. Rarx is deeply interested in such work, and is desirous of joining an expedition to the North Pole. He fears not being able to pass the physical tests necessary before becoming a member of the crew, but as he has considerable knowledge of the Peary Greenland expedition, it is my notion that he tried to join it, but was rejected ; and as he laid stress on the fact that no one would be taken who had any old scars on his person, it is not unlikely that he was barred for this reason. Considering his lean, powerful frame, he ought to be well able to endure hardships.

Looking at the spencer, which is, of course, brailed up in such light weather, Mr. Rarx said, " Oh, those are great sails ! Wait till it's blowin' and she under that and the topsails ! They'll stand a power o' wind, but I've seen 'em blown away. I was second mate of a Nova Scotia ship, the ' Mary L. Burrill,' a few years ago, and we were bound across this time from Greenock to St. John in February, which it isn't necessary for me to say anything more about the weather. We'd be'n lyin' to for twenty hours under a goose-winged maintop-sail and spencer when the wind all at once rose to a perfect hurricane and hove us down to the hatches. And then the maintop-sail and

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

that there spencer, sir, nearly as hard and thick as a plank, flew away like a muslin handkercheef ; and though we had double gaskets on all the sails, four of 'em was blown loose and ripped off the yards like paper. Now, it's blowin' pretty hard when a lower maintop-sail goes, but nothin' short of a hurricane can budge a new spencer. But no canvas ever made will stand a North Atlantic midwinter gale, and you hear me. We sighted a big White Star freighter this day, and she afterward reported the wind eighty miles an hour *between* the squalls ; not in 'em, mind. And if you want to see somethin' to put joy in your heart, you ought to see these big White Star steamers in a heavy gale ! I saw the 'Cufic' once comin' across in another cyclone in the 'J. B. Walker,' and the way she kept clear of the seas was a caution. I'm a good enough American, but you can't beat Harland and Wolff very much."

Mr. Rarx is an infinitely more agreeable man to talk to than the mate, who is the longest-winded and most tiresome old porpoise who ever spun a yarn. His only recommendations are his hideousness, which is positively attractive, and his strange, absurd facial contortions when he doesn't intend to be funny. Sometimes during the first watch, when it is very dark, with the exception of the binnacle lamp which casts its rays upon him as he crosses its path, he is actually weird-looking. His voice, too, is as husky as a rusty hinge now, owing to a severe cold, and last night he vented some curious statements. Neither of us had said a word for maybe five minutes, I watching the compass card, he grinning and mouthing to himself in the moonlight. Presently he wormed himself over to where I stood, looked earnestly at me a few seconds and croaked,—

"You'll see plenty of people in California with no teeth."

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

“How is that?” said I.

“Dunno,” he replied; “they do say it’s the climate; anyhow, you’ll see lots with nothin’ but gums.”

Then he crawled back to the other side, performed some further silent, facial acrobatics, returned, and wheezed out mysteriously, “You’ll be bothered with fleas there; they’re that plenty I always has a regular quadrille with ’em.”

A remarkable habit the captain has at table of asking the mate if he won’t have some of everything in sight; no matter how many dishes there may be on the board, the skipper always gazes fiercely at him for a moment, and then says rapidly and severely, “Have some of the salt meat, Mr. Goggins? Have some beans? Have some potatoes? Have some bread? Have some sparrow-grass?” All this in one breath, to which the mate answers, “A leetle, if you please, sir;” or if it’s a second asking, which is merely form, he replies with his droning, “No-o-o, sir, I thank you, sir; I’ve ’ad sufficient, sir, I thank you, sir,” as though to show how he is depriving himself, for he insists that it is vulgar to enjoy eating!

Sometimes the old creature corners my wife and me and entertains us with anecdotes of his acquaintances in San Francisco and how excessively numerous his influential friends are there. He will tell us that ’Arry Dolan is now getting seventy-five dollars a month at the Union Iron Works; and when we venture the opinion that he must be a rising young man, he answers, “Oh, ’Arry’s all right. Why, I knew him w’en he was gettin’ only three dollars a week at the Works.” Here generally follows a genealogical history of the Dolans for several generations, while their individual characteristics become the subject of minute discussion.

Well, we’re beating slowly, slowly, down the inhospitable shores of Patagonia, and our luck doesn’t seem to be

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

much better than it was in the southeast Trades. Latitude, $44^{\circ} 49'$ south ; longitude, $60^{\circ} 5'$ west.

JULY 6

If our nautical instruments had not assured us that we were at noon in about 45° south, distant one hundred and twenty-five miles from Cape Dos Bahios, we might easily have imagined the ship to be lying off Staten Island in New York Harbor. We never but once before saw the sea so free from swell, and that was in the Indian Ocean, thirty-four miles south of the equator ; which position we not only held for twenty-four hours, but during that entire period no one perceived the least motion in the ship. It is true that to-day we made nearly one hundred miles ; but from eight till eleven this forenoon we were motionless on the water, while a stage was slung over the stern a foot from the surface, on which the mate and the carpenter worked for two hours on the rudder-head ; it is only once or twice during an entire voyage that a vessel for hours at a time will not rise and fall twelve inches. To us it is really a remarkable experience to thus float silently along within three hundred and fifty miles of the Falklands, though the skipper says, "Well, I told you we'd have light weather north of 50° ."

At noon to-day, however, the western sky indicated a breeze, and presently a little breath stole ever so gently over the quiet ocean, scarcely curling the smooth, level plane of the sea ; and, gradually freshening, the ship gathered steerage way in five minutes or so and began to lazily move ahead through a large flock of Cape pigeons which had settled to feed in great numbers during the calm, though we could perceive nothing edible in the water. The birds seemed to delight in the breeze as much as we did, for in light weather they seldom rise higher than a few feet above

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the surface, lacking the force of wind which enables them to rise easily ; as in a strong breeze they make no further effort than to guide themselves, rising and falling without movement of wing. A huge, hoary albatross, a perfect old patriarch, has been with us all day, skimming over the water so closely as to touch it occasionally with his breast, and seldom more than a foot from it. It is wonderful that they can maintain so close and uniform a flight to the surface, without movement and in a calm.

The day before yesterday, being more exasperated than ever before at the skipper's continuous grumbling at the weather, I told him that I thought that he asked altogether too much in demanding a fair wind all the time, and that when a man began a voyage he ought to expect more or less head-winds throughout the passage, for they were to be expected anywhere and at any minute at sea during a whole voyage, even in the Trades. Since then he hasn't said a word against the weather, and is, for him, extremely agreeable. Heavens, how hairy he is ! So thickly covered is his whole face that the only visible bare spots are his nose and eyes ; for his beard grows right up over his cheek-bones, and his eyebrows seem to be spreading all over his forehead. So dense are his whiskers that when he comes on deck after a session with his Dutch pipe the smoke can still be seen eddying and seething in his beard.

Last evening as we were reading some of Kipling's delightful sea-poems the skipper called down and asked whether we wouldn't like to see a lunar rainbow. We went on deck at once, and there, sure enough, was a perfect specimen of this strange phenomenon, and so clearly defined that the brighter colors were distinctly visible. We had seen but one lunar rainbow before, and that was a very faint one in the Bay of Bengal, about one hundred miles from the Sandheads.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

It is a curious fact that, like captains, there are comparatively few foremast hands who remain perfectly strong and well throughout a long passage. At least eight of ours are looking quite seedy, some with bad colds, others with various disorders of liver and stomach, so that they have to be doctored and fixed up with an assortment of medicines. The way that five-grain blue-mass pills fly around on a deep-water ship is a caution ; one would think they were peppermint drops. Latitude $45^{\circ} 20'$ south ; longitude $62^{\circ} 10'$ west.

JULY 7

What a change can be wrought at sea in a few hours ! At eleven yesterday morning we were motionless upon a glassy sea ; eight hours later we were rushing southward under the topsails before a moderate gale !

“And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.”

Throughout yesterday afternoon the breeze steadily freshened, and by four o’clock the sky-sails had been stowed, followed at five by the royals, while after supper the gaskets were put on the three top-gallant-sails and the cross-jack was hauled up ; the ship logging exactly twelve knots between six and seven o’clock, the best which we have done yet, the wind being true and steady from west-northwest, a little abaft the beam. I have seldom seen a finer sight than that presented by the ship as she went bounding away south by west before this grand breeze blowing straight off the pampas of Patagonia ; the moon, now at first quarter, casting a broad wake of silver radiance over the short, steep, foaming seas which had arisen as though by magic, and were already snarling and show-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ing their teeth up above the weather-quarter. By ten o'clock the spray had begun to bury the waist of the ship once more, while at intervals during the night a deep, heavy boom told us that something beside mere spray was tumbling over the weather-side.

When we went on deck this morning there was no diminution in the wind, though it had shifted into the west ; but as the captain had kept off to south, it was still on the beam. The maintop-mast-stay-sail had been set, and we found the watch in the act of hauling out the spencer on the gaff, and we presently had an opportunity of seeing this piece of canvas in actual use for the first time. Its cut was excellent, and, together with the stay-sail, steadied the ship wonderfully. The main-sail was reefed, so that the arch of this great sail, which curved over the ship like the crescent of the moon, was fully thirty feet above the deck. Although still carrying the six topsails and the foresail, we were not taking anything but huge volumes of spray aboard, in spite of the fact that the surface of the ocean to windward showed long, parallel streaks of foam, like the cross-section of a rasher of bacon,—an appearance observed only when it is really blowing hard.

When one has been accustomed to the heavy, rigid mainsails of yachts, a ship's canvas in comparison (bar the spencer) appears to be, and really is, singularly thin and limp. Even a brand-new foresail or main-sail of a square-rigger cannot at all approach in thickness or rigidity a yacht's canvas ; and it could not for a moment withstand the strain to which the latter's main-sail is subjected while being stretched on the boom and gaff, not to mention the "sweating" up of the sails with the jigs. As for a ship's upper canvas, it has always seemed to me too light, and I shall never forget my first acquaintance with square-sails at close quarters. It was at Nassau. Walking one day through a

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

sponge-yard, I saw stretched on the ground great squares of smoky, hempen canvas; and on feeling the various pieces, which were the topsails of a vessel that had struck and gone to pieces on Memory Rock, one hundred and fifty miles northwest of New Providence, I remember thinking that it wasn't at all surprising that the sails of ships blew away if this was what they were made of. At any rate, I put this vessel down as an old worn-out lumberman, fit for nothing but carrying railway ties from Brunswick or Pensacola to New York. As a matter of truth, these sails belonged to a fine British ship, the "Blair Drummond"; and experience has since shown that her canvas was neither better nor worse than the average, though hempen sails never feel as thick or stout as those made of cotton-duck, which our ships use. The advantages claimed for hemp are that it lasts longer, and that sails made thereof are easier to handle than if made of cotton-duck, but they do not present nearly so fine an appearance even when new. If a ship's canvas were made entirely of No. 0, or even of No. 1, duck, it would be next to impossible to furl them in a hard blow. As it is, with the soft, pliable duck and hemp, the blood often starts from the men's finger-ends from trying to gather in the bunt of the sail, which bellies out like sheet-iron when the halliards have been let go. It was only this morning that the mate told me that once, about thirty years ago, when a foremast hand in the North Atlantic trade, he was one of thirty men on the maintop-sail-yard (single) of the ship "Southampton," trying to put the third reef in the sail during a January gale. "And, sir," said he, "we could *not* have tied the reef in that sail if the ship had been sinkin' under us, and that with a man for every reef-point." It is also surprising how neatly and compactly this thin canvas can be furled on a yard. From the deck hardly anything at all can be seen

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

on the royal- and sky-sail-yards ; while even the upper top-sails when in the gaskets are not anything like as bulky or hummocky as the most fastidiously furled yacht's main-sail.

I forgot to say that I gave David, the Scot, a drink on July Fourth. He had been throwing out clumsy hints for one on that day, so I filled a four-ounce bottle with Glenlivet and took it to him while he was eating his dinner in his tiny, water-logged cavern forward of the galley. The radiance reflected from his countenance upon the walls as he sighted the grog fairly lit up the gloomy den, and when he had downed the fiery liquid perfectly raw, he put down the bottle and delivered the following oration, his superb figure raised to its supreme height : "Wherever ye may go in this world, sir, may good luck go with ye, hand in hand ; may it not be many years till ye get command of a ship and the finest one under the flag ; I thank ye for the best drink that ever passed me lips." I was quite taken aback by his earnestness and the depth of feeling with which he uttered these words in the broadest of brogue so pleasant to the ear ; and when he hoped that I would soon command a ship, he was wishing me to hold the most exalted position which the mind of a seaman can conceive.

By the look of the aneroid we are close to some dirt, as sailors say, for now at 3 P.M. the glass stands at 29.08, a fall of an inch in twenty hours ; the sky, too, has a hard look, the sun at noon being unable to pierce the gloom, but shining hazy and dim, like a gas-jet behind frosted glass. The altitude at noon now is only 20°, and the sun's rays are devoid of heat and almost of cheer. Last evening, though, we witnessed another one of those rare and radiant Patagonian sunsets. Every one who has looked at the illustrations in Nansen's "Farthest North" will call to mind some strange, impossible-looking purple and crimson stratus clouds of the most violent hues. Well, we have

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

actually seen one of these singular and extremely gorgeous skies, unnatural almost in its transcendent beauty. Nansen has caught perfectly the more delicate tints as well as the most flaming colors.

We did fine work to-day, and in the twenty-four hours logged two hundred and forty miles. Latitude, $48^{\circ} 45'$ south ; longitude, $65^{\circ} 5'$ west.

JULY 8

At some time during the morning watch we crossed the fiftieth parallel of south latitude, and have, therefore, now commenced the passage of Cape Horn, the stormiest headland in the world, at the worst possible season,—in the heart of the Antarctic winter. When a vessel is between 50° south in the Atlantic and 50° south in the Pacific she is said to be making the passage of the Horn, and is off the Cape when she is anywhere between those parallels ; it matters not how far south she may be blown, she is “off” Cape Horn from 50° to 50° . I think that I have somewhere before said that an average passage would be about twenty days, though the bad luck of some men is astonishing. On her last westward voyage, for instance, the American ship “M. P. Grace” was more than six weeks off the Cape,—forty-five days, to be precise.

Late yesterday afternoon the westerly winds which we have carried for two days began to weaken, and at seven last evening had eased down to a gentle breeze. Still, a wind which will drive a vessel three hundred miles in thirty hours in this part of the world and allow her to lay her course at the same time is not to be lightly spoken of, and we are all in a happy frame of mind.

When the wind had almost let go, however, it began to edge stealthily to the southward, and at 8.30 was at south-west, the dreaded point, blowing in unsteady jerks. We

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

had nothing above the topsails on the ship, though she could easily have carried the royals, but there was no use in piling on the canvas with the look that there was in the southern sky. When the glass stands at 29.00 bad weather must be expected ; and when the captain left the deck at 8.45, the moon was peering dimly through a gray, thin squall, bleared and sickly ; the sea was coming up from various points in short, convulsive, oily heaves and a frowning rampart of dark cloud was rising in the south. "I'm going below now for a wink," said the skipper to Mr. Rarx, on watch ; "keep your eye open, for when it comes it'll be sharp work."

He had been down half an hour when, as the second mate and I stood watching the cloud approach nearer, an angry, white glare now below it, suddenly, without a second's warning, like a blast from a cannon, the wind fell upon us, laying the ship far over, although the spars were almost naked. In a few moments Captain Scruggs rose out of the companion-way and stood for an instant, considering the best move ; I have never yet seen him act without thinking, and it doesn't take him long to decide. "Shall we double-reef 'em, sir?" said Mr. Rarx, meaning the upper topsails. "No, sir," replied the captain ; "let the yards run down and then tie up the sails ; call the port watch, sir ; all hands shorten sail." "Ay, ay, sir," heartily ; and the next moment the second mate swung himself down the weather-poop-ladder, stopped for a second to rap on the mate's door, and then disappeared forward in the wet and gloom, while we could hear his clear, strong voice crying out above the howling wind, "All h-a-n-d-s, shorten s-a-i-l."

And now what an inspiring scene is enacted as the big ship plunges forward, now on an upright keel, now heeled far down to leeward by the fierce puffs which shriek through

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the rigging with a din which is absolutely infernal. Standing by the weather-quarter-bitts looms up the burly form of Captain Scruggs, whose keen, vigilant eye takes in every detail of the ship and the weather ; while the gaunt, motionless face of the helmsman can be seen through the wheel-house windows, illumined by the glow from the binnacle light. In another moment a dull, rumbling sound is heard forward : it is the upper foretop-sail-yard running down, and then the dim figures of fifteen or sixteen yellow-clad sailors can be perceived as they jump into the rigging and claw out along the yard to windward and to leeward, utterly unmindful of the pelting rain which stings their faces, or the quick, tremendous rolls which one would think must whip them off into the sea. Oh, bold and valiant seamen, toiling so well and so silently up there in the gale and darkness, truly, ye are the bravest and the least rewarded of men !

In another hour the ship was under the shortest canvas thus far,—lower topsail, foresail, reefed main-sail, and spencer,—bending over to the blast, the wind now rushing through the shrouds with that grand, deep hum like the whirr of powerful machinery.

Throughout the night we kept ploughing ahead through an ever-increasing sea, with showers of buckshot hail rattling overhead like storms of bullets, varied now and then with heavy dashes of spray against the cabin-house.

At eight this morning, though, the wind had so moderated that we set the upper topsails, the ship wallowing continuously in a big head-sea which had made during the night. At noon, though, it began to breeze up once more, and at one o'clock the cry rang through the ship, "All hands, reef the maintop-sail." Again the men trotted up the weather-rigging and turned in a double reef in less than twenty minutes ; not bad for a merchantman. It is curious

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

to see the delight with which an order to shorten sail is invariably received by a ship's company on the approach of heavy weather. No matter what their humor at the moment may be, they always seem actually pleased when the expected order comes from the after-guard ; and, with eager glances over their shoulders at the approaching squall, they leap into the shrouds and race aloft to see who shall be the first over the rim of the top.

For the first time we, to-day, had stocking-leg duff for dinner. It consists usually of a quantity of stewed dried apples wrapped up in a roll of dough and boiled in a piece of cheese-cloth. It is by no means a bad substitute for apple-dumpling, and with good sauce is always hailed at sea with extravagant joy. The name originated in the fore-castle, where the duff is always boiled in the leg of a stocking. Latitude, $50^{\circ} 48'$ south ; longitude, $64^{\circ} 34'$ west.

JULY 9

At twelve o'clock last night it began to blow hard from west-northwest, and we went on deck this morning to find a fresh gale from that quarter, with a surprisingly heavy sea, considering the proximity of the land, for the weather-shore was not more than sixty or seventy miles away. The ship was under the lower topsails, foresail, reefed main-sail, and spencer, going well and easily, a couple of points free, heading into the land for smoother water. Gracious, how the wind yelled around us this forenoon, drenching the ship fore and aft with the tops of the foaming seas, which the gale whipped like the blowing of froth from a vat of beer ! In the severest puffs the wind certainly rose to force 10 ; and on one occasion, when sliding down the weather-side of a sea, being simultaneously struck by a heavy blast, we dipped the lee poop-rail into the sea. At breakfast the skipper said, " There was sharp lightning in the sou'west

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

this morning, early, and when you see this off Cape Horn, look out for bad weather and snug her down." I should think so, with the barometer at 28.98.

A new bird has made its appearance. It is of a light slate color, looks and flies like a Mother Carey's chicken, and is familiarly called by sailors the Ice Bird, being supposed to exist chiefly in the vicinity of ice. They are very cheerful little creatures, though, and being small and light, were whisked about by the gale like scraps of paper.

We are just abreast now of the damp, dreary Falkland Islands, which, if I mistake not, form the southernmost of all of Great Britain's colonies ; she may possess islands which are farther south than these, but they are not strictly colonies. The group comprises some two hundred islands, though there are only two of any importance,—East and West Falkland. The area of the former is three thousand square miles, being considerably larger than Rhode Island, and contains the most important settlement, Stanley, a town of one thousand inhabitants. The climate of the Falklands is extremely healthy and equable, the average temperature for the two midwinter months being 37° , that of the two midsummer ones 47° ; and although in the corresponding latitude and the precise longitude of the southern part of Labrador, ice seldom forms of sufficient thickness to allow skating. The weather, however, is excessively damp. But, though there are generally two hundred and fifty wet days in the year, the total annual precipitation is but twenty inches, or one-half that of New York ; the greater portion of the moisture descending in the form of fogs and dense drizzles. More than fifty vessels a year call at Stanley Harbor, and being so close to Cape Horn, in the vicinity of which more ships are damaged by the elements than in any other region in the world, it is natural

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

that a ship-yard and chandlery for the repair of sailing ships should pay extremely well. But, say the deep-water skippers, woe to the vessel which falls into the clutches of Stanley Harbor ; it is almost impossible to escape in less than six months, and the most exorbitant prices are asked for absolutely necessary things. The last vessel of any size which put into Stanley for extensive repairs was the British ship "Pass of Balmaha," which was detained there for nearly a year. It is stated that the ship-yard, etc., pays forty per cent. on the investment.

At one o'clock this morning we passed Cape Virgins at the Atlantic entrance to the Straits of Magellan, distant about seventy-five miles, and at eleven this morning Mr. Rarx saw the land on the weather-bow, and presently the lonely, barren shores of Tierra del Fuego rose faintly out of the sea and appeared also on the port bow, as though we were sailing into the heart of a deep bight, as indeed we were. Before long great ice-covered peaks began to appear, and I asked the skipper if he was going to keep away for the Straits of Le Maire. "No," he replied, "I'm not going through now for several reasons ; in the first place, I think the wind will head us in the straits, and in the second place, as long as this wind keeps on I'm going to heave to under the land when we get farther down. What's the good of going through? As soon as we showed ourselves outside Staten Land there'd be this westerly gale, with who knows how much sea ; then there's a two-knot current settin' to the eastward, and this, with three points of leeway, would send us to leeward like a cask. Better lie snug inside than go smashin' into those seas. In a day or two perhaps we can go through the Straits of Le Mar." It is odd that every ship-master whom I have ever heard mention these straits should call it Le Mar instead of Le Maire. Captain Scruggs added that we

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

would have fine views of Tierra del Fuego later on, as he was going to run down to within ten miles of the land ; we are therefore anticipating a very great treat.

It is utterly impossible to fitly describe these sunsets or to do justice to the wild grandeur of the scene as the orb slowly and majestically settles into the sea among the far-away, golden-cushioned clouds. In the tropics the sun seems to drop suddenly behind the horizon ; but in these high latitudes, he sinks so hesitatingly that it appears as though he were loath to bid us good-night. The air at this time of day is most wonderfully transparent here, with a sparkle of frost in the atmosphere ; while the clouds, being almost exclusively of the stratus variety, stretch across the horizon in layers of fiery embers, with sometimes a gorgeous fringe of cloud-fleece crowning the scene with a coronet of dazzling splendor ; while if a heavy bar of dark cloud extends almost to the sky-line, the sun will be observed glittering beneath it upon the crests of the far-distant seas, with the appearance as of a phalanx of golden breakers.

The heavens on this side of the Cape seem to be always clear with a westerly wind, even when blowing a gale ; and as the twilights are exceedingly long, the days so far are anything but disagreeable. The dismal, rainy weather will come when we get over beyond the longitude of the Horn. Gradually the sun is getting lower at noon, the altitude to-day being but 14° , while the orb rises at a point about northeast by north and sets in the west-northwest. It is a significant fact that at twelve o'clock to-day we were exactly abreast of the southernmost extremity of the mainland of the world. Cape Horn is generally regarded as this point, but the Horn itself is naught but an island, the farthest south of the great archipelago of Tierra del Fuego ; the culminating promontory of South America being Cape

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Froward in the middle of the Straits of Magellan, one hundred and twenty-two miles north of the Horn. Latitude, $53^{\circ} 54'$ south ; longitude, $66^{\circ} 6'$ west.

JULY 10

All night we have been lying off and on under shelter of the coast, waiting for a favorable slant. Under easy sail, the lower topsails and foresail, we approach to within six or eight miles of the land ; and then wearing round, stand to the northward for twenty miles or so, repeating the manœuvre slowly, never making more than two miles an hour. The wind still holds to the westward, blowing a moderate gale, but with perfectly smooth water here where we are. On the other hand, outside it is doubtless blowing a hard gale with a heavy sea ; as the skipper put it, " Outside it's a regular Cape Horn snorter. I lay in here six days with a westerly gale three years ago. All ships, you know, lie in here when the wind is like this till they get a slant. You see, if we went outside now, while we could get to the s'uth'ard all right, to-morrow at noon we'd likely be a hundred miles to the east'ard of where we are now. As for goin' through Le Mar, I wouldn't try it with the wind to the north'ard of nor'west."

So here we are in water as free from swell as a Central Park lake, taking things very comfortably indeed. But if the sea is free from swell, it is continuously whipped into foam by the succession of tearing snow-squalls which strike us with seemingly cyclonic fury. At eleven o'clock, for instance, it will calm down to a royal breeze ; at 11.10 it will be blowing a full gale, accompanied with a driving snow-storm, which whirls the flakes along in a horizontal tempest ; and as the temperature was at 33° all day, the drifts lay in the scuppers until shovelled overboard. How cosy and cheerful it is to come down to the great, glowing stove

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

from one of these black squalls and the roaring wind and the sleet and hail, which feel as though they were drawing blood as they sting the face with a fury which is simply resistless ! For below everything is delightfully comfortable at a temperature of 65° , and we draw near to the red coals and shiver composedly as we listen to the watch hauling around the yards to the cry of "wear ship."

We will never forget the spectacle which met our eyes this morning half an hour after daybreak. Right before us lay the bleak shores of Tierra del Fuego, stretching from east to west as far as the eye could see, the wildest, grandest coast which the mind can conceive. Sheer down into the sea fell its almost vertical walls of rock and steep, rugged hills, with their black gorges and frowning chasms filled with the snow which had fallen heavily during the night. Farther inland extended a broad expanse of rolling plateau covered with small knolls ; and then in all their desolate sublimity rose the magnificent range of snowy mountains, thousands of feet above the sea, clad in their eternal mantle of dazzling white. I have never before seen such a picture as that presented by this deserted, volcanic land. The gray, mournful hills and snow-clad Alpine peaks, now buried in a raging snow-squall, now rearing their ice-crowned summits far above the mists which shrouded their less exalted companions, filled the mind with the idea that their Maker, displeased at His own handiwork, had abandoned forever these lonely shores to the gloomy pall of cloud which usually enfolds the land in its cold, clammy embrace, and to the fierce, wild gales which sweep everlastingly through its gaunt and spectral mountains. What eerie fancies the dark and powerful genius of Edgar Allan Poe could wreath about this fantastic, uncouth land ! Oh, for a day's wandering through those valleys and ravines, as cold and cheerless as the moon itself ! And how I envied

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the "Beagle's" men their months of sojourn amidst the grandeur of these fascinating hills !

Some curious forms are to be seen in connection with many of these peaks. The most conspicuous landmark consists of three hills called the Three Brothers, from twelve to sixteen hundred feet in height ; ship-masters always look for them, as they can then tell exactly where they are. One of the loftiest of the ice-peaks, a mountain fully five thousand feet high, bears a strong resemblance to the Matterhorn when the shadows of evening fall across its great snow-cliffs ; another looks singularly like the rounded cone of Cotopaxi. And so it goes, one peak apparently more beautiful than its neighbor, till the eye is bewildered gazing upon such wonderful Antarctic scenery. How intensely interesting it must be to pass through the famous Straits of Magellan and look upon the wonderful panorama which is revealed at every turn of the rudder ! Steamers are the only vessels that go through now in either direction, as the channel is very tortuous and the currents are powerful and treacherous. The experiment was at one time considered by the Chileans of maintaining a fleet of large tow-boats at Cape Virgins to tow vessels through the straits ; but it was concluded that the ships would have to be taken so far out into the Pacific beyond Cape Pillar to get an offing, which would frequently be impossible on account of westerly gales, that the project was abandoned. The expense of towing, too, would be very great, as four hundred miles separate Capes Virgins and Pillar, and no ship-master, of course, would tow to the eastward, as there is nearly always a fair wind coming around this way, so that the tug-boats would have to return empty-handed.

The climate of this country is as equable as that of the Falklands, though even more humid. The temperature seldom falls below 30° even in July ; but, on the other

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

hand, it seldom rises above 50° in midsummer, and the wind at all times is extraordinarily cold and penetrating. In spite of this, however, the natives pass their lives in absolute nakedness, their sole protection against the rigors of the inhospitable climate being a smearing of oil upon their bodies, and in this state they go out to meet vessels passing through the straits. It seems almost inconceivable that human beings can live thus in such severe weather, for their exposure is infinitely greater than that of the Esquimo even in his temperature of minus 70° , for the latter is warmly clad and housed. The Yahgans, as the inhabitants of the lower portion of the archipelago are called, are of particularly low intelligence, and, according to Dr. Fenton, they not infrequently kill and eat the old and useless women of the tribe. Their language comprises about thirty thousand words, but, strangely enough, only five numerals.

Since 1881 the eastern portion of Tierra del Fuego, together with Staten Island (usually called by sailors Staten Land), has belonged to the Argentine, and the western end to Chile, the boundary-line being supposed to run from Cape Espiritu Santo due south to Beagle Channel, the only settlement within hundreds of miles being Punta Arenas (Sandy Point) on the Patagonia side of the straits, where the Chileans have a convict and coaling station. The Straits of Magellan were discovered by the celebrated Portuguese of that name, though he spelled it Magalhães, who sailed through them in 1520. If any one wishes to look at a remarkable sight, let him possess himself of one of Imray's charts of Tierra del Fuego and examine the prodigious number of channels, fjords, and inlets in this remote and vast archipelago which forms the abode of eight thousand people as low in the gauge of civilization as can be found upon the earth.

I wonder how many persons are aware of the fact that

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the famous old "Dreadnaught" laid her bones upon the bleak rocks of Tierra del Fuego as her final resting place ! She drifted ashore near the Straits of Magellan, while on a voyage to San Francisco, during a heavy swell in a dead calm, with her main-sky-sail set. What a sorrowful end for that grand old ship, the "Wild Boat of the Atlantic," the queen of the clippers, the fastest of all the great fleet which sailed the ocean from Sandy Hook to Queenstown ! Peace to her remains in her grave by these iron-bound shores ! Latitude, $54^{\circ} 19'$ south ; longitude, $65^{\circ} 45'$ west.

JULY 11

Late yesterday afternoon the sun astonished us by bursting out in glorious splendor, and for the two remaining hours of daylight we sailed along parallel with the land distant only eight miles, in plain view of the Three Brothers, past Cape St. Vincent and Thetis Bay. Truly, the days are none too long now, for the sun rises at 8.30 and sets at 3.30, so that on dark days—and there are plenty of them here now—we have not more than six hours of what can be called daylight. Last night was very fine, too, with an almost full moon soaring through a cloudless sky. Throughout the earlier part of the evening we continued to hold an easterly course, for the captain wanted to have a look at the Straits of Le Maire to consider the chances of going through at daybreak. Some little time after we had finished supper, about seven o'clock, I think, we caught sight of the huge, snow-bound cliffs of Cape San Diego, the southeasternmost extremity of Tierra del Fuego, lying calm and cold in the white moonlight, and a little later we opened out the clear water of the Le Maire Straits. Then we saw outside a thick bank of woolly cloud low down in the southwest, and the skipper concluded that he wouldn't risk going through the next day, as that bank

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

was the infallible indicator of a heavy blow. Added to this, too, was the long, heaving swell of the Southern Ocean piling in through the fourteen miles of open water in the straits, so we wore round and stood to the northward again. It was very pleasant last night on deck, for though it was blowing hard the lee side of the wheel-house made a delightfully snug retreat, and, enveloped in mountains of rugs and shawls, we sat there in the deck-chairs till nearly eleven, discussing the voyage and enjoying the clear, soft moonlight.

We awoke this morning to the howling of the wind and Captain Scruggs's voice raised in furious anger, the helmsman sustaining the full shock of the vocal hurricane. It was the unhappy Brün, who throughout the voyage has suffered more than any one else from the temper and violence of both captain and mates. "Hey you, what the blank's the matter with yer? Put yer wheel hard down there and let her come up to the wind. The other way, the other way. Don't yer know the difference yet between up and down, eh? What the blank did yer come to sea for anyway? You're a haymaker, that's what you are. Look at the ship now; d'ye want to get her aback? Hard up yer wheel; hard up, you blank-blanked farmer's hound! How yer headin' now?"

"Nor'west by south, sir," answered the poor devil, nearly out of his head. "Now, by the jumpin'——" Here the wind cut off the rest, but there was a tumultuous scuffle of feet, and I could very well imagine the scene which was being enacted overhead; so as quickly as possible we dressed and went on deck to find a fresh gale blowing from the westward, with a very steep, quick sea. It was just daybreak and both sky and sea had a very ferocious aspect, the atmosphere being charged now and then with long spears of sleet. After looking at the weather

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

for a few minutes I happened to glance to leeward, and was almost stunned to behold the ponderous headland of Cape St. Anthony, at the western end of Staten Land, towering into the sky, not more than three miles away ! No wonder the old man was almost in convulsions. "We must be in the Straits of Le Maire," said I to my wife. And so we were. It appears that Captain Scruggs had determined to try it, and had gone half-way through, when, at the eleventh hour, he decided that he couldn't fetch by the land ; and as the wind came on to blow a gale which the woolly bank had foretold, he wore ship to stand to the northward once more. He probably miscalculated the strength of the current, which runs through the straits with astonishing velocity, often reaching five knots an hour, for all at once the mate, whose sight in semi-darkness is better than the skipper's, called out, "Land on the lee, sir." Our position was really one of great peril, for we were on a dead lee shore and unable to carry sail enough to double the point with any degree of certainty. If we didn't weather it, it was good-by for all hands, for even now we could see the great surges seething against that terrible coast, where the land is so bold that a ship may lay her jib-boom end head on against the cliffs and still have fathoms of water beneath her keel. With the canvas which was on her at the moment, lower topsails and foresail, it was an impossibility for the ship to hold her own, and as quickly as possible a double-reefed maintop-sail was set, the difference in going to windward being felt at once. But could she carry it ? She *must*, for the lives of twenty-seven persons depended upon the ship's weathering Cape St. Anthony. No one thought of breakfast, and at half-past eight it was blowing harder than ever, and in the heavy, windward rolls it seemed as though the masts themselves would succumb to the terrific puffs. From the shore we

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

must have presented a magnificent spectacle indeed, had any one been there to witness the struggle going on between man's skill and Nature's power. Slowly we forged ahead ; but slowly and far more certainly we drove down toward the foaming rocks ; and all hands by this time, even the most callous of the sailors, realized that we were fighting in earnest now, fighting to save the ship. Not a word was spoken by any one ; the men were collected at the weather-rail in the waist watching the land draw nearer and nearer, while the captain stood on the cabin-house motionless, except when he slightly revolved his arm as a signal to the helmsman to hold her up all he could between the puffs. Oh, how deserted and bleak the immense gray-brown cliffs and snow-streaked hills of Staten Land appeared, broken now and then by gigantic fissures which extended far inland between vertical walls, against which the sea broke furiously, throwing cascades of spray high into the air ! Astern, too, the view was equally rugged and grand, for across the Straits of Le Maire we could see the ragged coast of Tierra del Fuego and the massive white cone of the Bell Mountain rising up beyond the Bay of Good Success.

All at once it became apparent to us that we were holding a better wind, the land no longer seemed to advance upon us, and at the end of another half-hour, during which no one seemed to scarcely breathe, to our unspeakable joy it was plain that the worst was over and that, bar accident, we would fetch by without further anxiety ; and presently the skipper turned to Louis, the Frenchman (for this splendid seaman had steered the ship beautifully since eight o'clock), and said, " Now give her a good rap-full " ; in thirty minutes more all danger was over and we stowed that upper maintop-sail which had done such noble work.

One P.M. The wind has risen to a full gale with puffs of almost hurricane force ; and though we are still protected

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

by the land, the sea is running high, probably thirty feet from crest to trough, and breaking in an ugly manner. At noon the order was passed, "All hands haul up the foresail." This was the first occasion on which it was blowing too hard to carry that sail; and when it has to be stowed it is blowing what sailors call a heavy gale. The wind, indeed, almost blew the breath back into one's throat; but the brave old ship behaved finely, and after the foresail was hauled up, no matter how high or fast the advancing wave was or how suddenly it broke, the back-wash would rush out from the vessel's side, and, meeting the on-rushing sea, they would shoot far up into the air, to be blown in drift all over the ship, while she rode calmly and safely over the crest. We have not set the spencer lately, as we have been wearing every few hours, which would necessitate brailing it up every time; I was surprised that the captain didn't set it this morning, but he seemed to depend more upon the maintop-sail.

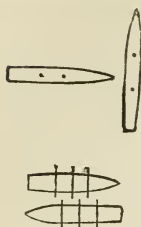
There are two vessels to windward knocking about under easy sail as we are,—one a small bark, the other a large four-masted ship, square-rigged all over,—waiting for a slant. My wife has recovered her equanimity now (about three in the afternoon), for she was not unnaturally upset by the events of this morning. She behaved astonishingly well, though, during that crucial hour, and her courage and fortitude cannot be too highly commended. Latitude, $54^{\circ} 20'$ south; longitude, $64^{\circ} 30'$ west.

JULY 12

It came on to blow so hard yesterday afternoon that tackles were put on the tiller, and a little before four o'clock the ship was hove to, so that when we went on deck at eight bells, after writing up yesterday's journal, the ship was riding the seas smoothly and dryly. Perhaps it wasn't

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

absolutely necessary to heave the ship to, though she was far more comfortable that way, the difference being quite remarkable. The first object which attracted us as we went on deck was a three-masted ship head-reaching past us on the starboard tack under lower topsails and foretopmast stay-sail, distant about half a mile. When yachts pass each other on opposite tacks they lie so close to the wind that they cross at right angles to each other, thus :



But when two square-riggers pass each other, close-hauled, they are so far off the wind, especially in a high sea, that they run past each other parallel. This shows how the stranger and ourselves passed by : It did not require much of an eye to discern that this was the Frenchman, the "La Pallice," which we spoke about ten days ago

bound round the Horn from Hamburg ; and I must say that she commanded admiration as she slowly ran by us in the gathering dusk, a beautiful specimen of the iron ship-builder's art. As previously mentioned, the relieving tackles were put on the tiller at about four o'clock, after the wheel had thrown the helmsman completely over itself and through the lee wheel-house door, for he clung heroically to the spokes.

When the "La Pallice" was about half a mile astern, she put her helm up to wear round on the same tack which we were on. At that moment the whole spectacle was a most thrilling one, ourselves plunging into a fierce head-sea, the flocks of sea-fowl whirling through the gale, and the angry sky, each contributed its part to the sombre picture ; while a great rent in the western clouds cast a broad shaft of light through the gloom full upon the big Frenchman, now in the act of wearing. Even Captain Scruggs and the second mate were impressed with the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

solemnity of the scene until they were attracted by the actions of the stranger. She had now worn completely around on the port tack, and as she had passed us so close to windward, we all thought that she would come up on our lee-quarter. But what is this? Can it be possible that her captain is going to try to put himself on our weather to show how his ship can hold a wind? He can scarcely be so mad as that. On comes the ship, however, nearer and nearer; fathom by fathom she hauls up on us till she is not more than a quarter of a mile astern and not two hundred yards to windward, and we can plainly see the whole of her forefoot, as her great bows, shearing through a sea, are flung high up, and then come crushing down in a smother of foam. All of our men have crowded to the side, for here is a spectacle indeed: a vessel bearing down upon another hove to and without steerage-way! However, she has still time to put her wheel up and pass under our stern; but no such notion is entertained by the maniac in command of her, and he is pinching her till her weather-leeches shiver in his mad endeavor to pass us to windward; and as the ship rises to a sea and pauses for an instant on its crest, it seems as though she would topple right down upon us. At this juncture Captain Scruggs begins to grow anxious, as well he might, and mutters, "Is that d— fool really going to try it?" Five minutes more pass, and it becomes evident that we must get out of her way or be cut down by that sharp iron stem. Now this is quite a long job, being hove to, for it would be at least several minutes before we could gather headway. But we must do something, so the skipper sings out, "Cast off those tackles," and two men are sent to the wheel. Anxiously we watch to see her head fall off, but she stubbornly hangs. "Square that crojjick-yard." This is done; and then very heavily and clumsily we fall off and begin to gather

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

way. So close are we to the Frenchman now that we could talk to those on board if the wind were not so strong. But we are not out of danger yet, for the French skipper seems possessed of a devil, and follows us up, as his vessel appears to handle like a yacht. It is but a few minutes more, though, until we have put half a mile of clear water between ourselves and M. Crapeau, and the danger is, for the time being, a thing of the past.

All through the night, though, this demon ship haunted us, as if we were a magnet which resistlessly attracted her iron hull. I believe that if Captain Scruggs and the second mate could have laid hands on the French skipper, they would have strangled him. At supper, whither we repaired after the excitement, the captain delivered the following address: "If you see an English, or a Dutch, or a German, or a Danish, or a Norwegian, or an American vessel near you, don't be afraid, for he's all right. But if it's a Frenchman or an Eyetalian, get behind the horizon just as soon as you can, for nobody can tell what he's goin' to do."

During the night sail was made, the wind having dropped to force 7, and this morning broke fine, clear, and cold, and showed us the frog-eater to windward. Will it be credited that no sooner did he catch sight of us than he started down the wind toward us? At least, so it looked; but he had only squared away for Cape St. John, at the other end of the island, having evidently given up all hope of the Le Maire Straits.

We were presented with a beautiful view of the middle part of Staten Land this morning at eleven o'clock. It differs from the western end in that the snows, instead of being confined to the upper half of the mountains, appeared to reach down to the sea itself. How silent and cold the hills looked with the sun striking the sharp peaks and throwing its purple shadows across the great snow-fields

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

between ! So dazzling were the mountains that, had we not known them to be land, we would have supposed that they were icebergs. It is singular that such a scene is not one of desolation, but of immutable repose, and seems to partake of that calm, fascinating peace and quiet which so irresistibly attracts explorers to the Polar seas. It was a vista of enchantment, and it was difficult to believe that in the region of Cape Horn there existed scenes of such surpassing loveliness.

It was the captain's intention to try the straits once more this afternoon ; but, alas ! the implacable westerly winds began to lash out again ; and it is now, 3.30 P.M., blowing as hard as ever, the sky is covered with heavy snow-clouds, and everything is gloomy and dreary once more. We now have to light the lamps below to read by soon after two o'clock ; this is the third day of westerly gales, and goodness knows how long they may have been blowing before we got down here ; these are the winds which keep ships off Cape Horn for a month at a time. One of the most arduous and protracted passages of the Horn was that of Lord Anson on his famous voyage in 1740-41, when he was three months in doubling the stormy Cape ; while in modern times the cases of the British ships "Natuna" and "The Hahnemann" offer examples of what the weather can do down here. They each made passages within the last year of about two hundred and thirty days from Great Britain to San Francisco. The "Natuna" had a particularly hard passage ; she made four distinct attempts to round the Horn, but was driven back so far each time that Captain Fretwurst decided to square away for the Good Hope passage, which he did, running down the eighty-five degrees of longitude which separate the capes in nineteen days. The cargo was a miserable one, cement and creosote, and while off the Horn some of the casks

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

containing the latter were stove, and the drinking-water became tainted with the disagreeable stuff. To the eastward of Good Hope the parrels of several of the yards carried away in a gale of wind, and the captain had to lash them with chains and wire, while he ran away over into 130° west before hauling up to the northward. The other vessel, "The Hahnemann," had just as hard a passage, though she stuck to Cape Horn, and her captain died during the voyage. About eighty-five guineas premium had been paid on both vessels.

A curious phase of the weather to the northward and eastward of the Horn is that a westerly gale generally doesn't blow steadily for more than twelve hours, when it will clear up for a while and then begin again ; while fine, clear nights often succeed the most villanous weather during the daytime.

This morning we sent down the three sky-sail-yards and secured them on top of the forward house ; this is the practice of some ship-masters, while others never do so ; but to strike them must certainly greatly relieve the strain on the backstays, for each sky-sail-yard, including sail and gear, weighs about seven hundred pounds, and the leverage of a ton one hundred and sixty feet from the fulcrum must be very considerable. Latitude, $54^{\circ} 20'$ south ; longitude, $64^{\circ} 20'$ west.

JULY 13

All last night it blew a fresh breeze and we gradually fell away to leeward, and at two o'clock this morning the captain decided to abandon Le Maire and kept off for Cape St. John. When we went on deck after breakfast (it was too dark to see anything before eight o'clock) we were startled at the sight. Broadside on, and parallel with our course, lay the extreme eastern end of Staten Land, distant

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

not more than two miles, with the tiny, cosy harbor of St. John just abeam. So close to the land were we that we could easily see the stunted evergreens that covered the hills up to the snow-line, which is much higher here than towards the middle of the island, where the breakers seem to fling their spray upon the fields of snow ; while high up on a rugged mountain side there stood an isolated, lonely pine-tree, bringing to mind those exquisite lines of Heine :

“Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
im Norden auf kahler Höh’,
ihn schläfert, mit weisser Decke
umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
die fern im Morgenland
einsam und schweigend trauert
auf brennender Felsenwand.”

Now that we had approached so closely we hoped to get some photographs of the hills, especially when the sun, bursting from a cloud on the horizon, threw his horizontal rays upon the distant peaks. But, alas ! they showed up as nothing but a blur upon the finder. St. John, comparatively speaking, looked like a snug, comfortable little place, but hardly such a one as a man would voluntarily choose to winter in, as do a colony of hardy sealers. The harbor seems to be formed by a neck of land projecting out from the right-hand side of the entrance, upon the verge of which we perceived the diminutive light-house which guides the rugged South Shetland seal-catchers into safety. On the port hand going in, over against the light-house, rises a lofty cone composed of a single huge crag, standing sentry-like over the safe harbor within ; while roundabout on all sides tower great, dark, scowling mountains and vast precipices, the harbor being in reality naught but a cleft in the hills, after the manner

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

of a Scandinavian fjord. Yet the wild beauty of the place enchants one, and long before we had lost sight of the little light-house I had acknowledged to my wife that, after all, the thought of a winter spent in St. John was not such a very dreadful one, for the fascination of Nature in her grander forms far outweighs bodily inconveniences ; it is safe to say that von Humboldt in the deep recesses of the Ecuadorian Andes and Hooker in the awful solitudes of the Himalayas often longed for even the rude comforts provided in a settlement like St. John.

We looked in vain with the glasses for the little steamer which makes regular, monthly trips to the Falkland Islands and at times even to Montevideo ; but she was not visible, and was no doubt away on one of her voyages. A truly turbulent life in one sense this one on the little vessel, but hardly so dreary as the lives of the seal-fishers who winter at St. John, which is, I believe, the southernmost permanent settlement on the globe, and from October to April penetrate deep into the Southern Ocean in pursuit of their livelihood.

Two strange, natural formations attract the attention far out on Cape St. John. The first is a mass of gray rock perched upon the very brim of a vertical cliff, almost overhanging the surf that boils furiously around it, bearing a striking resemblance to an ancient feudal castle ; and one can see, as it were, the high walls with heavy battlements, and the lofty crenellated towers of the massive edifice. The second object is another monolith so closely resembling the Sphinx that one starts on first catching sight of it, for it seems impossible that mere chance could produce so accurate a counterpart of the famous Egyptian monument.

Well, we have seen Staten Land almost in its entirety ; and if we didn't have the satisfaction of passing through the Le Maire Straits, we went a third of the distance in

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

last Sunday morning ; and we have beheld the cape and settlement of St. John, where the scenery is, if possible, even grander and more desolate than at the western end. How odd it is, by the way, if Cape St. Anthony, near the straits, should have been so called from the temptation that possesses mariners to pass through instead of going around the island, thereby often incurring great risk !

On issuing into the open sea we fell into a tide-rip caused by the swift currents meeting at the point of the land, this rip being at times so heavy as to fill the decks of large ships. A number of hail-squalls descended upon us here, and as the land at noontime had grown very dim, at that hour we had what I fear was our last glimpse of the sorrowful hills of Staten Land.

We found a long swell outside, but not nearly as much as we had anticipated, though we are as yet under shelter of the land. As for the wind, it is now almost calm, the hour being three in the afternoon ; but there is nothing set above the topsails on account of frequent squalls of considerable violence. The men are now so heavily wrapped up in clothes as to resemble nothing so much as corpulent mummies. They have to waddle instead of walk, and many of them have tied pieces of gunny sacks over their rubber boots. This, singularly enough, is a wonderful protection against cold ; and they assert that if nothing else is handy, by simply pulling a pair of heavy socks over their boots their feet do not grow numb. It is strange that it should be so cold with the mercury no lower than 36° ; yet here are stout, hardy men who have to knock off work sometimes to beat some life into themselves when the mate isn't looking. My own clothes now weigh twenty-two pounds, or seventeen without the boots ; this includes three suits of underwear and a sheepskin coat with the wool on, just as it came from the flank of the animal. Every one

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

knows how the spectators rattle and shake at a football game in spite of thick wraps when the thermometer is no lower than 50° ; how much more penetrating it must be here, then, when the mercury is nearly twenty degrees lower, and when the atmosphere is charged with that bitterness peculiar to the air at sea in the higher latitudes !

It cannot be said that we have done particularly well so far on this voyage, for we have been nine weeks at sea this day and have only just pushed out into the Southern Ocean. I wonder how long it will be before we can point our jib-boom for the north star again ? Latitude, $54^{\circ} 50'$ south ; longitude, $63^{\circ} 36'$ west.

JULY 14

Last night was an almost perfect one, with moonlight nearly as bright as sunshine and the sky absolutely free from clouds. About the hour of sunset we witnessed what, for spectacular effects, was perhaps the finest scenery that we have had yet. At four o'clock all the mists, etc., that sailors call muck had disappeared, disclosing in its entire length of fifty miles the south side of Staten Land. This consists altogether of jagged rocks and fierce, angry peaks shooting up three thousand feet above the sea. The eastern or St. John end of the island was wrapped in gloom and shadow, while the rest of the land swept superbly down toward the west, stretching away in ridges of wonderfully fantastic beauty, the peaks near the straits soaring up grandly against a rich crimson glare where the sun had sunk behind a rift in the clouds. Gradually, however, the light was diffused over the entire western heavens, changing from soft golden tints to royal purples and scarlets, which spread over the glorious mountains a cloud-mantle almost supernatural in its marvellous hues. Imperceptibly, however, the bright colors began to wane and grow dull, shapes

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

of dun vapor seemed to rise from the land, and at length darkness fell upon the deep and the mountains receded till engulfed in the blackness of night.

The scene on deck at 8.30 was also one long to be cherished, with the joyous, rosy light of advancing day in the northeast, the full moon slowly falling, a huge golden ball, behind the western horizon, and the tall, violet pyramid of the Bell Mountain on Tierra del Fuego rising out of the sea fair and soft, far away in the northwest. Ah, no one knows what the real beauties of the sea are until he has made at least one deep-water voyage in a sailing ship ! The flying glimpse of the Atlantic that one catches from the deck of a steamer or the experiences of a midwinter voyage to the Mediterranean in a North German Lloyd gives one no true idea of what ocean life really is, No ; to comprehend the sea in all of its splendid phases one must live on it for months at a time ; for not till then can one fully appreciate that "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

Up to eleven o'clock this morning the weather was perfect and we carried the top-gallant-sails without trouble ; we were heading our course southwest, and the sun looked down from a cloudless sky. As we went below at that hour we noticed a small bank dead ahead, but so insignificant that I didn't think anything more about it until half an hour later, when, buried in the ice with Nansen, we became aware that it was growing very dark. The next second the ship heeled far over, and some one at the same instant cast off the spanker-halliards, the iron mast-hoops jingling noisily as the sail ran down. Of course we were on deck in another moment, and found that the wind had whipped around seven points and that a heavy squall had struck the ship aback ; the great sails were swelled out

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

inboard against the masts and backstays, while snow and sleet hurtled through the air in cutting blasts. Luckily, the top-gallant-sails had been clewed up a quarter of an hour before ; but a large vessel in irons, even under short sail, in bad weather is a shocking sight. The captain was perfectly self-contained, however, and executed some rapid and precise manœuvres, no one losing his head except the mate, who went bellowing around the decks till brought to by the skipper's angry commands, "Square that crojjick-yard ; get the spencer brailed up. Call all hands. Stop that noise and single reef the fore- and maintop-sails."

Oh, well hast thou earned thy reputation, boisterous and treacherous Cape ! From bright skies and glorious sunlight we came in fifteen minutes to reefed topsails, sobbing decks, and flying snow, while the heavens were completely veiled in that puny cloud, which had expanded as though by the agency of some black art. "Here comes Cape Horn," said MacFoy ; and looking to windward, we beheld another sinister squall, dark with snow, bearing swiftly down upon us. A squall with snow in it can always be detected by its peculiarly black appearance. They rapidly increased in number and severity, until now, the middle of the afternoon watch, the wind seems to have settled down for a steady blow from somewhere between west and south. The glass is very unsteady at 29.25, 5 P.M. The wind has increased to a fresh gale, while a heavy swell is rolling magnificently up from the southwest. This is the first time that we have seen this heavy sea, as heretofore it has been cut off by Cape Horn itself. Every minute it seems to increase, and within forty-eight hours we will probably be surrounded by the huge rollers which have made this region so famous. Even now they are so large and steady that, as far as the apparent rise and fall is concerned when below, we might almost as well be in per-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

fectly smooth water. Our experience of heavy seas has been that the largest of them do not move rapidly, and at the present time the ship mounts so leisurely to their summits that one cannot detect the motion. When below, it is only in the tremendous roll of the vessel as she mounts to the crests that one is conscious of the height of the seas.

From existing indications we are going to make quite a good bit of easting during the next twenty-four hours, for our course now is south-southeast, and as there is a strong easterly current running ceaselessly here, southeast will be nearer the true course. At noon we were thirteen miles north of Cape Horn, but still considerably to the eastward of it. Latitude, $55^{\circ} 46'$ south ; longitude, $65^{\circ} 48'$ west.

JULY 15

Last evening we prepared for a dirty night, and we got it. As the captain and I were pacing the poop after supper, the moon then shining brightly in a clear sky, suddenly, from a bank in the southwest, so low and thin as to be almost invisible, there appeared a streak of light. "Wasn't that a flash of lightning?" asked the captain. "I think it was," said I ; "it certainly looked like it." "H'm," said the skipper. Closely we watched the southern horizon, and within ten minutes perceived two more brilliant flashes. A more uncanny effect it would be difficult to imagine ; for, except the insignificant stratum near the sea-line, no other cloud was visible in the heavens, and the vivid streaks produced a startling effect in the white moonlight. After a look at the glass, which stood at 29.15, the captain called the second mate, who was on watch, and ordered the upper foretop-sail clewed up and a reef tied in the foresail ; the upper mizzen-top-sail hasn't been set for some time, as it generally comes in when the cross-jack is hauled up. The wind at the moment was from the west, force 6,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

a strong breeze, with that deep swell that seems to be as eternal in the Southern Ocean as the snows of Mount Everest. Quickly, though strangely imperceptibly, some small, windy-looking clouds grew and expanded over the heavens; and from eight last evening until daylight this morning it was a night of furious squalls, thick snow and hail, and high seas. Throughout the twelve hours we were under a single-reefed maintop-sail, ditto foresail and main-sail and the spencer. During the fifteen or twenty minutes that the squalls lasted the wind blew with terrific force and shrieked like a thousand steam sirens in the rigging, and then would follow a light spell, in which we might have carried everything.

Our first really hard squall came at 9.30, in the mate's watch. It was accompanied with a sweeping snow-storm that drove in great drifts across the decks, the ship standing up like a church against the blasts and sliding comparatively dry over the big seas that came piling toward us out of the gloom, invisible till their foaming tops flashed out of the darkness to windward. It was a grand, wild scene, and as the heavier puffs went ripping through the shrouds with a peculiar scream, I thought, as I looked at the driving snow and the darkness and the raging ocean, that the Dusk of the Gods had come upon us. This squall lasted fully thirty minutes, and so heavy was the fall of snow that it took the watch some little time to shovel it overboard.

All through the night we were afflicted with these unwelcome visitors, variety being afforded by hail, which fell to the size of marrowfat pease, while along the lee alleyway, as that part of the poop is called between the cabin-house and the rail, crouched the forms of the seamen, for they are compelled to stay aft every night now, ready at an instant's call, and not coiled away napping under the top-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

gallant fore-castle. The helmsman, too, was kept busy, for every squall seemed to take us aback more or less, and the air rang with the voice of the officer of the watch, "Put your wheel up, there!"

It had never been our lot to witness so dismal a scene as that disclosed to us at a quarter-past eight this morning. A squall had just passed over us, and we were at the moment in a sickly calm, with a high, greasy sea, which broke sluggishly at intervals like frothing oil; the decks and weather-side of the masts and spars were covered inch deep with the wet, clammy snow that had just fallen, the canvas was flapping loudly against the masts in the great heaving rolls, and that miserable, leaden-hued struggle was passing between the breaking day and the wan, gibbous moon showing between the ragged clouds, which casts so wretched and melancholy a light over all objects. A more oppressive scene it would be impossible to picture, and it was the moment best suited to him determined upon ending forever his earthly career; while, as if to increase the desolate aspect, an immense albatross, nearly white with age, flew circling around the ship, driving before him the flock of pigeons that hovers continuously near us.

A rather distressing thought is that we are now well within the limit of ice, and that every degree farther south renders more probable the presence of some of these off-spring of the Antarctic Ice-King. This is offset, however, by the fact that most of the ice is seen more to the eastward of the Horn, and that it is usually not at all thick during the winter season. February is the worst month for those huge ice islands which render navigation in the Southern Ocean so hazardous an undertaking. Fortunately, at the summer season actual darkness off the Horn doesn't last more than a couple of hours.

The temperature has fallen, too, and to-day reached the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

freezing point of fresh water, sea-water congealing at about 28° . To our surprise, the sun showed himself at noon, and though the horizon was bad, we got an approximately good sight, which showed that the orb was only 11° high, and that we were a degree south of Cape Horn and fifty miles east of it. Latitude, $56^{\circ} 58'$ south ; longitude, 66° west.

JULY 16

Hove to in a heavy gale, Cape Horn in sight, bearing at noon east by north distant about fifteen miles ! Yesterday afternoon it was very mild as far as wind was concerned, and I went down on the main-deck and did a lot of pumping to make up for the days lost through bad weather, when it was dangerous to try it. From the main-deck the seas looked infinitely larger than from the poop, the difference in elevation of six or seven feet making an immense difference in their apparent height. All through the early part of the night it was fine, and we set the upper mizzen-top-sail and the spanker. By the way, it is remarkable that a ship-rigged vessel will steer well with hardly any after-canvas set. For instance, for some time previously the only sail on the mizzen was the lower topsail ; while forward were a jib, foretop-mast stay-sail, both topsails, and reefed foresail.

The squalls, too, eased up as the moon rose, and up to 2 A.M. the weather was fine. At midnight, though, a sinister movement was noticed in the aneroid, the needle rising rapidly from 29. Every one who knows Cape Horn understands what this signifies with a westerly breeze,—it means a gale of wind. True to precedent, when we went on deck after breakfast, the ship being then on the port tack, it was breezing rapidly. After each squall it blew harder and harder, with proportionally in-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

creasing sea, and the skipper ventured the opinion that we were going to see a Cape Horn "snorter." At ten o'clock the main-sail had to come in, the ship from being driven too hard taking in large quantities of water, especially from the lee side. So both watches were called, and it was a spirited scene as the sturdy fellows stretched along the deck, heedless of the seas that thundered aboard every few minutes, while they manned the weather main-clew-garnet with a chorus that rose above the gale. Brave? A more courageous lot of men than Cape Horn foremast hands do not exist!

Here the old man thought he'd take a hand, though everything was running smoothly; so he hopped down on deck, sprang up on the main-hatch, and in thirty seconds so great was the distraction that the men didn't know whether they were hauling on the main-buntlines or the jib-downhaul. The skipper commenced in what was for him a mild exhortation to "Pull away lively, now; pull away there." But the men were thoroughly drenched by this time, and the teeth of the weaker were beginning to chatter; for of what use are oil-skins to a man in two or three feet of water, when he is constantly tripping on the slippery deck and flying headlong as the ship rolls? By and by the skipper began to swear, and then it was all up with everything; five minutes later he was in a whirling cyclonic passion. He fairly jiggled upon the hatch in his frenzy, and thumped his chest with his right fist as he clung with his left to the lee lower maintop-sail-sheet, still urging the men to "pull away." At length his temper so flew away with him that he seemed to strangle, and the last sentence we heard was, "Catch hold of any d—— thing and haul on it."

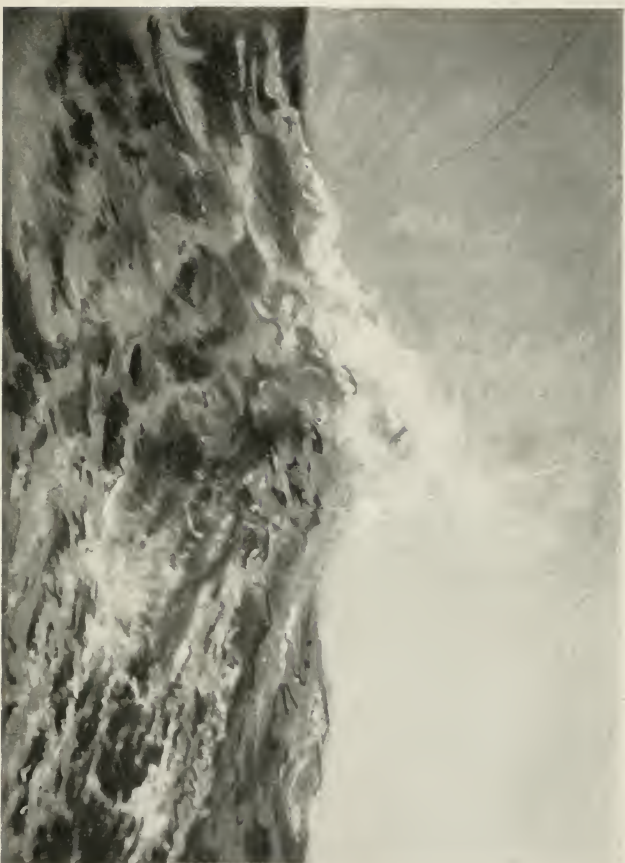
In spite of him, however, both main-sail and foresail were hauled up in an hour and a half, the ship being then under lower topsails and spencer, and the captain announced his

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

intention of wearing round after dinner, adding, "You could see Cape Horn now if it wasn't for the snow."

All this time the wind had been increasing, and by the time that dinner was over it had risen to a full gale. "Land on the lee beam," sung out the lynx-eyed mate at one o'clock. We looked; and there, down to leeward, we perceived the most famous promontory in the world, the terrible Cape Horn itself, smothered in gloom, rising dimly out of the sea about fifteen miles away. "Brail up that spencer and stand by to wear ship." "Ay, ay, sir," cheerfully, for a hot meal had put life into the men. And now there followed a spectacle that it will be impossible ever to forget. The wind was roaring from the southwest a violent gale, accompanied with tremendous squalls blowing with inconceivable fury, swallowing us up in blinding snow. The ocean had assumed a terrible appearance, white as a snow-drift to windward; while at intervals we could see the breaking crest of some immense sea, towering high above the rest in his grand and stately progress. The helm was then put hard up, the main- and cross-jack-yards were squared, and we fell away dead before the wind.

For the next fifteen minutes a scene was enacted that absolutely defied a description worthy of it. The huge, shaggy seas came rushing along astern, full sixty feet from crest to trough; and when close by, if you wanted to follow their progress, you had to throw your head back as though looking up at a mountain peak, while they shook their white manes like wild horses, and it seemed as if they must crash over the stern. But no, the ship rode them superbly, and when she reached the crest of one, and we looked deep down into that dark-green, foam-streaked valley astern, we caught our breath as the billows ran under us and fell thundering upon the main-deck forward. The sight of the great ship with nothing set but the three lower topsails,



A fifty-foot Cape Horn gray-beard

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

flying before the gale, almost choked you with emotion. It was grand, it was fearfully sublime. It was the apotheosis of the power and majesty of God.

An albatross, too, in a storm is a wonderful sight. No matter how furious the gale, no matter how fierce the terrific, hurricane squalls of Cape Horn, the great bird soars up against the blast grim and serene. Then wheeling, he comes sweeping down on the wings of the gale at a speed so tremendous that it cannot be less than eighty or even ninety miles an hour, when, describing a low but immense circle, with the tip of his lee wing just brushing the tops of the giant seas, he again takes his flight upward against the storm. No living creature conveys the idea of boundless freedom so perfectly as the King of Space, the Wandering Albatross.

By two o'clock in the afternoon we had the relieving tackles on the tiller, and when darkness came after a sickly, pallid sunset, it found us hove to in a mountainous sea, with the same angry squalls yelling in savage, ruthless glee over this desert ocean. Latitude. $56^{\circ} 12'$ south ; longitude, $67^{\circ} 24'$ west.

JULY 17

Last night the gale diminished somewhat ; but at eleven o'clock the chain topping-lift of the spencer-gaff carried away, and we had to rig a makeshift with a tackle until to-day.

In yesterday's log I forgot to mention an incident that happened which came very nearly being a lamentable accident. After we had worn around, at about thirty minutes past one, while some of the men were hauling taut the weather forebrace, we were boarded by an enormous sea that came whooping over the weather-side. The whole of the starboard watch, including the second mate, were haul-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ing on the brace when the sea broke on board and fell directly upon them. I never saw anything like the scene that followed. The men absolutely disappeared from view. It was as though they had gone through the deck. Only once before had we seen so great a volume of water on a ship's deck, and that was during our first voyage when we were hove down to the turnbuckles in the North Atlantic. Yesterday it was, at the very least, two feet deep on the level, and it filled the galley and carpenter-shop, putting out the fires in the donkey-boiler, and this through the lee doors. During all this time we looked in vain for the sight of a human being. Not one was to be seen on the main-deck, and the water was dashing up twenty or thirty feet into the air at every heave. Gradually it began to run off, and now and then a clumsy, yellow bundle loomed up out of a snarl of ropes, sat up for a second, and then went whizzing away to leeward. Again a man would gain his feet and clutch frantically at belaying-pins ; but before he could support himself his legs would slide from under him, and he would be swept into the water-ways like a cork in a sluice.

When all but a few inches of water had run off, and it was deep only in the lee scuppers, we perceived a knot of men away aft wedged between the bitts and the rail not far from the cabin bulkhead, entangled in a fearful snarl of gear. So tightly were they packed away that at first it seemed as though there were only two men there ; but one by one they crawled apart till three half-drowned sailors sat wabbling on the deck, and then we saw that another luckless creature was lying prone in the scuppers. Slowly and painfully he got his legs under him, and, waiting for a lurch, with an effort reached his feet. It was Mr. Rarx, one of the most powerful men on board, and he was gasping for breath. It seems that they had all been swept aft together, and all were badly used up, especially Mr. Rarx, who

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

formed the base of the wedge. He says that he was completely under water for a good deal more than a minute.

We are beginning to regard deep-water sailors as little short of heroes. Indeed, they seem to me far more valiant than the battalions of soldiery that are hurled nowadays against little bands of savages. From 50° to 50° they and the dark cavern in which they live are soaking wet ; they have no time to change their clothes, and no dry garments to put on if they had, for often, no sooner have the watch below kicked off their boots, actually filled to the brim with salt-water, than comes the cry, " All hands reef the maintop-sail," and when that is done, " Haul up the main-sail" rings out, and there are two hours gone from their watch below. There is no such thing as throwing off their coats or even oil-skins when they turn in ; nor would it be advisable in a leaky fore-castle like this, with half an inch of water on the floor shooting up in their faces. Yet look at these men as they haul on the braces in a gale of wind, hardly able to keep their feet. Never a word of complaint at the weather have I heard yet. Calm and unmoved in the storms of spray and snow, they sing out as heartily as ever, grin good-naturedly up at the poop where we are standing dry and comfortable, and face the crest of a sea that rattles against them as if it were a summer shower. The more we see of fore-castle life the more difficult is it to understand why men ever ship before the mast for a Cape Horn voyage.

It is pleasant to think that that wretched man Goggins was washing about in his room, too,—pleasant, because he continues to drive and haze the men down here when they are striving to do their utmost under such conditions. When he awoke last night in the middle watch he found several inches of water on the floor of his room, and he is wondering where it came from. Indeed, we had a shower-bath ourselves last night, for part of a sea fell on the poop,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ran aft against the wheel-house when the bows rose and then recoiled into our after-window, which was open, drenching that portion of our room.

Steam is kept up continuously in the donkey-boiler now, as the men are getting pretty well used up from exposure and the immense amount of making and shortening of sail that goes on continuously. Captain Scruggs believes in taking every single point of advantage in the wind, and shakes out a reef at the least indication of a lull, each time, of course, necessitating the mastheading of the yard ; though eventually even he realized that the men were wearing out, and now the donkey does all the heavy hoisting. Many people think that the engine does all the trimming of yards, etc., during a voyage, but with the exception of the passage of the Horn, it is seldom ever in use at sea, and never for sail-trimming. The chief use to which a donkey is put is in loading and discharging when in port and heaving in the anchor.

Well, the wind now, at 3 P.M., is at west, force 8, and we have set a reefed maintop-sail and spencer. We have drifted about southeast by east true since yesterday, sometimes hove to, sometimes headreaching through a heavy sea. The elements are somewhat more placid, and I must not bring this day's journal to a close without extolling my wife's bravery during the foul weather, for her courage was remarkable. Only those who have been to sea in a sailing ship whose main-deck is but seven feet above the water can appreciate what a whole gale of wind means under such circumstances. Latitude, 57° south ; longitude, $65^{\circ} 45'$ west.

JULY 18

Land was reported on the weather-beam this afternoon. We think that it is Barneveld Island, about thirty miles

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

northeast of Cape Horn, and it bore, when first sighted, northwest. We didn't do anything at all during the last twenty-four hours but seesaw up and down, north and southeast, with the wind at southwest, and we were surprised by a calm last night from six until twelve o'clock, with a comparatively high thermometer,— 41° at the latter hour,—so that the skipper looked for a northerly wind during this morning. But no such luck for us ; daylight saw us under a reefed maintop-sail (we had set the maintop-gallant at midnight) with a moderate gale from the westward, though the sea was quite smooth. We have entirely lost the long southwesterly roll, and it is astonishing how that swell does go down if you are only a little to the eastward of the Cape. For instance, suppose a vessel to be in 57° south and 68° west, she is almost certain to have this big heave ; but if in 66° west and the same latitude she will be almost entirely free from it ; at least, this has been our experience.

Great agitation pervaded the ship aft to-day when the discovery was made that the pumps had not been working properly for twenty-four hours. In heavy weather the "Higgins" has to be pumped out every two hours on account of a leak near the rudder-head, although the majority of wooden sailing vessels have to man the pumps every watch in a seaway, for they all leak in bad weather. Something was wrong with the plunger, I believe, and the pumps have been useless for a whole day, unknown to any one, which in itself seems remarkable, though I must say that the decks have been so full of water that it has been very hard to tell whether a stream was coming up from below or not. Therefore both men and donkey have been alternately pumping without result, and when the carpenter sounded the well this noon, lo ! there were two and a half feet of water in the vessel, which means nearly twenty

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

thousand gallons, or about six hundred barrels. By using both sides of the pumps, however, the engine had them sucking in an hour, doing sixty revolutions to the minute. There was a violent scene, though, when the old man learned of the affair, and a still more turbulent half-hour followed while the plunger was being repaired.

Here, in the bad, wet weather, for it has been raining for forty-eight hours, this ship is extremely uncomfortable and disagreeable below, and the most slovenly one that I have ever seen. To begin with, it is very dark, for the skylights are absurdly small, and boards have to be secured on their weather-sides to prevent a repetition of the river Plate incident, so that the gloom of the interior is that of a hole in the ground. However, this doesn't count, for we expected it. The after-cabin is a rather unpleasant spot, by reason of a so'wester or two, a dripping black oil-skin, several pair of wet woollen wrist-protectors, a few greasy magazines, a chart or two, and a couple of camp-chairs all continually sliding about the floor, making locomotion an extremely hazardous undertaking. But, upon approaching the forward or dining cabin, a spectacle meets the eye which would shake the heart of the stoutest landsman. In the forward end, in a recess, stands the stove, stayed with iron rods ; while surrounding it on three sides is a permanent aggregation of various objectionable articles, perfectly appalling. The heater is completely smothered at all times in ancient, wet garments of the skipper's, almost in a state of fermentation, suspended on wires, so that the stove can hardly be seen. At dinner to-day the following disreputable articles of clothing hung before the fire, dank and mildewed : two pairs of aged trousers, two waist-coats, three coats, one overcoat, two mufflers, one pair of knitted gloves, one handkerchief, and two pairs of socks. From these garments there issued a peculiarly ob-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

noxious, thin steam, through which a yellow lamp glowed unhealthily.

Below, at the base of the stove, and surrounding it as with a chevaux-de-frise, were two pairs of rubber boots, ditto leather shoes, ditto felt slippers for boots, two dishes filled with the cat's half-devoured food, no one knows how old, a wash-tub half filled with soaking sheets, a bucket, and a wooden box nearly full of ashes, upon which reposed a coffee-pot. And when to all this is added the humidity of this region, which is so dense that moisture condenses on the walls, and the fact that the mizzen-mast-coat leaks, covering several square feet of the floor with water, it will be conceded that the interior of this vessel is distinctly disreputable. Indeed, we never attempt to sit and read anywhere else than in our own room. Nor are the dishes what they should be, and I often find a clot of coagulated soup in the ladle from yesterday's repast; this latter is, of course, the fault of the steward, though the best of servants will grow careless if they are not watched.

Then the mate is extremely unclean, so much so that even Mr. Rarx said a day or two ago that he was the dirtiest man whom he had even seen in a ship's cabin. He never washes his face and hands to come to the table, both of which are streaked with soot, lard oil, and goodness knows what else. The captain is considerably better in this respect, but his temper seems to be more uncontrollable than ever, and he shouts at the steward and Sammie as though they were on the foretop-sail-yard in a gale of wind. He seems to consider it a personal affront every time that the men come aft on Saturday nights to buy things from the slop-chest, which he throws at them with scant ceremony. Last night "Long John" Pettersen asked him for a pair of No. 10 rubber boots in his cowed,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

frightened way. "I ain't got no tens," cried the skipper ; "here's nines ; take 'em and get out" ; and he cast the boots at John, who promptly dodged, and they struck the stove with a great, clattering din.

I will, no doubt, be accused of inhumanity in taking my wife to sea in such a vessel as this, but we had not the least notion that she would prove so different from what we supposed her to be, and few persons would suspect that such things would occur aboard of a ship which looked so neat and trim in the New York docks. Our previous experience at sea, we have since discovered, was not of any use to us as a guide as to what we might expect here. Indeed, in the worst weather off the Cape of Good Hope the "Mandalore's" cabin, with its brightly polished open-grate and shining bird's-eye maple panelling, would not have been discreditable to a well-found yacht. Latitude, $56^{\circ} 14'$ south ; longitude, 66° west.

JULY 19

Hail, mighty sun ! Welcome, radiant, glorious monarch ! We saw the luminous orb for ten minutes at mid-day, marking an epoch, for events off Cape Horn date from the last time that the sun was seen. When day broke this morning, behold ! the sky was clear and everything presaged at least two hours of bright sunshine. No sooner, however, did the orb show signs of appearing above the horizon than a cloud-bank arose in the west which proved to be the mother of a procession of squalls which covered the sky for the rest of the day, bar a few minutes at noon. But how we did rejoice for even a glimpse of the heavenly body ! For days we had dwelt in darkness and twilight, and when we caught sight of the golden disk again it was like the face of an old friend. No one who has not experienced it can imagine what the gloom of Cape Horn is like even at

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

mid-day. It has doubtless somewhat the effect of the darkness of the Polar seas, which, it is said, kills more men than frost and starvation. Practically, throughout the year the heavens in this region are wrapped up in a pall of cloud so dense and low as to feel like an increased atmospheric pressure ; and unless one's spirits are as elastic as rubber the mind must succumb to the dreary influence of this endless waste of gray ocean. It is oppressive beyond the power of words ; and so great is the solitude that it is difficult to believe that we are still on the earth and not floating upon the ocean of another planet.

“So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.”

The sun's altitude at noon was only $8^{\circ} 42'$, so that he was only about sixteen diameters above the horizon ; but notwithstanding, all hands hailed him with glad pæans, and deep and mournful was the wailing when he withdrew. At eleven o'clock, while we were reading below, the skipper called down to know if we didn't want to see a regular old-fashioned squall. So up we went, and upon issuing from the companion-way were almost literally blown over by a heavy gust. The ship was hove down till the sea flowed over the lee rail thick and smooth and dark, like the water on the verge of a cataract ; the wind howled and screeched overhead ; spray fell in blinding sheets ; while the snow was positively overpowering and almost smothered us when we looked to windward. The ship for some time had dragged a double-reefed maintop-sail, and it was every stitch that she could stand. All through the day we were bombarded by these squalls, and by three in the afternoon the wind had once more increased to a fresh gale, with a wicked, breaking sea which frequently broke on the poop itself.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

How little, how pitifully little departure we made in the last week ! On Tuesday, six days ago, we rounded Cape St. John, and now we are only a degree farther west ! I should think it *was* hard to make westing off the Horn. Call it forty miles in a week, for the degrees of longitude are scarcely thirty-five miles long in this latitude. Six miles of westing a day ! Speaking of the length of degrees, though, it is remarkable how much farther south of the line the Horn seems (56° south) than 56° north seems north of it. For instance, the fifty-sixth northerly parallel passes between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and is not very far north of Hamburg ; yet but few persons would suppose that, roughly speaking, these cities were in the same relative latitude as the southern extremity of South America.

Last evening, just before dark, a sail was sighted about ten miles to leeward, and was there still this morning. It was a ship, and we conjectured that she was the "Dowes" until the glasses showed that she had a standing spanker-gaff, which made her a foreigner. Perhaps she is the demon Frenchman ; may she approach no nearer.

One of the men at the wheel, Jack Michaels, whispered to me this morning, "Say, was that land the Diego Ramirez we saw yesterday?" And when told that we were still east of Cape Horn, the poor fellow ejaculated, "Oh, my God !" so earnestly and sorrowfully that it spoke whole volumes for what the men are suffering in the leaky fore-castle. Two men are constantly at the wheel now, and even when the tiller is lashed and we are hove to, the law compels one man to stand with his hands on the spokes as though still steering, so as to be ready in case of accident. Well, it looks as though we were going to have a worse night than ever for sleeping ; last night we got only three hours of rest. Latitude, $56^{\circ} 54'$ south ; longitude, 65° west.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

JULY 20

“The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.”

It came on to blow very hard indeed yesterday afternoon at three o'clock, just as we had finished writing, and at four it became necessary to haul up the main-sail and foresail, though both were reefed. When the skipper sung out, “Clew up the main-sail,” I think that it was blowing harder than we ever saw it at sea. The captain said that there was more wind the other day in sight of Cape Horn ; but I think that this was only to contradict. Whether or no, it blew a fearful gale, though the full strength didn't last more than three hours, with, for a while, the worst snow and hail that we have had yet. The ocean seethed ; big seas swept the decks fore and aft like cataracts every five minutes, and the ship, with nothing showing but the lower topsails, was bowed down before the blasts like a palm-tree in a hurricane. We thought that we were surely going to lose the main-sail through the fault of the wretched mate, who is of no use whatever in bad weather. It is necessary to observe extreme caution in hauling up any of the courses in a gale of wind, for the tack and sheet must be eased off just so, in order that both they and the clew-garnets shall be perfectly taut until the clews are right up to the yard. If not, the chance of losing the sails is exceedingly good. Well, the miserable man, in the midst of a tearing puff, let the main-tack get away from him. Instantly there arose a frightful slatting, and we expected to see the strong, new canvas whipped into ribbons, while the great, ninety-foot mainyard buckled and bent almost like a coach-whip. I hope never to witness such a sight again. The old man's state while this was going on must be left to the imagination ; and when a sea swept over the side, carrying almost every man on the clew-garnets and buntlines into the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

scuppers, we feared that his reason was going. After a hard struggle, though, the gaskets were put on the main-sail, and then the foresail had to come in. Here the mate, very properly, found something else to do, and Mr. Rarx, calm and perfect master of himself, slacked away the tack first ; and when the weather-side had been hauled up, he did the same with the sheet, without the least show of exertion ; he is a splendid seaman.

At this moment I stepped into the wheel-house to look at the aneroid, and found the needle actually jumping back and forth from 29.10 to 29.20, with a quick jerk like the second-hand of a clock. This is known as "pumping" when observed in a mercurial barometer, and occurs most frequently during cyclones, the cause being sudden changes in the velocity, and, consequently, force, of the wind. It is interesting to note that if a barometer is hung against a wall where the wind will blow steadily upon it at a rate of about thirty feet per second the height of the barometer is perceptibly increased. Once before we observed this pumping of the barometer, which happened on the P. and O. steamer "Khedive," in the Bay of Biscay, when the glass stood at 28.64. This is, of course, a very low reading, but it is often eclipsed during tropical cyclones ; indeed, not long ago the British steamer "Foreland," at New York, from Hull, reported the barometer at 28.10 to the eastward of the Banks during a January passage.

At five yesterday afternoon the force of the wind was greatest, and the surface of the ocean smoked, and we couldn't see the jib-boom for the spume, which flew through the air like steam ; yet in the very eye of the storm the gay little Cape pigeons darted about like sparrows in a summer shower. They seemed to find a deal to eat on the surface, and their method of feeding was this : At the instant that an unusually heavy sea passed they would swoop

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

down into the hollow where it was almost calm, snatch a few mouthfuls of whatever they found, and as the next huge sea rushed at them, at the very second before they were buried in the hissing crest, they extended their wings to the utmost, the wind struck beneath them, and without any perceptible effort they rose against the gale, only to drop again in a few moments, and repeat the operation. It was really very pretty manœuvering, and compelled admiration at the ease and certainty with which the little creatures handled themselves even in the heaviest gusts.

Alas, the poor sailors ! They have been continuously wet now for more than ten days. It is true that from 8 A.M. till eight in the evening there is a fire burning in a small stove in the forecabin ; but the atmosphere is so extremely humid that the heat doesn't seem to affect the forecabin or the men's clothes. Indeed, it is a grewsome sight to look into that apartment as I did the other night at seven o'clock. The port watch were below lying in their bunks with faces toward the stove, which was all but concealed by dripping, steaming garments swinging madly in the heavy rolls, water was splashing high up on the grimy walls from the floor, while a dense, rank vapor pervaded the place, through which the stove glowed dully, like a headlight in a fog. Many of the men are now afflicted with the most grievous perhaps of all the ills with which sailors are cursed in cold, bad weather,—the dreaded sea-boils. These harassing sores are due to the friction of oil-skins and other clothes upon the wrists and neck, continually drenched with salt-water, though the bad condition of sailors' blood generally is doubtless responsible for the dreadful state of the wrists of the sufferers. It is singular that mere friction combined with cold sea-water should produce such results. Sea-boils or salt-water-boils, as they are sometimes called, are exquisitely painful and very sensi-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

tive to any rubbing, and they must be bandaged and poulticed until it is time for the lancing, upon which a sort of core, like a short, thick piece of sinew, is laid bare, which must be seized and plucked out. Two of these boils as large as plums will lay a man up ; and any attempt to work him hard generally results in a high fever and his bunk for several days. Imagine what the suffering of sailors must be off Cape Horn when these boils are added to fatigue, cold, loss of sleep from frequent calls of all hands, and to the lethargy that comes from exposure. I repeat again, why do men ship before the mast? There are other things to do, and even breaking stones on a highway is to my mind infinitely preferable. Notwithstanding everything said to the contrary, the life of a Cape Horn foremast hand is the life of a beast. It is hard, wearing, and bitter beyond words ; and when are added the kicks and the blows from belaying-pins and knuckle-dusters that the men are usually served with on American ships by way of dessert, it is difficult to believe that human beings can survive such privations and sufferings. Poor fellows ! They stumble about the decks with drawn, haggard faces and two or three with staring eyes. We watched one this forenoon (it was Louis Eckers) trying to put a watch-tackle-strop on the lee lower maintop-sail-brace ; the job amounted to nothing more than standing on the bitts and twisting a bit of rope around the brace ; but so weak and stiffened was he that another man had to be called in his stead. Some of the younger fellows are still in pretty good condition, such as Broadhead, Charley, and Olsen ; but most of the older men are practically half dead. I think the most remarkable of all of a sailor's characteristics is the rapidity with which they forget their hardships ; for let Jack get up into the balmy Trades again and all of his misery and pain vanish, the memory of what he has but

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

just endured fades away, and when he has been ashore for a week at the end of the voyage, he is quite ready again to face the snow-thickened gales of Cape Horn.

All hopes of a rapid passage have now been abandoned, for we have been ten weeks at sea to-day and are not yet around Cape Horn. It will be recalled that we were in the longitude of the Cape a few days ago, but heaven only knows when we can make up what we have lost since then. Our distance east of the Horn now is not more than seventy-five miles, and it does seem remarkable that we cannot make those few miles of westing ; and we see now why all the sailing directions say, " Whatever you do, *make westing ! make westing !* " Even though the wind is at south-west, as we have had it almost constantly, one would think that by standing well to the southward a ship could get a lay up past the Cape ; but what with a two-knot easterly current, two points of leeway, and 22° of easterly variation, not to mention her being seven points off the wind under such short canvas, it is actually impossible. A yacht might do it, for she could go to windward under a storm-try-sail to an appreciable extent ; but if a square-rigger holds her own and makes no easting on the *port* tack with the wind blowing hard from the southwest off Cape Horn, she is doing very well.

At five this morning the wind backed to south and hope glowed warm in the hearts of the men ; but it didn't take it long to shift back again to its old quarter, between southwest and west-southwest, and the old man now makes no bones about our being real *bona fide* Jonahs. It is growing colder, too, the noon temperature being 31° , though no lower at night, but the wind is as cutting and clammy and dank as the breath of an iceberg. Some ship-masters, on account of the prolonged head gales and seas of Cape Horn, prefer the Good Hope voyage when bound from North

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Atlantic ports to California or British Columbia ; but while the winds are fair in the Southern Ocean on this course, the distance is so much greater that it is doubtful whether or not there is any advantage in it. The latest example is the case of the British ship "Wasdale," which reached San Francisco not very long ago, one hundred and sixty-five days from London *via* Good Hope, having sailed the enormous distance of twenty-four thousand five hundred and twenty-six miles ; the Horn voyage averages three weeks less in time than the above and six thousand miles less in distance. The "Wasdale" must be a smart ship to cover nearly twenty-five thousand miles in that time.

It seems very odd that we have as yet met no homeward-bounders, as we have been several times right in their track ; the skipper says, however, that there are doubtless a dozen vessels within a radius of fifty miles, all bound to the westward. Latitude, $57^{\circ} 25'$ south ; longitude, $60^{\circ} 5'$ west.

JULY 21

"Land close aboard on the lee-quarter, sir," was the startling information that the mate called down the companion-way about daylight, as we sat down to breakfast this morning. It didn't take the captain more than three or four seconds to reach the deck, and we heard him cry savagely, "All hands wear ship ; lively now, lively." And none too soon, for there on the lee beam lay Hermite Island only three or four miles away. This is one of a cluster known as the Hermite Islands, being seven in number altogether ; they form the culminating group of the Tierra del Fuegian archipelago, of which Cape Horn is the southernmost. We must have made more westing than the captain had estimated, for he had just remarked that we ought to see the Horn again at nine o'clock. Of course we wore as quickly as the stiffened arms of the men would permit, and for quite

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

a long while, in a dismal rain, we ran down parallel with these dreary shores, on which we would have struck had daylight been a couple of hours later. If our position of yesterday wasn't a false one, we did phenomenally well during the past twenty-four hours, for the land that we first saw this morning, and which the skipper recognized at once, is eighty miles west of yesterday's position. But, good gracious ! we were at noon to-day within eight miles of where we were last Friday in the heavy gale ! The latitude was exactly the same and we were eight miles farther west. Eight miles in five days. How does that sound ? And every day of it fight, fight, fight against head-winds varying from a moderate to a whole gale. In truth, the famous Cape weather is being administered in heroic doses. Personally, I don't mind it in the least ; weeks or even months of it, if necessary, would be quite immaterial to me ; but the interior of the cabin is so abominably uncomfortable for my wife, bar our own room, that for this reason I want to get out of it as quickly as possible. This gloomy weather, too, is dreadfully trying for her, as it is too dark to read below without a lamp at even the brightest part of the day.

At ten we opened out Cape Spencer, a magnificent headland at the southern end of Hermite Island, and an hour later sighted Horn Island for the second time, bearing northeast true, distant eighteen miles. It was the first really good look we had had at the Horn, and the world-famous rock presented quite a formidable appearance, being five hundred feet in height, though lacking the majestic dignity of Cape Spencer, which lies twenty-five miles west-northwest of it. Indeed, there is no particular landmark about it to cause Horn Island to stand forth from the surrounding crags. Many people imagine that the Cape was so called from its resemblance to a horn, but this is a mistake. The proper name is Cape Hoorn, which was given

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

it in 1616 by the Dutch navigator Schouten, in honor of his native town in Flanders. On the other hand, False Cape Horn, about fifty miles northwest of the true cape, at the extremity of Hardy Peninsula, bears a remarkable likeness to an inverted curved cornucopia, and also a resemblance to the fantastic Cape Split in the Bay of Fundy, at the entrance to the Minas Basin. It was our cherished desire to photograph Horn Island, but we were prevented by the disadvantageous conditions ; so far as known, it has been photographed but once, and that by Captain Rivers of the American ship "A. G. Ropes," who, a short time since, when bound to the westward, sailed boldly in to within a few miles and, during a bright spell of weather, was enabled to obtain a photograph of the great Cape.

This is the second time that we have been west of the Horn, if only a few miles, and here we go back again to the eastward on the starboard tack, with the wind a strong breeze from southwest by south. We are steering about south-southeast and the variation makes it south, which would be passable were it not for the leeway and current, so that, in spite of the variation, south-southeast is our actual course. Good-by for a few days, friend Horn ; perhaps we'll pay you another visit in a week or so. Indeed, the most satisfactory manner of ascertaining one's exact position down here after a week or two of gales and dark weather is to set out and look for Cape Horn, which will no doubt be found in two or three days, take a fresh departure from it, and then away south again. This is actually what we have been doing, only we missed the Cape this last time, but found an equally satisfactory landmark in Spencer ; if a ship-master can calculate his longitude to within a degree (about thirty-five miles) in the midst of all these currents, he is a shrewd navigator. By the way, what appropriate names have been given to vari-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ous portions of wild and comfortless Tierra del Fuego ; on the chart now before me appear such appellations peculiarly distinctive of this region : Last Hope Inlet, Desolation Island, Dislocation Harbor, Obstruction Sound, Famine Reach, Deceit Rocks.

Rain, rain ; snow, snow ; hail, hail. No end of it in sight. The aneroid has risen to 30 inches, which, with an increase of nine degrees in the temperature, would indicate a northerly wind ; but we have long since given up hoping for such good luck. At 1.30 this afternoon we saw the pale sun at an altitude of about seven degrees for a moment, but he quickly drew over his face the cowl of nimbus cloud, as though terrified at the sight of Cape Horn. However, like the Ancient Mariner, "we hailed it in God's name," and were comforted at knowing that the orb is still in existence.

Captain Scruggs and the mate often now have very turbulent and passionate arguments, not to say quarrels, at meals. It is apparently impossible for the mate to get his reckoning right or anywhere near right, and to-day when the dinner-bell had clanged through the cabin, the skipper asked him suddenly and angrily what his longitude was. Mr. Goggins, after emptying his grimy vest-pockets of bits of tobacco, twine, and infinitesimal pencils, quakingly produced a morsel of ragged, dirty brown paper, upon which appeared a variety of rare and hitherto unknown characters, which he twisted and turned at inconceivable angles, with horrible facial contortions. There was a dead, portentous silence. "Well, sir?" rapped out the skipper "I—I—I, er—er, about $71^{\circ} 22'$, sir."

"About $71^{\circ} 22'$, eh? That's your idea of the ship's position, is it? Just let me tell you that this has gone far enough. Do you understand? How in the devil's name can you make it 71° with Cape Spencer right under your

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

nose? Don't you know enough yet to take a new departure from a landmark? I did think you had enough sense for that, but I see I was wrong," etc., etc.

They argue, too, about the most trivial affairs, during which the skipper all but blows the skylights off with his hurricane voice. Later on, at dinner to-day, they quarrelled about the position of a certain San Francisco restaurant. The old man swore that it wasn't on Polk Street. Then they went at each other quite savagely, but gradually calmed down, and we thought it was all over, when suddenly the skipper hammered on the table with his fist, and shouted, "That restaurant's no more on Polk Street than this huckleberry pie's a blueberry; I mean raspberry." And he was so vexed at his simple little mistake that he thundered at the boy Sammie, who stands shuddering in the pantry during meals, "You, Sam, get some buckets of salt-water and wrench out that bath-tub; and if you're longer than ten minutes, damme if I don't break you all to PIECES." Sammie has a woful time of it on board; for, besides doing all conceivable sorts of dirty work, he is the butt of the ship's company, teased beyond endurance by the men, and kicked and pounded mercilessly by both mates. Probably his most disagreeable and anxious moments are passed in the pantry while we are at meals. His dread of the old man is so intense that in his awful presence he is little better than a lunatic. While he is in the pantry he dwells in terror of a summons to the table; and when "You, Sam!" finally does come crashing forth, and he reaches the captain's side in a single bound, it irritates this singular man excessively. Then, of course, the mate must needs rake up some fancied grievance against the unhappy lad, who is immensely relieved when he is ordered in disgrace from the dining-room. The other day the skipper told him, in my wife's

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

presence, that he was not fit to carry guts to a bear. It seemed to us that that was exactly what he was doing, especially as he had a dish of tongues and sounds in his hand at the moment, which to me is the most objectionable of all sea-food ; its worse than burgoo and ham-fat. Latitude, $56^{\circ} 12'$ south ; longitude, $67^{\circ} 32'$ west.

JULY 22

Wore round at eight this morning, and stood north and west once more on the port tack, as the wind backed into the southward and allowed us to come up to west-north-west by compass, or northwest by west true, which is not bad. We made so little to the good, though, in the twenty-four hours that it cannot be said that we are doing anything more than waltzing up and down the sixty-seventh meridian. We have gone through the water fast enough, but not in the right direction ; for forty-eight hours now we have been under single-reefed topsails, and if a ship can carry that canvas she will do five or six knots an hour even in a heavy sea. A single reef in the topsails means generally whole main-sail and foresail, which is enough to send a vessel ahead at a good rate. When the main-sail is reefed or hauled up, though, a ship goes to leeward nearly as fast as she goes ahead

We sped over the water then at quite a respectable gait, and, in trying to make a little westing, if the skipper is driving the ship for all she's worth, for both wind and sea are heavy, no man can blame him. The men continue to grow worse and worse, and there are not six in the fore-castle who do not show the effects of exposure, chilblains and sea-boils. The latter have increased shockingly ; three more men are down with them, Coleman, Pettersen, and Eckers. Coleman this morning showed me two dreadful-looking wrists ; the left one was particularly bad, with

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

a deep rent or cavity in the flesh itself that a silver dollar would not cover ; not bleeding, but mortifying and sloughing terribly, presenting a sickening spectacle. Coleman says that some of the others are a good deal worse than he is. Hapless creatures ! how they manage to do any work at all with these wounds is difficult to understand. Let them be bandaged ever so tightly and what will it avail in the rough work ? The bandages soon work loose, and there is the bare, raw flesh exposed to the salt-water and the rubbing of their sleeves. If Job had sea-boils, it would be safe betting that they were the worst afflictions that he had. Why will not sailors take care of themselves ashore and obviate to a certain extent such suffering as they undergo off Cape Horn ? The youngest and healthiest of our men, those with clear skins, do not seem to suffer much with these boils ; and they say that another safeguard to a certain degree against them is to dry the wrists as much as possible before turning in. Bad food, though, with a preponderance of salt meat, will soon play havoc with the blood of the stoutest man ; and while there seems to be a fairly good variety of food on the " Higgins " for the crew, yet the majority of sailors on Yankee ships are fed chiefly on wretched, scurvy-breeding food. The name that American ships used to bear thirty and forty years ago for the superlatively good rations that the men got, is by no means deserved at the present day by the majority of our own deep-water ships. Many are the tales of starvation told by men arriving on Yankee ships at San Francisco in these days ; I mention San Francisco particularly, as that port has until very lately sustained the reputation of withholding justice from sailors to a remarkable extent. As to the stories of foremast hands lying on the witness-stands in court when defending themselves, I am convinced it is generally not so. We have seen several acts committed

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

by the mates aboard this vessel against the sailors which would be regarded as entirely untrue by a justice if told by a seaman. In the great majority of cases the word of a bucko mate is taken in court in preference to the sailor's, and in this way there is an inconceivable amount of injustice done to the latter. For instance, there are here at least a dozen men in the fore-castle the word of any one of whom I would unhesitatingly believe rather than that of either of the mates. Captain Scruggs appears to be, and I believe he is, an entirely truthful man ; but as for Goggins, he would lie for a worn-out chew of tobacco (he often tells monstrous falsehoods to the skipper concerning the men) ; and even Mr. Rarx must come under the same ban.

It seems to me that this ship makes a great deal of water. Twice in every watch, night and day, since we have been south of 50° , the ship has had to be pumped out ; and in twelve hours yesterday, when the wretched pumps broke down again, we made twenty-eight inches of water. It is all very fine to say that wooden ships are lighter in bad weather than iron ones, and to allude to the latter as diving-bells, but this ship is wetter than the iron "Mandalore" was running before a heavy sea, and the latter possessed the inestimable advantage of never leaking even when driven into a high head-sea.

Captain Scruggs was in a state of mind when, after wearing round on the port tack this morning, he found that we couldn't head up much better than north true. Of course, we had the customary eruption during the manœuvre, and he raged quite furiously at the helmsmen, who, unfortunately, were the two dullest men in the ship—Petersen and Eckers. As I say, the captain wrought himself into wild gusts of passion, and when he found the ship off to north-northwest he had apparently exhausted all methods for easing his mind. But we reckoned without our skip-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

per, being a man of much resource, and he conceived a brilliant plan. After standing motionless and speechless for a full minute he strode to the weather wheel-house door, tore it open, and crash ! slammed it to. Again, another bang, worse than the first. Once more a great crashing rent the air that shook the structure, while the old man ground his teeth and worked his brush-like eyebrows as though they were on a string, as he stamped over to leeward, muttering to himself and shaking all over. It was a mirth-compelling scene.

A little anecdote will show him in yet another phase : we asked him, a day or two ago, who was the best helmsman in the ship, and he replied, waspishly, "There hain't no best among 'em ; they're all d—— bad ; fed like kings, and this is what you get." Latitude, 57° 30' south ; longitude, 67° west.

JULY 23

At eleven o'clock last night we heard the rasping voice of old Goggins sing out, "Land ahead !" The captain turned out at once (he goes to bed now at seven, and sleeps till midnight if the weather isn't too outrageous), and immediately ordered the ship on the other tack ; and, after we had come around, three pinnacles of rock were seen standing sharply up out of the sea, for the night wasn't a very dark one. They were the Diego Ramirez Rocks, which, lying eighteen marine leagues southwest of Cape Horn, form unquestionably the most dangerous obstruction in the entire Southern Ocean, rearing their jagged peaks vertically out of a depth of two hundred fathoms, right in the track of westward-bound ships. If the weather is thick and dark, there is nothing to apprise the mariner of their proximity, even if he keeps the lead going, until the thunder of what is perhaps the most tremendous surf in the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

world warns him, too late, that he is within hailing distance of the dreaded Diego Ramirez. A crash, a great shout, and lo ! a stately ship and her company are effaced in a moment of time, a few bits of timber cast upon the shore by those vast surges of the South Pacific being all that remains of what was one of man's most beautiful works, a full-rigged ship.

The last vessel to go ashore on these rocks was the American ship "Arabia"; and, although she went to pieces immediately, all of her crew miraculously escaped and were taken off by another vessel and landed at Montevideo. Ship-masters call the rocks Dyeego Rammerreez', though they inconsistently pronounce San Diego as it ought to be, —Deeaigo. Why is it, I wonder, that this land is always spoken of as being eighteen marine leagues from Cape Horn? Why not say fifty-four miles. Yet all ocean directories say that they are eighteen marine leagues from the Horn, though all other distances are given in miles.

We would really have passed several miles to leeward of the rocks if we had kept on, but no ship-master will ever take any chances with them ; however, we are much elated at finding ourselves an appreciable distance to the westward of the Cape. Throughout the day we have been fanning along under a main-royal ! But that's the way of this region. Yesterday morning under reefed topsails ; this morning courtesying quietly along over an almost smooth sea, bar the southwesterly swell.

A few minutes ago, at about two o'clock, we witnessed another exhibition of what is called "discipline" on American ships, but what is elsewhere known as brutality. These are the facts : After dinner a man was sent down into the lazarette to bring up a barrel of split pease ; it was the luckless Swede, Brün. This man, who is not particularly strong at best, and is now in very bad shape, found great

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

difficulty in shoving the barrel, which seemed to weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds, up the lazarette hatch-way ; and care must then be exercised never to allow the chimes of a barrel to touch the deck, as it would leave a scar. Brün finally got the barrel clear of the hatch and was rolling it flat along the poop, when the mate, looking as sour as lime-juice, came hobbling along the alley-way and, pointing to some old marks in the deck, said, "What d'you do that for?" Now, I am perfectly sure that Brün had not made those marks, and so was the mate ; but Goggins was in one of his snarling moods, and without further ado he applied his boot to Brün's person with such severity that he fell sprawling over the barrel, which then rolled over to leeward and struck the rail with a loud crack. Without a word, or even a look, the man gathered himself up, and, grasping the barrel, continued on his way, only remarking, "I'm doing the best I can, sair," in the weak, precise tones of a foreigner speaking English. "What ! answerin' back?" yelled Goggins. "Who learned yer that, eh?" and running up to Brün, he seized him fiercely by the throat with his left hand and then drove his right fist with full force into the man's face. The latter staggered and fell backward half over the rail into the lanyards of the mizzen-shrouds, where he remained some moments before he came to ; and then, well knowing that he would have been pounded almost to death with any handy weapon if he so much as opened his mouth again, he once more started forward with the barrel. This is a nice state of affairs when men in the merchant service of the United States are suffered to be beaten and kicked into insensibility, and in some cases actually killed at the hands of brutal, savage mates. Before we sailed in this ship I had often heard that sailors under the stars and stripes underwent the most cruel punishments, in many cases of so un-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

usual and low a description as to preclude mention in these pages, but I hardly believed it. Now, however, after knowing how Yankee ships are run and that such brutes as Goggins sail as mates in them, it is my opinion, and that of my wife also, who understands sailors, that the published accounts of seamen's cruelties and sufferings at the hands of the officers of our sailing ships are, in nearly every instance, true and straightforward descriptions of what took place at sea. And what is the usual result? The justice dismisses the case with the remark, "Justifiable discipline." This is the way that the marine law is generally administered in our lower courts. There appears to be but little attempt at justice for the sailor, though I think that their chances of obtaining their rights in the future are considerably brighter than they used to be. Does any one of the other three great maritime nations—Great Britain, France, and Germany—permit such acts in their merchantmen as the beating of sailors? Decidedly not. In those countries' ships sailors are treated as such and not as anthropophagical savages. Yet our marine laws are practically the same as theirs. Their laws are enforced, ours are not, by reason of petty briberies and deceptions. It is a different story on our steamers, where the officers would not dare to maltreat the men. Discipline, far better than we have here, can be maintained without recourse to violence, which is proved by the vessels of other nations. Contrary to the statements of captains and mates, who make them to shield their bad deeds, foremast hands are *not* continually trying to create a disturbance. I will leave this question to be answered by two American ship-masters, who run their vessels as deep-water ships ought to be, and who never have any trouble with their crews. These two men, I do not say that there are no others (though there are lamentably few of them), are Captain Gates of the "S. P. Hitchcock,"

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

and Captain Banfield of the "St. James"; these skippers believe in decent treatment and they see that their men get it. Among twenty or thirty men there are sure to be two or three hard cases; these should be dealt with according to their deserts; yet on this ship the black legs have, in every instance that we have seen, escaped punishment, while such inoffensive and well-meaning men as Brün, Karl, and others, have been made the mark for the violent tempers of both mates. The reason for brutality on Yankee ships is traceable in every instance to one man, the captain; for, if he did not countenance it, such acts could not be committed. It is passing strange that American captains, who have almost invariably risen from before the mast, should have so little sympathy for sailors, in view of the fact that only a few years ago they suffered from the tempers of mates just as now the men do who are under them. Latitude, $57^{\circ} 22'$ south; longitude, $68^{\circ} 55'$ west.

JULY 24

Our light winds didn't last long, for the cross-jack had to be hauled up, the three top-gallant-sails furled, and the main-sail reefed during last night. We made excellent headway, though, doing five miles more than three degrees of longitude, though we were driven off to the southward too much, being at noon to-day one hundred and sixty miles south of Cape Horn and well below the northern limit of drift-ice, though the temperature is not low, 39° at noon. Thus far this has been a slightly warmer winter passage than the average, though it will surprise many people to know that the thermometer rarely falls below 30° north of 60° south; the lowest that Captain Scruggs ever saw it was 28° , though a Dutch ship, of which I have forgotten the name, reported the mercury as low as 20° on one occasion some seventy-five years ago.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Fogs form a very disagreeable feature of the Southern Ocean after the meridian of the Horn is passed, and the dampness likewise generally increases. A pretty good idea of the excessive moisture in this part of the world may be obtained by reading the report of the surveying steamer "Sylvia," which was stationed in the Magellan Straits for fourteen months. Throughout that period rain fell on an average for eleven hours out of every twenty-four, the amount per day being half an inch.

As for fogs, we have been in one for twenty-four hours now, and a lookout is stationed on the fore-castle-head by day as well as by night. Indeed, it is probable that the hardest and most tedious part of the passage still remains; usually it is not very difficult to reach the seventieth meridian, the heaviest westerly gales generally being experienced between that point and 50° south, which vessels aim to cross in 90° west. We should very much like to see the wind come out of the southwest again, by which it will be perceived how hard we are to please; for the first ten days off Cape Horn we had nothing but southwesterly gales, and we rebuked them and would be satisfied with naught but northerly breezes; now a southerly blow would be most welcome.

This morning at eleven the skipper shouted down the companion-way that there was a vessel on our weather beam, steering east, and that she would pass close aboard. So we went on deck at once, and there, looming high out of the fog, under a heavy press of sail, was a large, three-masted bark. She was the first homeward-bounder that we had seen, was probably from Australian or New Zealand ports, and she presented a noble appearance as she swept rapidly by, distant not more than a third of a mile. She was an old-style vessel, although built of iron, with no sheer and a phenomenally long jib-boom, the practice in

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

these days being to rig sailing vessels of both iron and wood with short, thick, pole bowsprits. We thought she was going to ask us for her position, for she was two degrees south of the homeward-bound track; so we chalked "59°" and "72°" in large figures on a slate, ready to hold up, for she was near enough to make them out with the glasses. She flew onward, though, without a sign; and as it was none of our business what she was doing a hundred and twenty miles out of her course, we didn't offer any suggestions. This vessel was a good illustration of the difference in carrying sail between close-hauled and running free, for we had nothing set above the topsails, while she was under all three royals.

Yesterday was a grand rest-day for the men,—that is, a cessation from being continually drenched with salt-water, and a few days of this sort would go far toward healing their sea-boils. As Paddy put it, "To-day's worth tin dollars to any one of us, sor." It was, in truth, an unusual sight to see the men going about without their oil-skins once more, for fully two whole weeks have passed since they could work on the main-deck without these yellow garments. Oil-skins really do not do very much good in heavy weather, though, as has been mentioned before. Nothing but a suit of diving armor would keep a man dry on deck off Cape Horn; still, oil-skins keep a great deal of water out, and also protect a man against the cold. So much bad weather lately has deprived me of my customary exercise at the pumps, for it is dangerous to go knocking about the decks in a heavy sea; but yesterday I had nearly an hour of hard work, doing forty strokes to the minute. Both watches pumped together, as a rope was passed over one of the handles; two thousand strokes at a ship's pumps is exceedingly lusty exercise if a man doesn't shirk his work, and, I should think, would satisfy Sandow himself.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

As far as the atmosphere here is concerned, to-day is typical Southern Ocean weather : drizzly, foggy, clammy, and dismal to an incredible degree. There is hardly any light at all below at noon, and everything is dim and obscure, in spite of the fact that the sun commenced his southern journey more than a month ago. The cabin bill of fare, however, has not shown the least symptoms of debility ; on the contrary, when we got down past the Falklands the diversity and excellence of the edibles seemed to increase. The immense variety of tinned goods put up in these days is astonishing ; for to the old list, which comprised meats, pease, and beans, are added such things as spinach, cabbage, and pumpkin for pies, all of which seem to be nearly, if not quite, as good as fresh vegetables. The only article of food on board that is really bad is the pie-crust ; there are not adjectives enough in any language to describe this atrocious stuff. So surprisingly good is the eating now that I have copied down what we had at each meal for one week, in the very worst weather. Here it is, with the hope that the reader will not be bored in the perusal thereof.

SUNDAY

Breakfast.—Salt mackerel, smoked sausage, boiled hominy, and potatoes.

Dinner.—Pea soup, pressed corned beef, boiled potatoes, spinach, tapioca pudding, *demi-tasse* !

Supper.—Pressed corned beef, fried potatoes, jam, and cheese.

MONDAY

Breakfast.—Oatmeal, ham and eggs, corn bread.

Dinner.—Vermicelli soup, beef stew, boned turkey, asparagus, boiled potatoes, deep apple pie.

Supper.—Boned turkey, corned-beef hash, baked potatoes, canned strawberries, "Hamburg process."

TUESDAY

Breakfast.—Fried tripe, scrambled eggs (questionable), griddle-cakes.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Dinner.—Vegetable soup, Hamburg steak of fresh pork, Boston baked beans, pumpkin pie.

Supper.—Mutton stew, baked beans, stewed corn, marmalade.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast.—Oatmeal, salt herring, bacon, potatoes, rolls.

Dinner.—Oyster soup, prawn curry and rice, boned turkey and string-beans, blackberry pie.

Supper.—Salt beef stew, baked potatoes, stewed apples, canned pears.

THURSDAY

Breakfast.—Hominy, bacon and eggs, muffins.

Dinner.—Beef broth, roast fresh pork, asparagus, tinned plum pudding.

Supper.—Boned chicken, corned-beef hash, rolls, fig preserves.

FRIDAY

Breakfast.—Smoked salmon, omelette (questionable), rice pancakes.

Dinner.—Clam chowder, picked-up codfish, meat pie, pease, huckleberry pie.

Supper.—Fish-balls, cold tongue, marmalade.

SATURDAY

Breakfast.—Lobster curry and rice, bacon rolls.

Dinner.—Vegetable soup, roast fresh pork, Boston beans, macaroni, quince pie.

Supper.—Cold pork, baked potatoes, baked beans, stewed prunes.

To this excellent bill of fare I must add that every single item is of the very best, and when it is mentioned that the ship was stored by Morris & Co., who include the White Star Line among their patrons, further comment is hardly necessary. All the pickles and preserves are in glass jars and put up by Crosse & Blackwell, Worcestershire sauce by Lea & Perrin, while olives, Edam cheese, and several varieties of biscuits are always on the table. With such eating, we can exclaim with Nansen, "Are we to be pitied

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

when such cheer for the inner man is provided ?” Coffee that is actually delicious washes down all these good things. Would that sailors fared as well in proportion.

But oh, the surroundings ! The captain in his table manners really isn’t so very much out of the way, but the mate and the table-cloth are utterly beyond language. The crust of dirt upon every visible portion of old Goggins’s anatomy is rapidly increasing, and mire of various sorts is crystalized in the folds of his corrugated skin. It is true that the second mate of the “Mandalore” was no better, but then he didn’t eat with us, while this creature does, instead of with his pachydermatous relatives in the sty.

The table-cloth is a marvellous piece of work at the end of the third day, with islands of gravy, continents of soup, lakes of coffee, and dollops of all kinds of grease, so that it looks like a sort of hideous crazy quilt. All this could be avoided by using a piece of white oil-cloth instead of the soiled cotton cloth, and it could be wiped clean after each meal. But no deep-water skipper who ever lived could be induced to abandon his table-cloth, which he cherishes with an extravagant affection. To him it is one of the boundaries between the cabin and the forecastle, and anything reminding him of those evil days when he himself lived in that odious den is too monstrous for thought. Latitude, $58^{\circ} 40'$ south ; longitude, 72° west.

JULY 25

And still to the southward we go. A little more of this will be more than sufficient ; but the northwesterly winds continue, and we cannot choose but steer whither they will permit us. Already we are nearly four degrees south of the Horn, and we will no doubt cross the sixtieth parallel in a short time. Many captains prefer going even as far as 64° south, and make their westing down there where the de-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

degrees of longitude are less than thirty miles, and then steer north on a meridian, if they can. *If they can.* Ah ! that's the point ; for often, after penetrating far into the high latitudes, they cannot get north again when they want to, and these vessels then make very long passages. For instance, about three years ago several ships were in sight of each other, all bound to the westward. Some of them, including the "Reuce," a Yankee ship, of which Mr. Rarx was then second mate, knocked about near the land, waiting for a slant ; the others dove into the southward immediately, including the "St. Paul." All of the latter made very long passages, the "Reuce" having discharged her cargo in San Francisco and commenced reloading before the "St. Paul" arrived. Captain Scruggs is one of those who do not advocate the southern passage, and he has no chart that reaches below 58° south, so that my track chart of the world is the only one that can be used just now. This doesn't seem right, for ships in the Cape Horn trade ought to be provided with charts to the South Polar Circle. Suppose a ship were blown down among the South Shetlands without a chart ? Such a thing is quite possible, and once in that archipelago without a knowledge of the land or any of the courses, a ship would stand mighty little chance of getting out again in bad weather.

This wind is just exactly in the wrong place ; of course, we could go round on the other tack, but we couldn't do better than north-northeast by compass, which would be an absurd course, so we have to go pegging away at it and trust to luck. We are now almost exactly south of New York, and can imagine the people eating and sleeping there at the same time that we do ourselves, though under somewhat different conditions. Steady rain has commenced again ; the aneroid stands at 29, and the melancholy, doleful appearance of the heavens and the sea has appar-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ently increased. Latitude, $59^{\circ} 40'$ south ; longitude, $75^{\circ} 20'$ west.

JULY 26

At last we are steering our course, west-northwest true. A very light breeze has just now (4 P.M.) begun to breathe softly out of the southeast, so faint that we are not doing a mile an hour against a head-sea ; but even such a progression is most welcome, being in the right direction.

We had all the wind that we wanted yesterday afternoon, though from the westward. It began to blow hard at three o'clock, and at 4.30 the upper fore- and mizzen-top-sails were clewed up ; the main-topsail was double-reefed at five ; the main-sail was furled at six ; at seven the foresail was hauled up, and it was blowing a furious gale. So violent was the wind that all hands were more than an hour and a half making fast the foresail alone. At midnight there wasn't a breath of wind, and we have ever since floundered about in a heavy swell from several simultaneous directions, and we presented the singular appearance of a ship becalmed under a double-reefed maintop-sail. Of such is the weather in the heart of the Southern Ocean. We have crossed the sixtieth parallel, and at noon we were two hundred and forty miles farther south than Cape Horn ; and so silent and desolate is this vast ocean that, like Nansen in the "Fram," we pursue our journey in deepest solitude, a molecule in this, the largest body of water on the globe.

There is no alteration in the dark weather, save that at one this afternoon the sun showed himself for a moment, and I tried to get an ex-meridian, but failed because of the poor horizon. It has now been almost a fortnight since we have had either a chronometer or a meridian sight, and our reckoning is probably far from true. There is always

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

something adverse in taking sights down here ; for, if the sun isn't obscured, a bad horizon makes the correct altitude impossible ; and if the sea-rim is well marked, there is sure to be a gale of wind blowing to drench the sextant with spray. Happy is the mariner who can get an accurate observation once every ten days south of Cape Horn, and ships often reach 30° south in the Pacific without a glimpse of the sun. At four yesterday afternoon the heaviness and the oppressiveness and foreboding look of the atmosphere were almost terrible; while the disk of the sun, weak and pale through the mist-squalls, glared down upon the wild scene with sickly eye. Hope has arisen within our breasts, though, with the present southeasterly airs, and perhaps it will not be long now until we are in bright sunshine again, which will dry out everything below. The stove seems powerless to reduce the humidity of the cabin, and the condition of the dining-room is absolutely outrageous.

At supper last evening we had a pleasant little diversion. An unexpectedly heavy sea had come up from the northwest, which, catching the ship on the quarter, would heave her over to leeward in tremendous rolls. The supper-bell had rung, and my wife and I had seated ourselves at the table on the weather-side, the cat perching itself between us upon the bench ; the skipper and mate had not yet come in.

At that moment these were the contents of the table : four dinner-plates, four saucers, two plates of bread and biscuit, a large dish of baked potatoes, a platter of corned-beef hash, a pressed tongue, a dish of butter, a glass jar of marmalade, a basin of stewed apples, and innumerable knives, forks, and spoons. All at once there came that peculiar motion that always precedes an unusually heavy roll in a sailing ship. We grasped the long bench with the grip of death. One short roll to wind-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ward, and then began the deep, ponderous, resistless lurch to leeward. Over she went, leisurely and quietly, and still farther, till she must have been rail under. At this moment a dusky object shot by us with incredible speed ; it was the steward, who vanished backward into the open store-room opposite, and we saw him not again for several minutes. The last part of him to fade out of sight was his ghastly smile disappearing through the doorway. Then various objects began to fetch away in the pantry,—tin cans, cups and saucers, gradually increasing to an *allegro furioso*; and, finally, with a frightful clash, like the climax of a full orchestra, the entire contents of the table swept grandly across to leeward, and fell like an avalanche against the opposite wall. For the moment we were stunned by the appalling crash, and then there smote upon our ears a shriek whose equal cannot be conceived. It swelled now from a low murmur to a perfectly infernal scream, like the screech of a fog siren, and anon sank down again, like the moaning wail of the Irish death-cry. It was the cat. At first we thought that it was buried under the hurricane of dishes, and looked to see it lying in slithers upon the floor. But no ; his tail had been nipped in the movable back with which the benches are provided, and the harder we pushed back against it to prevent ourselves from being projected across the table the fiercer was the grip on the tail. We could not release the unhappy animal without unpleasant results, not to say injury, to ourselves, and we could but sit and hearken to its dreadful voice.

Solemnly and slowly the ship righted, and a scene of remarkable devastation confronted us. On the table two articles remained, a saucer and a shallow, empty, wooden box, used to chock things off in. Everything else had crashed against the opposite wall with such terrific energy that the plates and dishes were reduced to the minutest

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

fragments. Before it finally found a resting-place the cylindrical roll of tongue had carromed separately on each baked potato ; a large, unbroken platter slid back and forth on the floor like a toboggan upon a slick, gleaming path of apple-sauce ; the butter was face down in the extreme corner of the store-room ; and the elliptical wad of corned-beef hash loomed up brown and moist upon the opposite panel, where it had stuck like a wet snow-ball.

When the final clatter had calmed down like the distant mumblings of a thunder-storm, the steward protruded his scared face around the angle of the doorway, and, urged by the saw-like voice of the skipper, who had now flown into a passion, and was standing at the threshold, began to slowly gather up the fragments of our once succulent repast. We contrived to fare pretty well, though, by scraping off the tongue and opening a tin of pease and tomatoes ; and we would have treated the whole affair as a joke had it not been for the old man's temper. He was thoroughly angry, and when I observed that on the "Mandalore" we had racks four inches high instead of two, and that we broke not a dish or a cup during the passage, he almost suffocated, and after glaring at us a moment, leaning against the mizzen-mast at the head of the table, he snarled, "I druther set right down and eat offen the floor than have sech things on the table."

Indeed, he has been in a violent mood all day at the light weather, and a growl is all that he has vouchsafed by way of an answer. After dinner he went prowling about forward looking for a row, and when he couldn't find one, he came back and threw half a plank down the lazarette hatch at the poor, mewling, deserted alley-cat which he keeps shuts up in the gloom of that dusky cavern. Latitude, 60° 10' south ; longitude, 76° 20' west.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

JULY 27

Wind east, force 6 ; course, northwest, half west, true ; distance run in the last sixty minutes, ten knots ! Glorious work ; it is the fastest that we have gone through the water in several weeks ; for the last time that we flew along at this speed was off the coast of Patagonia, with a west-northwest gale over the quarter. The grand easterly wind did not reach us until the morning watch, however, so that the whole day's run was not so great as the heading of this day's log would indicate. Yesterday, from 4 to 8 P.M., we lounged about in an almost perfect calm ; and the stars came out of a clear, placid sky, and, quivering and trembling, peered down upon an ocean nearly motionless, for nothing but the ghost of the southwest swell remained. At the present moment even the last vestige of it has vanished under the influence of the east wind, and the sea is silent and undisturbed save for the ruffling caused by the fast-freshening breeze. Strange weather for 60° south, only four hundred and fifty miles from the South Polar Circle, in a locality world-famous for its seas and storms. Sometimes, as in our case, enormous seas are encountered in sight of Cape Horn itself ; but usually the largest are seen to the westward of the Diego Ramirez, where the sea sinks again to great depths. This easterly wind is quite surprising to us also ; for, barring one day of southeasterly winds when we first spoke the French ship, four weeks ago, we have had almost continuous westerly gales. Even for Cape Horn a month of such implacable winds is a bad record, for on an average an easterly blow should come every two or three weeks. Our joy, therefore, is very great, now that we are going so finely and heading our true course, with the wind on the quarter, and all possible sail set and drawing. Another unusual, and to our eyes an extremely beautiful, spectacle was the bright, clear sky of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

last night, with the shining path of the Milky Way encircling the heavens with its girdle of gold-dust ; the stately form of the Crux Australis, now at the zenith ; and in the south, forty-five degrees above the horizon, those two weird nebulae, the Magellan Clouds, gazing down at us with wan, dim eyes.

Still another source of delight is the fact that for the first time in three weeks I have been able to wear foot-gear other than rubber boots. My leather ones cracked from being hung too near the stove, so that ever since we passed Cape Virgins it has either been raining so hard or the sea has been so heavy, even on the poop, that nothing but rubber would keep the feet dry ; and three steady weeks of rubber boots is somewhat monotonous. And sleep ! Heavens ! what a grand one last night was for peaceful, deep rest, the first that we have had since we showed our nose outside of Cape St. John. Instead of the customary rolling through an arc of about forty degrees, there was nothing in the ship's motion to indicate that we were afloat except an occasional deep breath, rather pleasant than otherwise. But I am writing as though we were in the Tropics and in fine weather for good and all ; instead of which, there are hundreds, almost thousands of miles to cover before the fine, warm days begin. At this season fine weather cannot be looked for till we cross 30° south in about 100° west, a difference of latitude alone of eighteen hundred miles, not to mention longitude at all.

Would that some stranger could have heard the mate's conversation at dinner to-day and witnessed his gesticulations. The old man commenced on the subject of the men who manned sailing ships in these days, a topic that invariably has him in a helpless rage in a few minutes. "Why," said he, after a long speech, "I had a crew once in the 'Priscilly Waters' that was sailors, not farmers ; one watch

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

of those fellows would do more work in four hours than the whole of the eighteen men here in a day, and there was only ten of 'em before the mast. Why, all hands on the 'Waters' used to nearly yank the masts out of her."

As in duty bound, the mate agreed with the skipper, which he did by sharp jerks and winks in the old man's direction ; and even went him one better by telling how, in ancient days on the Pacific coast, *he* had had a crew in the "Jacob Billings," for nineteen months on end, who used to lift the ship clean out of the water. But his manner of speech at meals in the captain's presence ! His absurd, grotesque ways ! He is always much embarrassed how to begin when he has anything on his mind ; and I can see him now, grinning and simpering like a fool, gazing intently out of the forward window. At last his meditations overwhelm him ; and, drawing his greasy sleeve several times across his mouth from ear to ear, he begins to utter odd sounds in his throat, still staring out on the main-deck. Gradually he grows bolder, and fragments of sentences can be here and there detected ; when suddenly, carried entirely away, he turns his bleary eyes full upon you and finishes in a violent shout, instantly collapsing, like an exhausted bellows.

Often, during an evening, when I go on deck for a breath of air before turning in, he will discourse thus : " I tell you, Mr. Stevens, Noo York carn't touch San Francisco for cheap livin'. Why, sir, I can git a meal in a 'igh-toned rest'rانت there for less nor a quarter of what I can East. Me and the wife was passin' along the street in San Francisco one evenin' (yer'd never take me for the mate of a ship, sir, if you was to meet me ashore), and she says to me, says she, ' 'Arry, I'm 'ungry,' says she. 'Hall right,' I says, 'so am I.' So we goes into a 'igh-toned rest'rانت and has a bowl er soup, a bit er fish, a pick er veal, some

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

vegetables, a piece er pie, and a big cupper corfee. And 'ow much d'ye think it were? Ten cents apiece. 'Pretty good,' says I to th' old woman; 'we'll try it in Noo York.' So w'en we got East ag'in, we went into a rest'rant on Fulton Street, near the ferry, up two flights. Oh, it were 'igh-toned, too, sir. They 'ad niggers for waiters. So I picked one out and says to 'im, ''Ere, you, bring a bit er steak,' I says, 'some pertaters, and corfee.' Well, I 'ad to leave the steak, I couldn't eat it; and I says to the nigger, 'Take them pertaters back; I never eats warmed-over vegetables.' And wot d'ye think they stuck me? Fifty cents each!"

His talking of restaurants puts me in mind of a rather amusing incident that happened to my wife and me in Boston a year or two ago. We were walking through Washington Street one evening, and being extremely hungry, stepped into one of the many dairy kitchens that adorn that thoroughfare. We found, upon seating ourselves, that it was a religious institution, with biblical mottoes upon the walls, and we were amusing ourselves watching the amazement of the prim, gray old couples from the country, almost stunned by the bevelled mirrors and electric lamps, when we became aware of two glaring legends hung cheek by jowl high up on the wall. One read, "Only the righteous shall see God." Its neighbor, "Keep your eye on your hat and coat." Latitude, 59° 9' south; longitude, 79° 15' west.

JULY 28

Course, northwest true, distance run in the twenty-four hours, two hundred and seventy-eight miles! Hurrah for the fair wind! Long live the easterly gale! What better conditions could be desired than those that now prevail? A fair, fresh gale, a sea which, while rough, is

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

nothing out of the way, and a splendid position in which to take the expected northwesterly gales in a day or two. Every square inch of canvas is drawing to its utmost capacity, and we averaged only a fraction less than twelve knots for the twenty-four hours. Now, in spite of all the old records of more than three hundred and fifty miles a day, a run of two hundred and eighty is an extremely good one. It is certainly no great feat for a ship to make fifty or fifty-five miles in a watch, but when she maintains twelve knots for twenty-four hours, sailors call it fast going.

Some heavy water has come aboard in the last three hours, as all sailing vessels are very wet running before a strong wind and sea. At this very moment we shipped a comber over the quarter that broke entirely over the cabin-house with a crash that shook the bulkheads, and the skipper has just sung out, "Clew up the royals." This is still another fine example of the difference between on and off the wind. It is blowing a fresh gale, as noted before, which means about forty-five miles an hour; yet until this moment we have lugged the three royals without trouble, and only clewed them up because the sea is getting ugly; by the wind we would be under reefed topsails. The "Hosea Higgins" doesn't seem to run well. Even in this sea, which certainly is not really heavy yet, she is emphatically a wet ship. The "Mandalore," a "diving-bell," was drier than the "Higgins" is now, when she was running before a sixty-mile gale. We had no business to take that sea over the quarter a moment ago; indeed, ever since noon we have had heavy, green water on the poop, and an idea of the quantity may be gained when it is said that while the captain was standing by the weather mizzen-shrouds after dinner, a sea washed his legs from under him, and his grip on the mizzentop-sail-halliards was the only thing that prevented his being swept down on the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

main-deck. All the square windows in the weather-side of the house have been covered with the heavy, solid wooden shutters, as though they were ports in the ship's side, instead of being inside of and protected by the bulwarks. The glass, which has been wonderfully steady for sixty hours, has commenced to fall, and a heavy gale is probably overhauling us, for easterly gales off the Horn have a hard name.

In all our experience at sea we never saw anything like the dampness during the late light weather. No rain fell then, but so heavily charged with moisture was the atmosphere that the water actually ran off the poop as during a shower ; and from the top of the wheel-house, in size ten by fifteen feet, we filled two ten-gallon tubs in twelve hours with the moisture that condensed upon it ; while down the walls of our room, separated from the dining-room, where the hot stove is, only by the after-cabin, moisture trickled in glistening beads.

The men have slightly improved, though they are still a badly used-up lot of sailors. To what an apparently infinite number and variety of ailments and mishaps they are liable ! There is the tough and hardy second mate, even he has lost the entire use of one hand by a trivial accident. He had a small wart or something of that sort on the back of his right hand a few days ago, and on one occasion, while slacking off the weather lower maintop-sail-brace, one of the ropes knocked off this tiny excrescence. Mr. Rarx paid no heed to it ; but in twenty-four hours his hand had swollen dreadfully, puffing up like a huge biscuit, and where the wart had been there formed a large sore that had to be lanced. Cold salt-water and friction must be looked to as accountable for this, for Rarx is as lean and healthy-looking as a prize-fighter. Louis Jacquin, the Frenchman, too, another specimen of rugged health, had

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

a finger caught in a main-brace block and jammed, drawing blood ; and in two days an ugly purple rising appeared at the base of the nail, as large and shining as a hot-house grape—so hard, withal, that a lance penetrated it with difficulty.

The best men in the ship are sent to the helm now, for an awkward, false turn of the wheel in such a sea would broach the ship to in a moment, and then, good-by pumps, rail, and everything else on the main-deck. Latitude, $55^{\circ} 53'$ south ; longitude, $85^{\circ} 20'$ west.

JULY 29

Salve lux benigna! Yesterday morning daybreak came perceptibly earlier than it used to, and by seven o'clock it was sufficiently light to distinguish faces at a short distance ; while this morning, so much northing had we made, that at seven it was broad daylight ; and we will soon be able to eat our quarter-to-eight breakfast without the palsied yellow glare of the lamp. It is true that the sky is still of a Saturnian lead color, but the dark, heavy *feel* of the atmosphere has disappeared. To-morrow we will cut the fiftieth parallel if this easterly breeze holds. It has let go to a certain extent, yet it blew us over two hundred and fifty miles in the twenty-four hours, and in three days we have done six hundred and fifty miles to the northwestward, which is extraordinarily good work for this locality ; our position is simply splendid.

The desire of Captain Scruggs for wishing to appear that he knows everything, especially in the presence of the mate, is still very remarkable. Sometimes it is amusing, but more often extremely annoying. Frequently, when I tell him something that he has never heard of before, he will nod his head slightly, and, with an alteration of my own words, repeat the sentence aggressively and dog-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

matically, as though it came directly from him, and he was giving us the information. The mate is completely deceived, and always looks admiringly toward him, simultaneously winking and leering atrociously. Moreover, Captain Scruggs is a man whom you cannot possibly surprise by any statement ; and he is always unmoved in the face of the most unusual occurrences. As an example, we found, one morning, having taken the precaution of glancing into the pitcher, that the syrup contained a quantity of foreign substances which floated about in it.

"There seems to be a number of curious things in the syrup," I humbly ventured ; "looks like long-cut tobacco." Disturbed? Indeed, no. He only clutched the pitcher from me, peered ferociously into it, and growled, "Steward, see if you can't get this dust out with a knife."

The skipper is likewise completely destitute of imagination. Shortly after we sailed I started to read an extract to him (I was bold in those days) from a collection of excellent sea stories called "The Port of Missing Ships," in which mention is made of a mate who was so zealous that he "tried to see how near he could come to standing in two places at the same time without splitting himself." Here I paused and glanced with a smile at the old man. But, with a face as expressionless as a tadpole's, he asked, "Isn't that a little overdrawn?"

The mate rises to the most sublime heights of his absurdities when he observes at dinner, as he frequently does, with a smirk perfectly diabolical, "Hi knows the secrets of hall the codfish haristocracy of San Francisco. My old woman used to work in the Wite 'Ouse" (*i.e.*, that city's branch of the Parisian Maison Blanc) "as a fitter ; and be gar's sakes, sir, the things wot I've 'eerd is hawful."

He also makes use of extraordinary syncopations in conversation. For example, should my wife ask him a ques-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

tion about the weather, he always says "Sam?" which, being done into English, signifies, "What say, ma'am?"

Mr. Goggins is also abnormally addicted to stewed prunes, which we often have for supper. He usually disposes of four or five at each mouthful, and you wait to see him get rid of the pits; but you are disappointed, because he seems to have swallowed them. At length he has finished a large saucerful, pushes back his plate, draws his sleeve heavily across his face, leans back in his seat, looks fixedly at a point in the ceiling with a wooden face, draws in a long breath, bends over, and gently blows a dozen or so of prune-stones into his plate, like a shower of hail-stones. Then mumbling, "Hexcuse me, sir," wriggles off his seat and out of the door. Latitude, $52^{\circ} 34'$ south; longitude, $89^{\circ} 37'$ west.

JULY 30

At last we have accomplished the arduous midwinter passage of the Horn, having been twenty-two days off the stormy Cape, or just about the average; but we would have been at least a week longer had it not been for that friendly easterly wind. We actually saw the sun several times to-day, too, were enabled to ascertain our exact location, and our calculations proved to be only fifty miles out in longitude and thirty in latitude. In consideration of the fact that for about a fortnight we wrestled with powerful currents, and uncertain ones at that, the error, especially in the departure, must be considered insignificant, in view of the almost limitless sea-room. Whatever may be Captain Scruggs's failings, he is a first-rate seaman, and a keen, astute navigator; and on many occasions near Cape Horn we had opportunities of observing his accurate, almost infallible judgment.

To add to our increasing sense of comfort, the sun is

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

mounting very rapidly in the heavens, both on account of our northing and by reason of the lengthening of the southern days. The noon altitude was $21^{\circ} 20'$, a very respectable height, more than double that of a week ago, when at meridian the sun, if we had been able to measure his altitude, would not have been more than $9^{\circ} 30'$ above the horizon. The orb, besides, had sufficient power to raise the mercury two degrees at mid-day when we hung a thermometer in his rays.

Off Cape Horn in winter the temperature is usually somewhat lower than that of the North Atlantic between the British Isles and the Newfoundland Banks in January. It is only between the latter point and New York that vessels experience such an intensity of frost as to contract the mercury to zero and sheath them in several feet of solid ice. That is, in the deepest seclusions of the open sea, the weather, even in the coldest season in high latitudes, is generally mild and soft compared with that found at the same parallel near a great expanse of land. Indeed, the comparatively high temperature of the entire Southern Ocean in winter is due to the preponderance of sea, the long, narrow finger of Patagonia being the only land south of 45° , save some diminutive clusters of islands.

On the other hand, though, owing to the uniformity of temperature produced by such a waste of ocean, Cape Horn summers are but little warmer than the winters; the difference between the lowest of July and the highest of December being only 18° , the average for the year being 42° ; whereas in Canada, far away from the mellowing influence of salt-water, there is an extreme thermometrical range of 150° between the seasons. Compare Cape Horn's winter temperature of 30° in the latitude of 56° and that of Minnesota of 55° below zero, though St. Paul is six hundred and fifty miles nearer the equator. St. Paul's average for

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the year, 44° , is almost identical with that of the Horn, the intense heat of the northern summers almost exactly balancing a degree of cold not exceeded by 20° on the Arctic Ocean. Contrary to the general opinion, the most intense cold is not to be found in the far northern sea where Nansen travelled, but in Siberia. In the centre of that desolate country is a town called Irkutsk in 52° north, or fifteen degrees south of the Polar Circle, at which the lowest natural temperature ever recorded by man has been observed, the spirit thermometers once showing a temperature of 93° below zero, or $53\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below the freezing point of mercury. Artificial cold, though, has far exceeded this reading, as Professor Dewar obtained a temperature of about 370° below zero in the liquefaction of oxygen. This latter figure is about as conceivable as the unit of measure of the astronomer, who adopts as his basis of calculation for celestial distances that extent of space which a ray of light would cover in a year, moving at the rate of one hundred and eighty thousand miles per second. In other words, instead of using one mile, his unit of distance is 5,676,480,000,000 miles, which is known as a light year; and he further crushes us with the information that stars of the seventeenth magnitude are thirty thousand light years away.

By this time the exhausted reader has said to himself many times, "What's all this got to do with the Southern Ocean?" So, with apologies for such an excursion into the infinite, let us continue.

We are now kept farther away than ever from the dining-room stove by a new aggregation of garments, very different from the others, which need a little explanation. All the oil-skins in the slop-chest were used up by the men last week, and we have had to manufacture some for them. Many ships make a practice of taking to sea several suits of heavy cotton (which oil-skins are made of), but without

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

being treated with the usual mixture of wax and oil. When, therefore, a ship's regular stock of oil-skins has been exhausted, the captain produces some of these cotton suits and has them well rubbed with three coats of boiled linseed oil, allowing each coat to dry ; the result being thoroughly water-tight, pliable garments, which will not crack, as slop-chest oil-skins have a curious habit of doing.

Around our stove for three or four days there have been suspended several of these suits, so oil-sodden that to touch one means an immense grease-spot. Nor is this the only inconvenience, for the whole interior of the cabin reeks with the stifling fumes of hot, boiled oil.

As far as we have been able to discover, there is but one article sold from a slop-chest to sailors that is worth paying for, and that is the stiff, black sou'wester. They are very comfortable, though as rigid as a fireman's leather helmet, and are lined with heavy red flannel, with a band of the same that extends over the ears and back of the neck, to the exclusion of the most penetrating snow-squalls. The face is protected by a wide visor of the same inflexible stuff, which extends far down over the neck. As the old man remarked, " One o' these things would stop a battle-axe." However exaggerated this may be, though, they do most effectively preserve the cranium from the severest Cape Horn hail-squalls ; you might as well tie a handkerchief over your head as to wear an ordinary yellow sou'wester in one of these squalls, as far as protection from the hail is concerned.

We now have for tea every evening a dish entirely new to us. It is a hind-quarter of pig steeped in brine for a fortnight ; in other words, an unsmoked ham ; and it is the sweetest, juiciest pig meat imaginable. I would rather eat it than the tenderest young sucking pig I ever tasted. Another very successful article of food on board is the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

soup, which is made as follows : Empty one of the large one-gallon tins of mutton (put up in a liquor like canned sausages) into a saucepan ; add tinned carrots, tomatoes, rice, and barley, boil them together for about thirty minutes, season well with a very little onion, pepper, etc., and a rich, well-flavored soup will be obtained which would pass for stock soup almost anywhere ashore. It is infinitely better than the finest tinned soup. The mutton before alluded to is often purchased by ships in large quantities and given to the men, alternating with salt beef and pork ; it is also much used for making meat pies for the cabin table, for which it is well suited, the resemblance to fresh mutton being remarkable. Our last pig has just been slaughtered ; it seemed a pity to kill the poor beast, for he was an intelligent, quaint little fellow, very tame, and fond of being petted. Latitude, $50^{\circ} 14'$ south ; longitude, $90^{\circ} 12'$ west.

JULY 31

Our breeze from west-northwest has not been very strong for the past twenty-four hours, and in addition we made two degrees of easting, which is sad. This was the first morning for a month on which we were able to eat our breakfast without lamplight, and in another week we hope to dispense with it at supper also. The weather is by no means clear yet, though, and we are now crossing the famous Roaring Forties, that belt of fierce winds lying between the parallels of forty and fifty on both sides of the equator, and clear skies cannot be expected until we are north of 40° south at least.

I expect to suffocate with suppressed hilarity before long if Mr. Goggins continues to grow more absurd. Last night I went on deck about ten o'clock and found the mate silently pacing athwartships near the wheel-house. It was

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

raining, and his costume itself was enough to generate mirth in an owl. He was wrapped as in a sable shroud, in some one's long black oil-skin coat, which was so much too large for him as to touch the deck, and the sleeves hung down half-way to his knees like the arms of a walrus, while his head was covered with a very old, limp sou'-wester, also black, which fitted him like a skull-cap ; it possessed not even an indication of a brim, so that the drizzling rain trickled down along the musty creases of his face, glistening in the wake of the binnacle-lamp. His forsaken appearance was further enhanced by a couple of yards of ancient gray rattlin-stuff that girded up the folds of his coat and prevented his tramping on it.

Without a word he ranged up alongside, and dropping his voice to a rasping whisper, as is his wont whenever he is about to reveal a startling theory, he said, mysteriously and very suddenly,—

“ The human race is on the decline, sir.”

I didn't reply, and he continued, “ Where are the strap-pin' big fellows, five-foot ten, five-foot eleven, and five-foot twelve, you used to see ? Where are they, I say ? *Gone. Gone.* And wot do ye find now ? The present generation is growin' up small and feeble, sir. They're weak and no good. And luk at the winds ; they're changin' too. They hain't wot they used to be in the Atlantic ; nor in the Pacific ; nor off Cape Horn. The Trades is changed. Everythink's changed. I may be a hold fool, sir, but I knows a thing or two. There's more in my 'ead than comes out with a fine-tooth comb.”

All this with the most intense earnestness and so much stifled emotion as to render him partially unintelligible, while he snapped and jerked his long sleeves about in the most uncomfortable manner.

Then he abruptly changed the thread of discourse and

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

began, "You talk about seas comin' aboard, but you ought to been with me once when I was mate o' the 'Commodore.' 'Twas in the Santa Barbara Channel, and blowin' a whole gale o' wind. We were runnin', but bime by the old man thought he'd heave her to. So we put the hellum down, and as she was comin' up, be gar's sakes, sir, she shipped a sea that I thought was goin' to take the hatches off. 'You'd better jump below and call the second mate,' said the cap'n ; so I slipped down the after-companion-way into the cabin, where the old man's eight-year-hold son was jockeyin' a sofy that had fetched away, and says he, 'Dad's a-givin' of 'er 'ell, ain't he?' he says. Well, I called the second mate, and then the cap'n says to us, 'Go down and cut the lashin's o' that ere water-cask by the after-hatch ; she'll wipe the houses off if she don't free herself.' 'Twas a funny thing to do, but he was cap'n ; so we crawled down on the main-deck where the watch was knockin' about and cut the barrel adrift. In less nor five seconds it went through the rail, and in a minute there warn't a capful o' water on deck. It cost about ten feet o' the port bulwarks, but 'twas our only chance."

Now that we are well up past the rigors of Cape Horn, it actually seems as though we were close to San Francisco, while five thousand miles of latitude remain and fully fifty degrees of longitude, as ships are forced well out into the Pacific by the northeast Trades. Latitude, $48^{\circ} 30'$ south ; longitude, $88^{\circ} 25'$ west.

AUGUST 1

Oh, how divinely beautiful and grand the dark-blue floor of heaven is after four weeks of hard gales, leaden, lowering clouds, and gray, clammy mists ! To-day for the first time the sun shone with dazzling splendor, and although

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the altitude at meridian was only $26^{\circ} 51'$, we agreed that never before in our lives had we known a day of equal magnificence. And, even making allowance for our enthusiasm, the weather was well-nigh perfect. Between sunrise and dusk not the smallest cloud blurred the blue sky, which was reflected in a sea of dazzling crests, whose valleys partook of that dark, superb, velvety blue which is seen only where the ocean-bed sinks to immense depths, and which Mark Twain says looks solid enough to walk upon. A sparkling breeze whistled out of the west as exhilarating as pure oxygen, giving us a speed for the twenty-four hours of nine knots. That blighting, killing chill has vanished and one's ears no longer tingle on exposure; and at noon we enjoyed a temperature of 50° , a rise of twenty degrees from the lowest. What a change in six days from 60° south, 76° west, to 45° south, 88° west! Pretty good work that, in less than a week; it is so much better than the average that it seems incredible. We cannot believe that in so short a time we have been blown across what ought to have been the worst part of the entire voyage. It was all the work of the east wind.

Just now there is a long, deep roll coming in from the southwest, and I am earnestly looking for some of those immense waves for which the South Pacific is famous. According to sailors, they usually occur two or three days after new and full moon; and as we had a new moon last night, perhaps we will see some of these rollers. This reminds me, however, that scientists have determined, after protracted observations, that the moon's phases have no influence at all on the weather. Sailors often say during a spell of bad weather, "Well, there's a change in the moon to-night; we'll have a fine day to-morrow"; and if chance supports their remark, heaven couldn't shake their belief.

This heavy sea that is met with here is generally not at

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

all ugly ; only a deep heave-up from the southward, often without wind, and is said to be one of the most impressive of all oceanic phenomena. The South Atlantic as well as the Pacific is also visited periodically by immense seas during calm weather. At St. Helena and Ascension they are called "rollers," while at Fernando de Noronha and on the West African coast they are known by the Portuguese name of "calemmas." They seem to occur chiefly in January, and, strange to say, they invariably came from the northwest. The quotation that follows is from the pen of Captain S. P. Oliver, who visited St. Helena in 1881 in one of the Union steamers :

"These rollers set in from the northwest on Thursday, January 13, with unusual severity, but lulled somewhat on the following day, Friday, only to recur with abnormal force on Saturday, attaining their maximum strength on Saturday night, so that the spectacle on Sunday morning was grand and magnificent, while the weather was bright and calm. It was surprising to see the spray of these deep ocean waves hurled by sheer force, for there was no wind, like fountains over the huge cliffs of Goat Pound Ridge and Horse Pasture, which rise perpendicularly seven hundred feet sheer out of the sea. The force of these enormous billows was spent by Sunday night, and gradually subsided into the normal calm on Monday morning."

At our present rate of sailing a fortnight would see us on the equator, but if we cross it in three weeks it will be fine work. What sort of luck are we going to have between these westerly winds and the southeast Trades? That is one of the crucial points of the voyage that remain, another being, how far south will the northeast Trades blow ?

We had a little excitement to-day at dinner. Ever since our cabin fire has been going, it has been the custom of the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

steward to put a can of whatever vegetable we were to have that day for dinner upon the top of the stove to heat ; the proper way, of course, is to place the can in a dish of water and that in turn upon the stove or what not. To-day it was a tin of string-beans, and the steward, fully an hour before dinner, put the can upon the stove, which was nearly red-hot. (The warmer the day the hotter the fire, here as elsewhere.) When the soup had been cleared away, the gentle, timid little Malay took the tin into the pantry and attacked it with a can-opener. But no sooner was the metal pierced than the whole pantry was filled with a suffocating steam that rushed hissing out of the vent with the most astonishing fury. We sat aghast. The old man cursed a little and the mate got up, but instantly thought better of it and sat down again. And still the steam came belching out of the can, which had fallen down and was shooting about the pantry like a demented steam-cylinder, while we could dimly perceive the slender form of the little steward through the pungent vapory clouds making courageous efforts to lay hold of the bewitched bean-can. For nearly a minute steam continued to escape with such force that it almost shrieked ; and had the tin remained another five minutes on the stove it must certainly have exploded and scattered boiling water, beans, and jagged fragments of tin and lead about the room.

Last evening at supper a bottle of Apollinaris burst in my hand with a loud report as I was opening it, scaring the valiant Goggins into upsetting a full cup of tea upon a clean cloth, for which the old man fixed him with his eye and held him thus for quite half a minute during an awful silence.

If only for the sake of the sailors we are anxious to get into warm weather again as soon as possible. Now that they have removed the mufflers, etc., from their necks and

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

heads, we can see how pale and washed out most of them are. There are only two among them who do not bear ocular proof of the hardships of a month in the Southern Ocean in July. Paddy is perhaps the worst looking of the whole crew, though he cannot be thirty years of age. This is due probably to his never, under any circumstances, shirking his work, and to his exerting himself more than any one else in the ship. Indeed, he was so full of nerve and energy in the worst weather, that the captain surprised us once by saying, pointing to Paddy on a yard-arm in a heavy squall, "There's what I call a brave man ; he doesn't know what fear is." The skipper didn't mean to insinuate that Paddy was courageous for going out on the yard at that moment ; he was thinking about his general conduct.

Poor Paddy's arms from wrist to elbow are perfect mountain-chains of sea-boils, and he looks as ghastly and pallid as a corpse, with pointed nose and staring eyes ; his entire appearance has changed. It may be interesting to add that the majority of foremast hands do not live to be forty-three years old.

I forgot to say that for the first time in five weeks the mate shaved for dinner to-day, and so sleek and blue and shiny and naked did it make him look, that it was almost a shock when he sat down opposite us. Latitude, $45^{\circ} 2'$ south ; longitude, $87^{\circ} 40'$ west.

AUGUST 2

This day was even finer than yesterday, except that since ten this forenoon we haven't had much wind. But the weather is warmer, 48° at 8 A.M., and the sea is as placid and still and clear as under the line. All the ground-swell has disappeared, and the great, level expanse of the mighty South Pacific stretches on all sides in tiny crinkles, frosted here and there by a crisp sparkle of froth ; and the sea-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

rim bounds the view in a circle as sharp and black as ink. It was a day of almost tropic beauty, save that the air lacked the ineffable balm characteristic of a day at sea between Cancer and Capricorn. We rejoice at seeing the sky-sails once more expanded to the breeze, for to-day the three yards were crossed, giving to the ship a fine-weather look. Juan Fernandez will soon be abeam, and then only a few degrees more to the Trades, for we made three and a half degrees of latitude yesterday and hardly any easting. How pleasant it is to think of the approach of warm weather again, when we can lie in deck-chairs in the shadow of the wheel-house with a good book, or pass away the hours with a backgammon- or cribbage-board !

We are very much pleased to find how free this ship is from roaches that usually abound in sailing vessels ; the only member of that objectionable family that we have yet perceived was a small red one ; of the large, black cock-roaches we have not seen one, though on the "Mandalore" we were told that they were numerous on all wooden ships. Neither have we discovered any of the more villanous creatures, which cannot be said of many transatlantic mail steamers.

A fact worthy of note, as deplorable as it was unexpected, is that since passing the meridian of Cape Horn we have not seen a single albatross. Indeed, during the whole passage we haven't seen more than a dozen of them, they having been most numerous between the river Plate and Staten Land. In truth, the albatross seems to be disappearing, which is not astonishing when it is considered that many ship-masters either use them as rifle-targets or catch them by the half-dozen with hook and line, and take the quills and down home to sweethearts and wives. Is it not odd, by the way, that there are more benedicts among sea-captains than are to be found among the men of any other

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

profession? Yet long-voyage skippers, who are invariably married men, see their wives only once a year.

Perhaps the albatross has been driven away into regions even more solitary than Cape Horn, but it is my belief that they are gradually vanishing, which is to be much lamented. They are of no apparent use to mankind, but neither is the tiger; yet if that royal beast were upon the eve of extermination, as our bison is, there would be a great wailing heard in the land. The albatross, be it said, has all the regal dignity of the bison; and no one who has not seen it can imagine the imperial flight of a full-grown wanderer. Latitude, $41^{\circ} 35'$ south; longitude, $86^{\circ} 56'$ west.

AUGUST 3

Pleasant northerly breezes, a smooth sea, and brilliant sunshine gladdened our hearts this morning, and at noon we found ourselves well north of 40° . The wind hauled to the northward somewhat during the night, though, so that, with the variation, we did not make good a better course than northeast by north, and are now heading for Juan Fernandez in 34° south.

We have made a disagreeable discovery about Timothy Powers in the port-watch. I don't remember whether it was mentioned before or not, but Tim was said to have fallen off the forward house two weeks ago and sprained his right arm. From the first the captain never could discover anything wrong with it, but as the fellow insisted that he suffered terrible pains in that member, there was naught to do for a while but to believe him. At last the skipper grew tired of Tim's loafing, and, going out on the main-deck this morning, he gave the Irishman a very sulphurous dressing down and compelled him to turn to. He was sent forward to clean out the pig-pen, and he went to work with a woful countenance to lift off two planks that served as an apology

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

for a roof to the sty. He couldn't move them with one hand, so he stopped, looked carefully about to see whether or not he was observed by the mates or any of his friends, deliberately took his arm out of the sling in which he still insisted on carrying it, lifted the heavy planks down with ease, put his arm back in the sling, resumed his pitiful look, turned to reach for a broom, and found the eyes of the second mate fixed steadily upon him. Mr. Rarx had been concealed and had witnessed the whole affair. That settled it. Tim almost fainted from shock, and from now till the end of the voyage his will not be a bed of roses. Think how this creature has been imposing not only on the captain and officers, but on his fellow-shipmates as well ! For two entire weeks his most arduous duty consisted in keeping the lookout on the forward house in the daytime, perfectly well, with all night below, while his friends, ill and drenched to the skin, had to dive around the main-deck day and night with chattering teeth, two hands short in the worst weather, —two hands, because old Neilsen has been laid up in his bunk with general debility, too weak to even put his foot on the main-deck. Tim is the sort of animal who contributes much to the misery and suffering of sailors. A captain, for instance, catches a man in such a deceit, never forgets it and refuses to believe the next man, who actually has hurt himself, so that the real sufferer has to bear the penalty of the other's fraud. It is not a criminal offence, but a low, contemptible trick ; though just such a one as a man with a face like Tim's would be guilty of. The mate's powers of divination are not particularly acute, for he observed one day off the river Plate, looking at Tim, "There goes a feller that *I* call a good, faithful man."

At dinner to-day I chanced to remark that, as we had had such benefits from the easterly wind, we ought to accept our three points of easting now without grumbling. Mr. Gog-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

gins, however, is a fearful kicker, even for a sailor ; so, thinking to please the old man, he instantly replied, "We ain't had forty-eight hours o' good luck on the hull passage." This was so remarkable a statement that my wife was provoked into saying, gently but positively, "The man who talks like that doesn't deserve to reach port for six months more." "Well, we ain't," quoth Goggins, doggedly. Then I took a hand (it is usually best not to argue with him and the skipper), and asked as sarcastically as I could, "I suppose that three days' easterly gale doesn't count? And how about the first sixteen days of the voyage? You're enough of a sailor, I suppose, though, to have forgotten all that." I thought that he was floored ; but he was possessed of more vitality than one would have supposed, for he came back at me with, "Well, the yards was ag'in the backstays all the time in the North Atlantic."

This was such a novel stand to take that we let him alone, so that he got up and tramped out of the cabin much inflated. What possible difference it could make whether or not the yards touched the backstays as long as the ship lay her course and went through the water was beyond my powers of reasoning.

We are now followed by an immense number of Cape pigeons. What merry, blithesome little fellows they are, apparently all good-nature and love for one another as they circle around the ship, almost brushing the standing-gear in their mad, tumbling flight, now skimming just above the sea, now soaring over the mast-heads, and sweeping down again for very joy that they are made ! But let a bucket of table refuse be thrown over the side, and then away with good-fellowship and fraternal affection. It's a true case of every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. No sooner does the refuse touch the water than two or three catch sight of it, and in an in-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

stant fifty pigeons are involved in furious battle. They fairly scream in their excitement, and beat each other with their powerful wings, and snap viciously right and left with sharp, curved bills. Then one lucky one will perchance seize a choice morsel. Instantly he is set upon by a dozen of his companions, who mercilessly bear down upon him before he can rise from the surface with his prize, and actually beat him down under water in their fierce efforts to get at the tempting mouthful ; but so plucky are they, that we have never seen one relinquish anything when his bill has once closed upon it.

While the pigeons are engaged in this deadly strife a great molly-hawk sometimes looms up astern, having sighted the combat from afar, and dashing into the centre of the squabbling flock, which scatters before his huge wings and wide, formidable beak, like crows before a vulture, he snaps up the bone of contention and soars away to enjoy it at his leisure. After the rapacious monster has departed from out their midst, the dejected little creatures return, and hover over any particle of food that may remain, ever and anon diving far below the surface for a crumb that they perceive deep down in the placid depths, rising again with such amazing buoyancy and energy as to lift themselves clear out of the water, like an inflated bladder suddenly released. They afford us much amusement ; but another six hundred miles farther north will, no doubt, see the last of our merry little companions. Latitude, 39° 35' south ; longitude, 85° west.

AUGUST 4

Although the lovely clear skies have for a while disappeared, being obscured by the most clearly defined stratus clouds that I ever saw, the weather is bracing and dry, with a sea so smooth that it never would be supposed that we

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

were hundreds of miles from any land larger than Juan Fernandez or its neighbor, Mas-á-Fuera. Each day sees a rise of two or three degrees in the air and sea, and we are moving well up into the heart of the thirties. We will, no doubt, soon fall in with vessels from Chilean ports bound around the Horn ; but those from San Francisco have been driven so far to the westward by the Trades that in this latitude they are away over in 125° . The wind is still to the northward of west, and we continue to make more easting than is desirable ; because, if we have to steer much farther in towards the land, our course when we take the Trades will have to be northwest in order to cross the line in the right place, which, of course, would be dead before the wind, an undesirable position in a square-rigger, as in that event only the after-sails draw.

Captain Scruggs was quite a treat at the mid-day meal, for he appeared in one of his majestic phases, when no one can tell him anything that he doesn't already know. My wife unhappily mentioned that this would be fine yachting weather. Now, the mere mention of a yacht nearly always upsets him ; and we, therefore, had to listen while he disputed vigorously with himself for some minutes ; and he finally concluded with the assertion that he could take the "Volunteer" and sail right round the "Defender" ; he knew the old one was better, anyhow, than that there new brass boat, or whatever she was made of. On suggesting that he might find some little difficulty in consummating such an undertaking, he replied, "Well, I've got that confidence in myself ; I used to sail small boats when I was a boy, and I ain't forgot how."

He concluded his remarks, always delivered in explosions as though challenging you to deny them, with a disquisition on jams. He believes in the theory that all kinds of preserves are boiled down together, and that different

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

labels are then stuck on the tins. "Look at that, now," he growled, pointing to one on the table. "What d'ye call that?" I showed him the device of a fig on the wrapper, with the name beneath it. "Lemme taste it," said he, plunging a knife deep into the preserves. "There, what'd I tell you? 'Taint fig jam, it's currants; they hain't got the right libel onto it," he explained.

When dinner was over we repaired, as usual, to the after-cabin, while the old man strode heavily back into the dining-room, called the mate, and abruptly demanded, "Have you got that spigotti out yet?"

"What's that, sir?" asked the mate.

"Spigotti, spigotti; like macaroni. Don't you know by this time what spigotti is?" said the skipper, very angrily, for he knew that he didn't have the name right and that we could hear him.

"No, sir, Cap'in Scruggs, sir, I'm d—— if I do," stammered the hapless Goggins; for we could perceive the captain through a chink in the door bristled up like a ruffled bantam, and the hideous, grisly old mate, his eyes popping out like a pair of deviled kidneys, racking his brain for a translation of spigotti.

But the particularly scintillating jewel in the skipper's galaxy of remarkable pronunciations is his name for the inhabitants of Chile. They become Chilaneans; though, now that I think of it, I have heard other ship-masters put themselves to the trouble of so pronouncing it. Where do they get that extra syllable from? Now, in the case of Cubians, it's different. They all say Cuby, so why not Cubians? It's logical. But Chilaneans is unreasonable.

Speaking of Cuba reminds me of what a Chesapeake Bay fisherman asked me once, "Hain't Mayceo fit with the Cubians before?" This was just before Maceo was killed.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Captain Scruggs seems utterly unable to avoid contradiction, and, being possessed of very uncouth manners (which he nevertheless knows quite well how to correct), it may be conceived how trying an ordeal half an hour at the table with him must be. "Don't talk with him, then," is very easy to say ; we don't talk between meals to him, but at table it is almost necessary to make one or two observations in thirty minutes ; and whenever the silence becomes overwhelming and we hazard a remark, it is disheartening to listen continuously to "*I don't think so.*" Latitude, $37^{\circ} 3'$ south ; longitude $83^{\circ} 20'$ west.

AUGUST 5

Just another such day as yesterday, with the sky obscured by sharply-cut, stratus clouds. The only perceptible difference is that to-day the air is a little more balmy ; the wind and sea are precisely the same, and our experience so far has been that the Pacific is most aptly named. Of course we ought to be reaching smooth water now, though it is often rough in the southeast Trades ; the surprising part is that we had such a quiet sea in the stormy forties. The air has been wonderfully soft all day, the thermometer indicating 58° at noon, although the sky was completely overcast.

Mas-á-Fuera bore east-northeast true at mid-day, distant in round numbers one hundred miles, with Juan Fernandez two hundred miles away in about the same direction. The appearance of this latter island is said to be strikingly beautiful, though in size it is only thirteen miles by four. It consists of a series of steep, rugged hills, formed by huge boulders piled one upon the other, the loftiest reaching an altitude of three thousand feet. Palms, tree-ferns, and a thick undergrowth partially cover these rocky declivities, growing in very shallow earth, which slips away

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

when one attempts to scale the precipices, and it is said that on this account the culminating peak has never yet been ascended.

Juan Fernandez, which lies in the approximate corresponding latitude of the Madeiras, is indissolubly associated with Robinson Crusoe, Defoe having based his tale upon the adventures of one Alexander Selkirk, of Fifeshire, Scotland, who was put ashore there in 1704, at his own request, by Captain Straddling of the "Cinque Porte" galley, with whom, as master, Selkirk had quarrelled. It is highly improbable, however, that Juan Fernandez is the island pictured by Defoe, as his descriptions in *Crusoe* do not always tally with the conformations of Fernandez. Modern writers incline to the belief that Trinidad, off the Venezuelan coast, was the island in "*Robinson Crusoe*." Selkirk lived on Juan Fernandez until 1709, when he was rescued by the ship "Duke" from what seems to have been a by no means intolerable imprisonment. Mas-á-Fuera, which means "more to sea," called so by the Spaniards, though far smaller than its neighbor, is even loftier still, one peak attaining a height of four thousand feet.

In every spot where men do congregate there will nearly always be found one silent individual, from whom it is apparently impossible to extract a single syllable. We had one such on the "Mandalore," an English seaman with a Board of Trade certificate. During the whole voyage of eighteen weeks he was never heard to utter a word unless he had some unavoidable reason. Aboard the "Higgins" there is a man who can give him cards and spades on taciturnity, for he hasn't been known to speak by either mate since the eleventh of May. This contemplative genius is Karl, he whom Rarx so brutally struck in the face with the block away back in the South Atlantic. Even then no word passed his lips, though he did groan

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

He isn't surly—it is just his way—and the mates do not mind now when he doesn't answer, as he is manifestly so willing. For torpid stupidity and phlegmatic stolidity his equal would be hard to find, and we have often watched him at work and wondered, "Can it really talk?" The most unexpected and painful surprise cannot draw from him the slightest exclamation. For instance, a fortnight ago, one afternoon at the pumps, a big sea surged over the side, but most of the men saved themselves by jumping up on the fife-rail, except Karl and Brün. Indeed, the latter had saved himself, and was kneeling on the rail holding fast to the mizzen-royal-braces ; Karl's mind, though, was far too numb to grapple with such an emergency, so the water carried him off his feet, wrenched away his grip on the pump-handle, and was sweeping him across the deck, when he grasped one of Brün's feet in his flight. This broke the latter's hold on the brace, and away both flew into the water-ways, where they bobbed around for a while in thirty-six inches of icy brine. Brün was in a rage, of course, but not so Karl. His wooden face arose by and by from the roaring scuppers, placid and tranquil ; he then by degrees found his legs, waited for a weather-roll, shot back to the pumps, and resumed his place, totally unmoved. All this time he was as dumb as a giraffe.

Again, yesterday afternoon, he was doing some work on the starboard main-brace-bumpkin, when he slipped and went half under water before he caught the bight of a rope that luckily hung over the side. Even this didn't trouble him in the smallest degree ; he didn't even wink his cod-fish eyes, but seated himself again upon the bumpkin and proceeded with his job.

Toward the end of the third month at sea most people begin to suffer somewhat from dyspepsia, induced, no doubt, by the absence of fresh meat and vegetables, though

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the best tinned varieties of the latter certainly taste as good as the fresh. In the old days people, it is true, did not have the great amount of such edibles to choose from as they do now in going to sea, but they had plenty of young pigs and sheep and chickens, which atoned in measure for the lack of canned vegetables. Indeed, the deck of a Yankee ship fifty years ago looked like the conventional barn-yard, with its pig- and sheep-stalls, hennery, and not infrequently an enclosure for a couple of cows. Latitude, $34^{\circ} 5'$ south ; longitude, $83^{\circ} 15'$ west.

AUGUST 6

Gradually, since daylight, the form of the clouds has been changing till they have assumed that of cumulus, and as the wind is letting go, with an appearance of showers ahead, we seem to be upon the brink of a change in the weather. For seven days the wind has been at west-north-west, with never a shift of two whole points, while the variation of the aneroid during that period was not more than fifteen-hundredths of an inch. We are practically on the thirtieth parallel at present, so that in eleven days we have made thirty degrees of latitude. Steadily, too, the temperature has been rising, standing at 59° at eight this morning for both air and water ; a still more significant indication of our northing, however, is that last night the fire in the cabin stove was allowed to die out, to-day being the first time in thirty-eight days that we have been without artificial heat ; thus for almost six weeks has the stove been going full blast, for it was first lighted in 38° south in the Atlantic.

It is always an interesting thing to note the different attitude of captains toward their chief mates on long-voyage ships. Some are extremely affable, others are reserved and haughty to an absurd degree. Where men are con-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

fined together in so small a space as a ship's deck for months at a stretch I think that a captain ought to be reasonably unbending, but always dignified, in his manner toward the chief officer, though, of course, much depends upon the sort of man the latter is. Captain Scruggs is by turns civil and positively wolfish toward Mr. Goggins ; and one of the most curious phases of the old man's character is that he invariably crushes the mate whenever the latter says something that he thinks will please the skipper. Night before last, at supper, during a conversation about British Columbia, the mate turned to the captain and beamingly said, "I remember the time, sir, thirty years ago, when you used to could talk Chinook with the best of 'em." To his chagrin, though, the old man growled, "Never knew six words of Chinook in my life"; while as a matter of fact he used to talk it well. Mr. Goggins returned to the charge, however, and again essayed some remarks, during which he ventured to hope that the wind would back into the southward and let us make some westing, very reasonably supposing that here was a sentiment that any skipper would endorse. But, though the captain has been in a white heat lately at our easting, he observed that he "didn't care a chew er terbakker where the wind went to," which so angered the mate that he answered quite hotly, "Well, so far as *I* go, I'm sure *I* don't care 'ow long we're at sea ; but I *know* you do and so do the owners." "I say I don't care a rap, rap, rap !" stormed the skipper, and we looked for a row ; but the mate slid off the bench and disappeared.

Strange man ; unfortunate disposition. He must contradict. He feels it his duty to differ from every one else, even if he knows that he is wrong. This morning I remarked, as we sat down to breakfast, "I see the thermometer's 59° this morning." "58½°, I think," he cor-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

rected. Now, in the first place, it was 59° ; and in the second place, he wouldn't have known it if it had been half a degree lower, for he can't read a book without powerful lenses, much less the rusty scale of a thermometer a foot above his head. Latitude, $30^{\circ} 44'$ south ; longitude, $82^{\circ} 30'$ west.

AUGUST 7

“Unhook that double main-sheet ! Square the yards !” Oh, welcome, joyous words ! Even if the wind is not more than a breath, it allows us now to lay the course and with a little to spare.

There are some ultra-nautical landsmen who will vigorously object to the first word in this day's log, and will insist that I ought to have written “cast-off” instead ; but if these individuals would go to sea they would learn that there are many expressions heard aboard ship which no argument could persuade them to use, for fear of not being considered *au fait* in nautical nomenclature. We have all seen the horror of the pale youth with the large steam yacht when some one in his hearing has suggested going “down-stairs” instead of “below.” Yet many deep-water sailors say “down-stairs.” And one of Captain Scruggs's characteristic orders is, “Let the fore-t'gallant-yard run down, Mr. Rarx, and tie up the sail,” instead of “Clew up the fore-t'gant'-s'l,” while he himself ordered the double main-sheet “unhooked.”

To resume. For seven or eight days we have been jammed hard on the wind, and while we have made very excellent northing, we have fallen away to the eastward so much as to well-nigh overbalance our difference of latitude. In yesterday afternoon's watch, however, the ship began to come up, and all last night we steered northwest, our course, making fairly good way, though it fell calm at day-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

break, but breezed a bit again, and the yards were checked in a couple of points more at 10 A.M. According to Findlay, the average time from 50° south in the Pacific to San Francisco is fifty-four days, and as we are somewhat ahead of the average since leaving that parallel, we can stand a good deal of light weather and still make a fair passage. It cannot be denied, though, that from the equator to 40° south on the other side we had a remarkable streak of bad luck ; and I expect that the "A. G. Ropes," which sailed from New York thirteen days ahead of us, will make a faster passage than we will. In parenthesis I might remark that most of the large ship-owners give their captains ten dollars per day for every day under one hundred and twenty. For instance, if a man makes the passage in one hundred and ten days, he is entitled to one hundred dollars.

It may be that the curious would like to know how we passed those dreary weeks off Cape Horn, and here was our scheme, though, in truth, our habits then were about the same as they are now. I rose at seven, breakfasted at quarter to eight, and walked the poop alone till nearly eleven. On days that were very rough, it was a continual source of pleasure to chock myself off between the stern-bitts and speculate, when a particular wave was still several hundred yards off, whether it was going to break on board or whether we would clear it. It is a fascinating spectacle, this, and an hour often passed like five minutes as I gazed with ever-increasing awe at the resistless power of the huge, crested breakers.

Then down to our room, where we read "Farthest North" aloud till noon, when my wife made her first appearance. Dinner then occupied us till nearly one, when we went on deck to walk for half an hour, if not too rough. Down again to write up our journals, plot off the course on

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

our own chart, and note down in the government book the meteorological observations made at Greenwich noon. This brought us to four o'clock, when we again went on deck to remain till dark, and then a book claimed us until supper, a little after five o'clock. Deck once more from six till seven, in spite of any weather ; then books again until nine, when we went up for a breath of air again before turning in.

Exciting? No, truth compels me to admit that it was not, although no doubt some of the days would have been lively enough for almost anybody. Those who are sustained by excitement must never by any chance allow themselves to be persuaded to try a deep-water voyage, no matter how completely they may have convinced themselves of their fondness for the sea. A true and abiding love for the sea is a very rare attribute in any man. I mean that fondness for the ocean which enables him to live contentedly and happily upon it for half a year at a time, and to accept uncomplainingly whatever chance may provide. The monotony of a twenty weeks' voyage to ninety-nine per cent. of civilized humanity would be nearly incalculable ; and in the case of one sent to sea for health's sake, it is entirely conceivable that the depression consequent upon such a voyage would, in some degree, counteract the beneficial effects of sea-air. It is owing to a peculiar temperament that a few people can stay at sea for an indefinite number of months without in any way tiring of the life. To these few the state of the weather and the direction of the wind are absolutely immaterial. A calm of a fortnight or a month of head-winds, either in the Tropics or the Southern Ocean, are regarded by them merely as events which they expected to encounter when they sailed.

In spite of everything said and written to the contrary, I

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

believe that in every sailor, from seaman to master, his love for the sea is never extinguished. Let them assert, times innumerable, that they hate the life, and yet see how they all return to it after a little while ashore. It is of no avail to argue that because a man is bred to the sea he is incapacitated for duties ashore ; I have known of several ship-masters who, through influence, obtained lucrative positions in various firms, but who resigned them, unable to further withstand the magic influence which the deep sea exerts over those who have once fallen under her resistless enchantment. Nor does the case of the common sailor differ. I once knew a respectable foremast hand who obtained the position of driver of a laundry-wagon in Boston. This was a nice job, but I awaited developments ; and, sure enough, in three or four months he signed as bosun of a Japan-bound oil-ship. Even the most shiftless of sailors could surely use a pick or shovel dirt ashore, yet they prefer the less profitable and inconceivably more arduous duties of the life before the mast, simply because they cannot overcome the wondrous allurements of Old Ocean. Latitude, 28° 52' south ; longitude, 83° 12' west.

AUGUST 8

We have almost every reason to believe that we have taken the southeast Trades. I say almost every reason, for the only cause for doubting is that we are so far south yet, and the wind, after all, may not amount to anything. In any event, we are all astonished at such an outburst of luck, except the skipper, who testily replies to interrogations, "This *may* go into the Trades ; it certainly is *not* them *yet*." At 4.30 yesterday afternoon, just as we had composed ourselves for the hazy, yellow calm that lay upon the sea, a light air from astern overhauled us, and backing into the southeast in a few minutes, breezed up from

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

that desirable quarter in a most refreshing manner, so that ever since we have averaged seven knots. This, if it lasts, is a most remarkable stroke of fortune, as ships often lie idle for a week or more between the westerly and the southeasterly winds ; and to run from one into the other, with only an hour's calm, is as unusual as it is welcome. We are inclined to believe that, after all, we will make the voyage in one hundred and thirty days,—that is, in six weeks more. On this subject the old man is, of course, as dumb as a lobster, and resents any such suggestions by obstinately staring in the opposite direction ; while Mr. Rarx, a man of great experience in the North Pacific, which is now probably the only *bête-noir* left to us, even goes so far as to say that five additional weeks will anchor us in San Francisco Bay.

We have now left behind us that most solitary and vast portion of the South Pacific almost entirely devoid of the smallest fragments of land, and we are entering that part thickly spattered with rocks and islets that most people never heard of, not to mention the thousands of islands to the westward that form the great clusters of the Society, Friendly, Samoan, Gilbert, Ellice, Marquesas, Caroline, New Hebrides, Ladrone, and Marshall groups. For instance, in our neighborhood at present are the islets of San Felix, San Ambrosio, Podesta, Sala-y-Gomez, and the Emily and Minnehaha rocks ; doubtless there are dozens of others besides, too insignificant to appear on a chart of the world, such as I work with. These few, however, will serve to show how thickly sown the Pacific is with insular obstructions ; and it is for this reason that this ocean, bar that part south of 30° south, has never seemed to me as desolate or lonely as the Atlantic, north or south. Behold how fittingly Nature has cleared the North Atlantic of nearly every indication of land and has left an abundance

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

of clear, open water, through which rush the great steamers which connect Europe and America, safe in the knowledge that even if they drifted about for months with disabled machinery there would be practically nothing to interrupt their wanderings. The most remarkable proof of this was the case of the large schooner "Fannie E. Woolston," timber-laden, which drifted about for thirty months, covering six thousand miles in that time, an average of over three knots per hour, without approaching land. This was ascertained by means of the reports of many different vessels which passed close to the "Woolston" during her perigrinations. Indeed, the only island that lies at all near the track of steamers bound from the more northerly European ports to those north of Baltimore is the terrible Sable Island, the "Graveyard of the Atlantic," in 44° north, 60° west, about two hundred miles east of Halifax. More vessels are lost here than at any other spot in open water, and its number of casualties are probably only exceeded by such shoals as the Goodwin Sands.

Turn, then, to the North Pacific, and it will be seen that, with the exception of the higher northerly latitudes, through which lies the great circle track between San Francisco or Vancouver and Japan, that immense body of water is literally dusted with coral reefs and islands ; though it is necessary to examine a large chart to appreciate this, as no geography will answer.

There are recognized among men several great classes or divisions of bores, such as those who magnify their own greatness, those who can remember how much colder the winters used to be in their boyhood, or, if in New York, those whose memory recalls the period when milch cows lowed where the City Hall now stands, and swine rooted in the dirt upon the site of the Post Office. But there remains yet a genus of bores so infinitely surpassing those men-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

tioned that they may be said to form an entirely different family. Fortunately for mankind, comparatively few persons are victimized by them, by reason of their profession ; but in those parts where they do congregate, they are as deadly as Mark Twain's brain-fever bird. Allusion is made to those venerable and crusty master-mariners who extemporize by the hour upon that grand race of sailors who used to man the wind-jammers in days of yore. Start them once on this subject, and woe to the anguished wretch snared in their toils. One would think, in listening to them, that they were talking about an extinct race who inhabited the seas about the middle of the nineteenth century, and, like the apteryx and platypus, had been suddenly and mysteriously exterminated ; and when one ventures to suggest that surely there must be some resemblance to those exalted beings in the men who now sail before the mast, these aged sea-hedgehogs bristle up and fly in a passion as they descant upon the puny breed who now defile the honorable name of sailor with their pampered notions and blubber-head stupidity. These persons ought to be confined in some retreat for the rest of their lives ; the disease is incurable and terribly infectious, for every sea-captain over fifty years of age suffers more or less from the unhappy malady.

It is true that the steamer has cut huge swaths in the sailing-ship trade, but there are still a vast number of square-riggers left which pay good dividends. It seems to be the prevalent opinion that steam has spoiled seamen for sailing-ship work, but in reality the men who ship for long voyages never do anything else, and let steamers severely alone. Many good men, no doubt, begin their careers as lamp-trimmers, etc., in steamers, and usually remain in them, and in this way sailing ships, no doubt, lose a number of fine men ; but it is well to bear in mind that deep-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

water and steamship foremast hands are very different beings in many respects.

As noted in an earlier page, some people are crying now that as soon as the Central American canal is cut through it will be the instantaneous death-knell of the long-voyage sailing vessel, but those who really understand the business of transportation by water do not agree to this by any means. Here are the words of Arthur Sewall, than whom few, if any, are more competent to speak on the matter : " As long as the wind blows and water flows there will be sailing ships built and business to keep them busy. There will always be a chance for them to compete against steam in traffic where time is not a factor, or where delay is actually a good thing. For instance, there is the wheat crop. In July or August it begins to be ready for delivery, and in a short time the whole year's supply is ready for shipment. But the consumption of a crop stretches over a whole year. Shipping wheat in sailing vessels consumes several months' time, which would otherwise require the storing of the wheat. Sailing freights are actually less than steam freights, plus storage charges. So, you see, here is business which sailing ships can hold. Then, again, take railroad materials, especially rails, which are manufactured faster than they can be used, and where the delay of sail over steam is better than storage. Of course, as in any other business, it is a case of the survival of the fittest, and as smaller ships are relatively more expensive than large ones, small ships cannot make money, and will have to make way for large ones."

An excellent precedent in favor of the continuance of sailing vessels is that subject in connection with the Suez Canal. When this was a thing accomplished it was said that no more square-riggers would go out around Good Hope; yet consider the enormous amount of sail tonnage that is

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

despatched every year to India, China, Australia, and Japan, for it is computed that eight hundred sailing vessels double Agulhas every year in both directions, and as but few of the ships in the Eastern trade have a carrying capacity of less than thirty-five hundred tons, the amount of merchandise that passes the southern extremity of Africa per annum foots up the imposing total of at least seven million tons.

Mr. Goggins appeared at dinner to-day in a frock-coat ! Can one conceive the effect produced upon the mind by the contiguity of a frock-coat and a red-flannel shirt. Certainly not. No one could unless he had seen it. Goggins was monstrously proud of it, too, in spite of its being several sizes too small for him, and ostentatiously got up during the soup and officiated at the drawing of a pitcher of root-beer from the "kag" in the corner, during which evolution he suddenly became embarrassed at the unwonted attention centered upon himself, and in some way managed to upset the pitcher all over the floor ; and when he sat down he was in such a state of excitement that his nasal whistlings and obligatos were more piercing than ever before. And just think of this creature's name, Leander ! Oh, heavens, it is too much ! Latitude, $26^{\circ} 54'$ south ; longitude, $84^{\circ} 50'$ west.

AUGUST 9

Ninety days at sea, and another month cannot take us in, nor do we desire it, in spite of our surroundings. The wind has freshened constantly, and, being to the eastward of southeast, it has sent us along at an eight-knot clip, steady and true, and we have done one hundred and ninety miles in the twenty-four hours by the log, for we have had no sights for three or four days. The temperature is almost perfect, about 65° day and night, and as there is no sun

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

to dazzle one, reading on deck has once more become a joy.

Yesterday afternoon MacFoy returned Nansen's "First Crossing of Greenland," which he borrowed a few days ago ; he is an intelligent man and knows all of Nordenskjold's works pretty thoroughly. There is a notion, though, to which he clings with characteristic Scotch tenacity ; in spite of everything, he insists that Nansen started upon his last great voyage in a steam whaler from San Francisco.

But if this fellow is well read, what can be said of old Kelly, in the mate's watch. We pumped together yesterday afternoon and had much conversation, during which he said that he hailed from Charleston, but that his family had moved north to Troy when the war broke out, and that his parents had brought him up strictly and decently. He volunteered no reason for having turned sailor, but branched off into literature, beginning with a pertinent quotation from Burns and another from Moore. These led him on, and he expressed great admiration for ancient history, concluding with a well-turned eulogy on Gibbon's "Rome," with illustrations for preferring it to any other account of that great empire. At first it seems extraordinary to find so intelligent a man before the mast, living a beast's life, and surrounded by men with whom he has but little in common. Yet such fellows are by no means uncommon at sea, for one often happens upon a man in a Cape Horner's forecastle whom Nature did not intend should be there.

How different is old Kelly's conversation from that of the mate, especially at dinner and supper, when he shouts out his witless jokes ! To-day he burst in with the following silly story, and it was totally irrelevant to what we were talking about : "There was a hold feller I knoo onct that lived in the country, and when 'e saw the telegraph wires

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

put hup past 'is farm, 'e 'ung a pair 'o boots on 'em to send 'em to 'is son.'" At the conclusion of such pleasantries his sense of humor is so agitated that he seems upon the brink of spasms, and his temporal arteries swell out as big as lead-pencils, while he chortles and wheezes and gasps like an old tattered bellows.

What quaint expressions sailors have, too ! Mr. Rarx was talking about athletics last night, and incidentally asked who was now the greatest "hammer-heaver" ; it must be remembered that objects at sea are never thrown, they are always hove.

As we approach the final quarter of the voyage we cannot help wishing that we were going to land at Calcutta as we did before. Oh, the incomparable delight, the unbounded pleasure of those two months in India which followed the termination of our voyage in the "Mandalore" ! The memories of those nine weeks in British India carry with them a charm perfectly indescribable ; and were it given us to visit but one more country on the globe during our lifetime, we would unhesitatingly choose another stay in the land of the Himalayas. Latitude, $24^{\circ} 28'$ south ; longitude, $87^{\circ} 5'$ west.

AUGUST 10

Moderate southeasterly breezes, a smooth sea, and magnificent weather. He who would not be happy here now must needs be hard to please. At midnight we cut the circle of Capricorn, and have, happily, once more entered the torrid zone, after an absence of fifty days, for it was on June 20 that we passed Capricorn in the Atlantic. Verily, it doesn't seem as though almost two months have elapsed since we first sighted the "Judas Doves" that Sunday in the latitude of Rio. How time speeds on at sea ! A week does not seem longer than twenty-four hours, and before

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

we realize it they will be making ready the anchor. Our progress is very gratifying, though the perversity of the skipper will not allow him to believe or even to suppose that we have taken the Trades. He has surprised us much in the last few days by going down on the main-deck and assisting in the repair of the old sails. See how inconsistent he is ! He considers himself so infinitely above the sailors that mere proximity to them under other circumstances, even for a moment, carries infection with it ; yet now, down he stalks to the main-deck, off comes his coat, and down he drops flat, his short fat legs sticking wide out before him like a brownie's, as he turns to in a cluster of the defiling sailors. For some days he sewed merrily away on top of the deck-house, which was a different affair altogether, and sail-making is a very agreeable pastime. But we were immeasurably astonished at the arrogant Scruggs's consorting thus with the foe.

As the captain and I were pacing the poop at ten o'clock last evening, the sky at the time being cloudless and the moon almost full, suddenly, as we turned to go aft, we saw, over our shoulders, a dazzling glare of light from forward, like a very bright lightning-flash, and, turning quickly, we observed a ball of fire shoot by at right angles to our course and disappear behind the foretop-gallant-sail. "What was that?" said I. "Oh, that was just a meteor or whatever you call it," answered the skipper ; "you often see 'em hereabouts. Last voyage one bursted near the ship at night at the dark o' the moon somewhere about 15° south, and most scared all hands to death." Such exhibitions are met with in all parts of the world, even in cold, high latitudes. I remember the case of the large British ship "Cawdor," Captain Jardella, during one of her recent voyages from Swansea to San Francisco. She made a very long passage on this occasion of one hundred and

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

eighty-four days. She had a terrible battering in the Southern Ocean, and reported on arrival that off Cape Horn an enormous meteor plunged into the sea with a stunning explosion, so close as to flood the decks.

We learned last evening of a horrid accident that occurred on this ship six weeks before we sailed on the present voyage. The mate spun the yarn in these words : " We had just warped into the docks in Brooklyn to discharge, when a gang o' stevedores came over the side to rig the gear for unloadin'. ' Where's the cargo pendant ? ' says the boss stevedore. ' There it is,' says I, ' and there's a gantline, too,' I says, pointin' to a coil o' brand-noo manila. Well, they began for to rig the falls, while I went into the cabin for dinner. I seen one o' the fellers on the mainyard as I went in, but I didn't think no more about it for maybe ten minutes, when I heard a sickenin' crash, and out I jumped. Did you ever hear a man fall from aloft ? Hit's awful, sir. When I got out on deck there was a lot o' stevedores standin' around lookin' at somethin' on the main-'atch. I didn't want to look at what I knew it was, but I had to ; so I shoved my way through, and there lay the big, heavy man I'd seen on the mainyard. I didn't see anythin' wrong with him first off till I went round on t'other side, and there was his head cracked open just as if you'd dropped a mushmellon on the ground, and the hinsides was spattered all over the 'atch cover. Plenty o' these here stevedores git hurt, and often it's the fault o' rotten gear, and then there's a case ag'in' the ship. But I'm too hold a bird to git took in like that, and I always gives 'em brand-noo rope."

It is strange that more sailors are not killed by falling from aloft, for they not only appear to be, but really are, very careless, and two or three of our men have more than once just saved themselves from tremendous falls. Not

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

long ago that handsome four-masted ship "Puritan" lost two men from the upper foretop-sail-yard, only two hundred miles from Sandy Hook, bound out to Hiogo ; and it is a serious matter to start an eighteen-thousand-mile voyage short two hands, when ships are allowed to go to sea in these days with twenty seamen instead of thirty. Latitude $22^{\circ} 19'$ south ; longitude, $89^{\circ} 15'$ west.

AUGUST 11

Still no change in anything but the thermometer, the instrument at mid-day showing 70° for the first time in many weeks. How superb, how glorious this weather surely is ! There is not too much sun to render sitting anywhere on deck at all unpleasant, yet we have enough to give us all the necessary observations ; the soft, rich south-east Trades come flowing smoothly over the quarter, while the ocean, the limitless South Pacific, lies motionless to the horizon, save for the brittle, little cat's-paws that spangle the royal blue of this great but placid ocean. Oh, the enjoyment of these balmy days ! Oh, the unutterable charm of the sea when for days together the ship moves serenely over its quiet surface with nothing to interrupt the profound peace to be obtained only in the solitude of the oceans !

"Oh ! the sea, the sea, the open sea,
The pure, the fresh, the ever free.
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round."

Although everything in nature is so somnolent, not so the sailors ; all day long both watches have wrought like bees unbending the heavy, new sails and sending aloft the old fine-weather ones. The mending was finished yesterday, and the old, brownish-gray canvas looks very dull after the glare of the new duck and changes the whole ap-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

pearance of the ship. This is another point of usefulness in the donkey-engine, for steam was got up this morning, and the different sails were sent whizzing aloft like sacks of corn into a mill in a tenth of the time that would have been necessary in manual labor. Nor be it supposed that the sails of a two-thousand-ton ship are feather weights, for our main-sail alone would tip the balance at eight hundred pounds.

Last evening was the first occasion for at least two months on which we have been able to eat our 5.15 o'clock supper without lamplight ; and it was a very grateful change to see the mellow rays of the setting sun streaming in at the open door, instead of the weak flicker of a very bad lantern. The cheerful air of the saloon was the cause of further very great volubility on the part of the mate, and he told the only humorous joke (is this tautology?) that he has uttered on the passage. He said that his wife once asked him why it was that a captain couldn't keep tally of the size of his anchor so that he wouldn't have to weigh it every time he left a harbor. This, for Goggins, wasn't bad.

Some days ago we finished "Farthest North," and so lucid and straightforward are his writings that we seem to know Fridjof Nansen personally. Three great characteristics stand forth pre-eminently in this book,—manliness, lack of affectation, and the total absence of the "I am." Latitude, $20^{\circ} 23'$ south ; longitude, $91^{\circ} 20'$ west.

AUGUST 12

Somewhat more cloudy to-day, and, since the morning watch, the Trades have been a good deal stronger, though last night the wind dropped to force 3, the average for the week having been force 4. A noticeable fact is that even though the weather is so cool for this latitude, 70° at noon, the Cape pigeons are still with us ; I thought that they

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

would have left us long since, for on the other voyage we saw our last pigeon in 30° south. One of the birds has been following us for weeks ; we can always pick him out by the fact that two of his right-wing quills are broken, which renders him conspicuous at quite a distance.

The ship was pumped out with the donkey last night, after the sails were all bent, and having had no exercise for some days, the men having pumped only at four in the morning on account of sail-making, etc., I was constrained to take hold of the handle-bar and follow the wheel around, which afforded even more exercise than the ordinary way. If the men maintain constantly thirty strokes to the minute it is good work ; whereas, with the donkey whirling the pumps around at more than sixty, the very exertion necessary to keep up with this speed is more than considerable. It is attended, too, with some danger of bodily harm ; for if your foot should slip on the wet deck and you did not instantly let go the handle-bar, you would either be jerked over the wheel and slammed down on the other side, or at the next revolution the bar would catch you under the chin and knock your lower jaw into bone-dust. The captain conjectured later on that he, too, needed some exercise, for he went down and worked away with ferocious abandon for perhaps five minutes, standing forth in the bright moonlight a most ridiculous object. For his short, plump, little body was taxed to the very utmost to keep up with the machine, and when his coat-tails whisked wildly about and he staggered now and then to keep his balance, and his arms were jerked back and forth like shuttles, his coat up between his ears, he looked like John Gilpin in a cyclone. But funniest of all was his face. Whenever he exerts himself he always glares over at us to ascertain whether we are laughing at him or not ; and last night, as he gazed up at us over the whizzing bar, with

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

bursting cheeks and popping eyes, we thought we had never seen so ludicrous a sight ; even more droll than the other day while he was "chinning" himself on the weather mizzen-sheerpole, when he peered over his shoulder at us with so distorted and writhing a countenance that we thought he was strangling. The skipper has a clipping-machine, with which he has almost denuded his head and face of their shaggy masses, and he insists that my own thick growth of hair and beard will be uncomfortable in hot weather, which is no doubt true ; but when he offered to "run the machine over your whiskers," as he expressed it, I thought it best to risk them as they are. Fancy reaping one's beard with clippers !

Mention has not been made of a certain dish that was placed upon the supper-table a few nights after the last pig had been killed. In one of the compartments of the rack was a plate of cold salt beef ; while in the other was something that we thought was mighty good, judging from the fragrance that rose from beneath the cover. When the latter was removed, though, there lay revealed some queer-looking, black fragments that might have been anything rather than meat. It turned out to be pig's flesh right enough, but no one could guess what portions of his anatomy they were. Some of the objects were cylindrical ; these were sections of the creature's tongue. Others were very irregular and unusual-looking ; these were the ears ; while a villanous mass that stood aloof from the rest was recommended by the skipper as the heart. "I think you'll like that," he observed, "though some do say there's too much muscle in it."

The only really unsuccessful article manufactured by the merry little Cantonite is the pie-crust. It is very attractive and tempting to contemplate, which makes the reality harder to bear, for it is the only wholly indigestible article of food

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

I ever came across ; you can even feel your teeth gliding smoothly over flakes of sticky lard scattered freely through it. Nothing but hydrochloric acid could have the least solvent effect upon it, Oh, yes, there is something else,—the captain's digestive organs. It will be recalled that when we first came on board he mentioned that he was a dyspeptic ; but goodness, gracious me ! it is a revelation to watch him denude meat or fruit pies of the armor-plate which invests them. He has another favorite dish, too, that he usually eats for breakfast ; it looked familiar at first, and we tried some, but instantly desisted. It was like large grains of sand ; the captain called it boiled hominy. Latitude, $18^{\circ} 25'$ south ; longitude, $93^{\circ} 55'$ west.

AUGUST 13

Fresh Trades, moderate sea, and dazzling skies were ours during this day, and we made more than two degrees of latitude and only five miles less than three of longitude. It is glorious, and everything has assumed a tropical aspect : the sea, which undulates in swinging, dark-blue heaves, topped with sparkling froth ; and the air, which sleepily fans one with its soft, drowsy breath. Even the men have begun to show the influence of warmer climes, and duck and dungaree garments, long buried in the noisome and impenetrable mysteries of a sailor's chest, have suddenly bloomed forth like lilies in the spring. We have kept away a little to the westward of northwest so as to cross the line in about 116° .

The pumping took place last night at 7.30 as usual, and I took a hand in it, alongside of that villain, Tim Powers (he of the wounded arm), while opposite to us rose and fell the cadaverous countenance of Paddy. Neither of the mates was within hearing distance, but no one spoke till Jimmie Rumps, the little bosun, called

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

out "Let her rest a minute," and then Tim grew loquacious.

"I'm afeard this is too long a v'yage for the lady, sor ; it's a sight o' sea."

"Yes," I answered, "but it's not that that bothers us. We went out to Calcutta a couple of years ago and were at sea a hundred and twenty-seven days, so we knew it might be a hundred and fifty when we started."

"Is thot so, sor," said Tim, with immense energy and interest,—“to Calcutta? A grand place. If yez don't mind, what was the name o' the ship?"

"The 'Mandalore.'"

"Oh," with great satisfaction and relief, "an English ship. I'll bet yez had a different——"

"Shake her up again, boys," came from the main-hatch in Jimmie's thin little voice, and we turned to in silence till the mate's growl, "That'll do the pumps," put an end to the job. Then I asked Paddy how he was enjoying himself.

"To speak the truth," he answered, wearily, "I'd rather be in me grave than where I am, and this is the first time I ever said such a thing aboard ship."

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked him. "You're always skylarking with the cook and steward."

"Well, what's the good in tryin' to make a row?" he philosophically demanded.

"Don't you get enough to eat?"

"Ye-e-e-s, but it's not what I've heard the mate tell you it's like. It's the drivin' we mind. But even that's not the worst of it ; you can't do a thing to please the mate or the old man. I dunno about Mr. Rarx ; you know I ain't in his watch, but I guess he's no better than most second mates, and I guess you know what *that* means. Work, work, work till you split yer finger-ends and then kicked

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

around and thumped for a farmer. But I'm not makin' a row," he added, "only you asked me."

Paddy, it must be said, is one of a rare species, a fair-minded sailor, which I discovered some time ago by his taking the mate's part when telling me of some trifling incident that happened on board.

A couple of hours later, it being the second mate's watch, I asked him to tell me honestly why he liked American ships better than others, knowing that he has sailed in English vessels.

"Well, the principal thing is the pay," he replied. "It's a good deal better in our ships than in foreigners'; and the cabin table's generally better, too. Now, there's the British ship 'Fulwood' (a fine steel ship she is), I know they don't have soft bread on the table but once a week." It seemed to me that this would be quite a recommendation for the "Fulwood," for we have yet to see soft bread aboard ship much better than a worn-out sponge. But as for the wages, he is certainly right. Take the wages out of Hamburg as an example. The chief officers of the largest and fastest express steamers receive an amount equivalent to only sixty dollars of our money! What sort of remuneration is that for a man of ability, in many cases a university graduate, a man second in authority aboard a ten-thousand-ton mail steamer rippling through the most crowded ocean in the world at twenty-one knots, with fifteen hundred souls below-decks? And it makes one positively angry to think of a human being like Goggins, a densely ignorant and practically worthless creature, a person who can't work a traverse and get the same answer twice, receiving the same amount as mate of a windjammer! Why, our steward, a Malay and a man of low intellect, has a good deal more than half as much wages as the first officer of the "Normannia" or "Augusta Vic-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

toria" ! It is positively incredible. Latitude, $16^{\circ} 14'$ south ; longitude, $96^{\circ} 30'$ west.

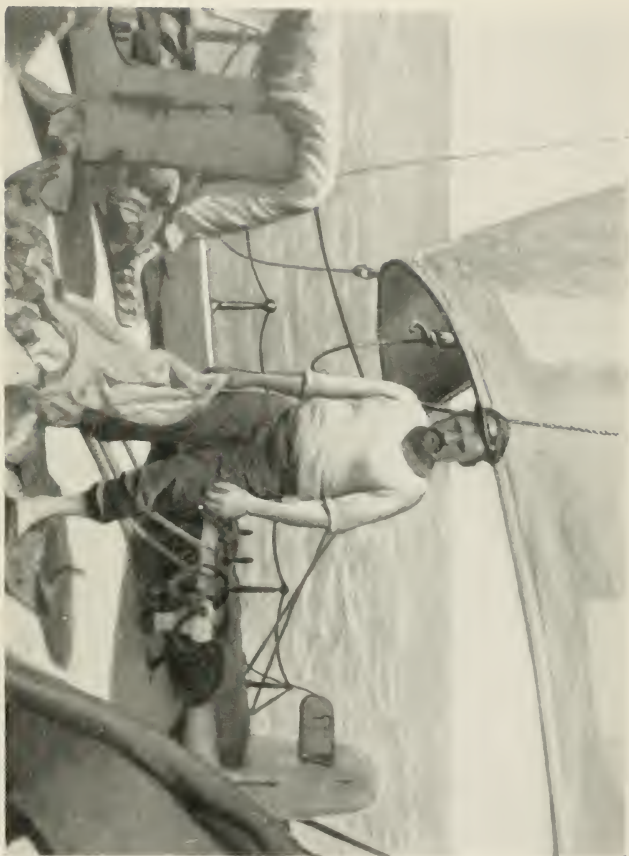
AUGUST 14

Another day, beautiful beyond expression. We never remember one in all our sea experience that was as fine. The sun poured down from a sky without a shred of cloud, and the Trades, still as fresh as ever, came singing so sweetly and cheerfully over the starboard quarter, that you were moved to lean back in your chair and think, "Who is so happy as I?"

Even if the weather were not so delightful, our fine progress would cover a multitude of grievances, for we have done five hundred and eighty-six miles in three days, a continuous average of eight knots. If credible, the nights are even finer than the days, and we sat late on deck last evening plunking away on the banjo, with everything steeped in the white light of the moon just past the full. So wonderfully brilliant were her beams that the shadows of the weather mizzen-rigging cast upon the immense concave expanse of the main-sail stood forth as from an arc-light. The serenity of such a night is almost unearthly.

The first step in the rehabilitation of the ship for port has been progressing for two days,—the tarring down of the standing rigging. It is always the dirtiest job aboard ship, and the men are plastered from crown to toe with the sticky fluid. Next after this comes the painting, then the holy-stoning, and lastly the varnishing of what little bright work there is on the poop.

When at the pumps last evening I learned that the men had been deeply impressed with my having assisted the donkey the other night. Murphy especially seemed to extract much amusement from the fact, and when I told him that some exercise was necessary to health, he said



The ablest seaman in the ship

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

that he never allowed that subject to bother him, adding, "There's one thing I'm just grand at,—lyin' in me bunk." His appearance substantiates this statement, for he is as round and rugged as he was three months ago; I truly believe that he is the only man forward who doesn't bear the marks of either Cape Horn or a belaying-pin. On the other hand, Louis the Gaul is the saddest and most dejected-looking man I ever saw. He has at all times that melancholy, dispirited look that one sees in the eyes of a captive ourang-outang. We talked together last night, and he informed me that this was his first American ship, and, please God, it would be his last. In very broken English, and in the deferential tones of a foreigner, he asked, "Sair, do your laws allow men to be treated as ze men are treated aboard zees sheep?"

"No," I answered; "but so far there does not seem to have been any attempt made by the United States authorities to enforce the laws they have made." Jacquin didn't know enough English to go more deeply into the subject, and the talk drifted to the French navy, in which he has served sixteen years altogether; and when I told him that I knew the "Jean Bart" very well, his delight was child-like. Then he imparted a bit of rather astonishing news by saying that a man who has served for twenty years in the French navy (and it need not be all in one stretch) is pensioned by the government at three francs and a half per day. Besides possessing the second most powerful navy, France has some rattling fine square-riggers, such as the "La France," the largest sailing vessel in the world bar the "Potosi," the "Dunquerque," and the "Quevilly," the greatest tank sailing ship afloat, carrying one million gallons of oil in bulk between Philadelphia and Rouen.

Our pigeons have left us, and well they might, considering the latitude. What a distance they followed us!

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

From 30° south in one ocean to 16° south in the other, and from the forty-fifth to the one hundredth meridian. Quite a stretch of salt-water that. Mother Carey's chickens have come as a sort of compensation, hovering over our wake and darting down between the waves like swallows whizzing through the air after insects. Latitude, 14° 5' south ; longitude, 99° west.

AUGUST 15

Shall it be written that this day is the finest of all ? It is even so, and I pray the reader to bear with me, and to remember that if he were in my place he would no doubt give expression to the same thought. If the entire voyage, except that part lying in the Pacific between the southern tropic and the equator, were composed of gales and snow-storms, it seems as though these winds would atone for any amount of previous distress and inconvenience. It seems wonderful that the atmosphere can possess simultaneously such exhilaration and such a smooth, luscious balminess. Oh, superb, glorious southeast Trades, thy equal is not in the world !

THE TRADE-WIND'S SONG.

Oh, I am the wind that the seamen love,
I am steady and strong and true ;
They follow my track by the clouds above
O'er the fathomless, tropic blue.

For close by the shores of the sunny Azores
Their ships I await to convoy ;
When into their sails my constant breath pours,
They hail me with turbulent joy.

I bring them a rest from tiresome toil,
Of trimming the sail to the blast ;
For I love to keep gear all snug in the coil,
And the sheets and the braces all fast.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

From the deck to the truck I pour all my force,
In spanker and jib I am strong ;
For I make every course to pull like a horse.
And worry the great ship along.

As I fly o'er the blue I sing to the crew,
Who answer me back with a hail ;
I whistle a note as I slip by the throat
Of the buoyant and bellying sail.

I laugh when the wave leaps over the head,
And the jibs through the spray-bow shine ;
For an acre of foam is broken and spread
When she shoulders and tosses the brine.

Through daylight and dark I follow the bark,
I keep like a hound on her trail ;
I'm strongest at noon, yet under the moon
I stiffen the bunt of her sail.

The wide ocean through for days I pursue,
Till slowly my forces all wane ;
Then in whispers of calm I bid them adieu,
And vanish in thunder and rain.

Oh, I am the wind that the seamen love,
I am steady and strong and true ;
They follow my track by the clouds above
O'er the fathomless, tropic blue.

Thus has Thomas Fleming Day delightfully written of the flowing Trades.

The men are busily engaged shearing away the great mops of hair that protected their heads in cold weather. Coleman (a man with a baneful eye and one who ought to be watched) seems to be the most accomplished tonsorial artist in the ship ; he has already operated on half a dozen men, and all hands but one have assumed that appearance of cleanliness usual among sailors in the tropics. The exception is Tim, who, bar Mr. Goggins, is the dirtiest man on board. And now for a secret, profound and extraordi-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

nary ! Let the peruser of these pages prepare himself for the concussion ; let him brace himself for the impending blow ! Mr. Goggins was seen to go forward to the galley an hour ago and return with a basin of water ! Can it be possible that he is about to submit his face and hands to the purification of a quart, a whole quart of fresh water ? But no ; this could not be. Let us banish the thought. He would perish of shock. Yet it must be for this that he fetched the water, for it is the only conceivable use to which he could put it, so we live in hopes of a change at supper. We have never anywhere come in contact with a person so irreclaimably obnoxious, and we can only wonder why the captain allows him to come to the table in such a condition. If a man wants to be dirty, it's his own personal affair ; but when he becomes objectionable to others, steps ought to be taken to remedy the evil.

By far the most agreeable persons on board are the steward and cook, not to mention David MacFoy, who is so much more pleasant and entertaining than the rest that he forms a class all by himself. The cook, though, is a jolly little man, and welcomed us with much homely attention when we invaded his precinct the other day to learn how to make curry properly. To start with, it is hard to get good curry-powder even in India, and that which we brought back with us from Calcutta in glass jars is not as good as that which can be bought in San Francisco in square tins, that city being the only place in the United States where this particular sort can be obtained. But besides the necessity for good powder, there are certain proportions of chopped onion, flour, butter, etc., to be added in its preparation, so that in order to learn how to make curry properly it is necessary to witness the process as performed by an Indian or a Chinaman.

A rather interesting little fact to us to-day is that this is

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the first occasion on which three figures have ever been necessary to express our longitude. Latitude, $12^{\circ} 5'$ south ; longitude, $101^{\circ} 40'$ west.

AUGUST 16

Fear not. I do not intend to say how much more beautiful to-day is than yesterday, though I should like to, and it is hard to refrain from doing so in such weather ; but more than enough has been said on this subject. As a matter of fact, it is not quite so fine to-day, for the wind is dead aft, so that the after-sails are the only ones that do much good, and our run has not been quite up to the usual standard.

This has been a grand cleaning day forward. Every movable object was taken out of the forward house and spread on the forecastle-head in the baking sun, and a curious sight did the men's old clothes and bedding present after lying mildewed and sodden for so many weeks. They lay in a wretched heap, the outside of which was composed of ancient, grimy bedticks, frowsy, ill-looking quilts, and disreputable, mouldy mufflers. The forecastle itself was then swept cleanly out and thoroughly washed with soap and water.

We have scores of snow-white birds with us now, about the size of common gulls, called bosuns. They are pretty creatures, with the most remarkable tails ; for, instead of the usual fan-shaped arrangement of feathers, their bodies seem to be elongated into pointed spines, so thin and sharp that it is almost impossible to see the extreme end. These birds are very noisy and keep up a harsh croaking, whence their name, as a bosun is supposed to live in a continual state of exhortation. On coming up from supper last night just before six, we saw a plump, little feathered creature bearing down upon us, which had a very familiar

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

appearance ; and great was our surprise a moment later when we found that it was a Cape pigeon ! Imagine one within six hundred miles of the equator ! He must have been the last survivor of some vessel ahead of us, and, having abandoned her, concluded to stop and see if he couldn't find some scraps here. He looked very calm sailing about on motionless wing among the flocks of bosuns and Mother Carey's chickens that appear, in comparison, to make so great an effort at flying. This morning, though, we found that this, the last token of Cape Horn, had vanished. Mr. Rarx, however, didn't seem much surprised at the appearance of the pigeon, and told us that he had seen them often in the harbor of Callao in 12° south.

In a maritime paper that the second mate showed us to-day there was rather an interesting article concerning the naming of ships. According to it, French merchant-vessels are usually called after provinces, towns, wines, and victories, but never after men, except the greatest men of French history. British ships are generally named after mythological characters, lakes, bays, glens, and cities ; German vessels after rivers, ports, poets, states, and characters in German literature. The Italians name theirs after characters in Italian literature, and names of hope, courage, enterprise, and religion. Spanish ships are almost always called after cities or the great commanders in Spanish history. Norwegians and Swedes take the names of localities dear to them ; while American ships are given the names of their owners, relatives, friends, or "any old thing."

The same paper contained a short dissertation on scurvy. I wonder how many people there are who know that, according to the latest researches, scurvy is not a disease produced by eating salt meat ? For many years Professor Torup, of the University of Christiania, has been studying this dreaded malady, scurvy, in all its forms, and about five

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

years ago he proved to his own satisfaction that it is produced by ptomaine poisoning incident to putrefaction in meats which had not been properly cured or preserved. Fridjof Nansen believed in this theory, and when he was fitting out the "Fram" for her Arctic voyage he took the most extraordinary precautions to have every can or barrel of preserved meat that went on board in the best possible condition, particularly the salt meats. The sequel to this care was that upon his return every man on board was in perfect health, and had been during the three years' voyage; this has been considered sufficient proof that it is poison in the meat, and not the salted meat itself, which produces that most ghastly of all diseases. Latitude, $10^{\circ} 8'$ south; longitude, $103^{\circ} 56'$ west.

AUGUST 17

Still the same weather conditions, with a little more wind and, strange to tell, a heavy ground-swell from the southwest. Imagine how hard the gale must have been to drive the swell through thirty degrees of latitude, as it is not probable that a wind strong enough to raise such a sea would prevail north of 40° south. Soon, indeed, now we will enter upon the last quarter of our voyage, and that portion of the Pacific between the line and 40° north is at this season often responsible for more long passages than any other part of the Cape Horn voyage. Many a flyer has rolled booming across the equator on a record-breaking trip, struck the Doldrums north of the line like running into a stone wall, and added fifty days more to the passage before sighting the Farallones. Just a year ago the "Shenandoah," one of our fastest vessels, was forty-six days sailing up to 'Frisco from the equator.

Last night in the first watch I had a long talk with the second mate. It seems that he and Mr. Goggins have had

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

words several times lately, and as Mr. Rarx knows what we think of the mate, he unburdened his mind in a very unusual manner. He says that Goggins would make a tip-top mate of a garbage-dumper, but that he isn't fit for a geordie brig, much less a clipper ship, or what passes for a clipper in these days. "But the worst of it is, he's no seaman ; and when my watch on deck comes ain't there a h—— of a fine mess, and I've got to do it all over again. And look at his men, the state he's got 'em into ; there's not a man-jack o' the whole lot that'll turn a finger for him, with his shoutin' and hollerin' and swearin'. I wonder the captain shipped such a —— —— old cripple, for he knew him before. I'm gettin' bloody sick o' the voyage. What's the matter with the mate is that he came in through the cabin-windows instead o' the hawse-pipes."

All this and much more did Mr. Rarx pour forth, working himself into quite a rage as he went along, and embellishing his discourse with regular handspike oaths.

In the American merchant service a mate always rises to that position through the various grades from ordinary seaman up ; but on British ships boys (frequently gentlemen's sons) sign for three years as apprentices, live aft, and are taught navigation and seamanship perfectly and practically by captains who are often privileged to write R. N. R. after their names, paying, I think, about one hundred guineas for this instruction. When this course is over they are fit for second mate, and in another two years pass for mate and then master. How different in America, where the law requires no examination for a man before he goes in command of a sailing vessel ! How Mr. Goggins could rise to be mate from a cabin-boy without passing through the fore-castle is quite marvellous, as he has always sailed in Yankee ships. He is a very obscure individual, though, and no doubt landed in the cabin in some inscrutable manner.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Mr. Rarx, on the other hand, would make a good mate of a large yacht were it not for his temper, which is very violent, and he has a way of harboring up revenge for petty trifles. We have seen more bad treatment of the men at the hands of Goggins ; but my belief is that the second mate does considerable hammering on his own account the other side of the forecastle-house. It is a curious fact that so many bright men stick at second mate all their lives, never rising any higher, simply because they have never learned the use of a sextant, or how to copy figures from an epitome, for that's all that navigation amounts to as carried on at sea. This is the great dividing line between first and second mate, which a man like Rarx could overcome in a few weeks of application. When a second mate has passed his thirty-fifth year his pristine ardor and zeal begin to wane, for by that time his aspirations for improvement are not so keen as they were ; and if he is not a mate shortly afterward, he never will be. Similarly, when a mate has passed that age and never has had a command, he settles down in the capacity of chief officer, and by the time he is forty he performs his duties thereafter with no more ambition than the ox that hauls the plough. Many ship-masters refuse to take either a mate or a second mate who is more than thirty-five years old. Reference is made to sailing craft only, as men in the transatlantic mail service not infrequently reach fifty years before succeeding to one of the greyhounds. In the early days of Yankee clippers scores of men went out as master at twenty-one, and capable ones at that, as the records show.

Whenever there is a pause in the conversation at meals now, Captain Scruggs always fills in with some remarks about Nansen (or Naysen, as he always calls him) and Arctic expeditions. It is remarkable with what regularity he does this, and the mate as regularly asks in a grieved tone, ad-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

dressing no one in particular, "And will yer tell me wot good hit's a-goin' to do when they do find the pole?" Then the skipper indignantly asks him if he supposes that an expedition is idle all the time in the ice; to which the mate replies, "Well, I know there's nothin' to be found out about the land up there, cause there hain't none." And then they go at it like a pair of quarrelsome cats, till suddenly the old man fetches the table a whack and cries out, "Very well, sir; you're not here to argue; that'll do, sir," in his fiercest tones. At such times he looks like the ogre of childhood. These set-tos are extremely amusing, though, for neither knows anything about the subject, and the air throbs with "magnetic poles," "Arctic circles," and "phemomemoms." By the way, it is interesting to know that England held the record for the highest latitude for two hundred and seventy-five years, or since Hudson's voyage in 1607 to 1882, when the record passed to the United States, to be wrested from her thirteen or fourteen years later by the Norwegians. Let us hope that Peary, whom Sir Clements Markham calls "the greatest living ice-traveller," will regain what we have lost, and this time succeed in attaining that geographical point, the quest of which has resulted in the loss of such splendid men as Franklin and de Long.

Almost all of the painting aloft has been finished except the lower masts. The topmast and lower mast-heads all glitter in the glory of a coat of dark reddish-brown, and the rigging fairly scintillates in the sun in its dress of glossy tar. Mr. Goggins says that he well remembers the first wire-rigged sailing vessel seen in the United States. She was a full-rigged London brig, and when she arrived in New York she looked so neat and trim aloft that even the old shell-backs, who doubted the efficacy of wire, were obliged to admit that in appearance, anyhow, she was away

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ahead of the old style. "But you wait till she strikes a gale o' wind," said these Solons, "and then you'll see." And they didn't have long to wait, for on her return voyage to England she was totally dismasted three hundred miles west of Cape Clear. Latitude, $8^{\circ} 19'$ south ; longitude, $105^{\circ} 40'$ west.

AUGUST 18

A still fresher breeze to-day, but it is dead aft. But we are moving so steadily in the same direction, northwest, that we slip through the water without appreciating how fast we are going ; and as each noon puts us two degrees farther north, we ought to cross the line next Saturday. Gradually, too, we have been gliding into warmer weather, and last night we experienced, for the first time in the Pacific, the tremendous heat of the equatorial regions. There is something inexpressibly depressing to many people after a few days' sojourn in the tropics ; something that seems to drain the vitality. Personally I have never experienced this feeling, and exercise should never be omitted in hot weather by robust persons, although it should not be severe, and ought never be taken when the sun is more than ten degrees above the horizon.

This morning as we were hanging over the side in the shade, watching the copper slipping smoothly through the water, while a perfect cataract of cool wind poured over us out of the lee side of the cross-jack, we saw a disk of vivid green resting upon the surface of the clear, blue depths. We thought it was a cluster of sea-grass till the captain said, "Hello, there's our first turtle." So it proved to be, and as the ship passed within a few feet of him we had an excellent view of his broad, corrugated back, fully three feet across ; he was reposing in peaceful slumber as we slid past, with head retracted, but feet and tail extended like a

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

starfish, and he looked immeasurably comfortable, resting so placidly on the water, indolently rising and falling in the quiet sea ; and we envied him, lying there in his clear, cool element. Latitude, $6^{\circ} 38'$ south ; longitude, $107^{\circ} 44'$ west.

AUGUST 19

One hundred days at sea, and we celebrated the circumstance in real old-fashioned, long-approved Yankee style. Last evening, immediately after supper, we went up on the cabin-house and sat down to enjoy the sunset. All at once we heard angry voices forward, and then Louis, the Frenchman, shot head first out of the lee door of the carpenter-shop, followed by the massive body of Chips himself, who held in his hand a bludgeon. They were both in a passion. Louis dropped his hat as he flew through the doorway, and as he stooped to pick it up, smack ! came the truncheon upon his flank. Then Louis straightened up, shot out his fist, and smote Chips painfully on the chin ; the latter returned the blow, and in a second they were at it tooth and nail. Now, Louis is a very active, powerful man, and in a long spell he would, no doubt, wear the other out, but in close quarters he was no match for the carpenter's weight ; for a few seconds Louis prevailed, but Chips recovered, and, being a foot taller than the Gaul, he seized him by the throat and backed him over towards the rail, against which he caused Louis's head to come into such frequent and violent contact that we could hear the tattoo where we sat. Then Louis began his national, low habit of kicking, but was unsuccessful in his contemptible trick, and they were still in the throes of battle when the mate appeared and cautiously hauled them apart. The shirts of both were in shreds and the Frenchman was in a fearful rage. By and by Chips came aft to supper ; he bore no facial marks of the encounter save that he was very pale.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

At seven o'clock I went up to one of the men, Charlie, and asked him what the row was about. He said that, as far as he knew, Louis went into the carpenter-shop to get some kerosene to cleanse the paint from his hands, and, having no business in there without permission, Chips had thrown him out. The carpenter, by the way, hasn't been fair to the men lately with their water. One day off Cape Horn, when he went into the forecastle with the men's allowance, one of them said to him, thereby exhibiting an unusually good spirit, "Say, Chips, there's no good o' givin' us all that water in cold weather, we can't drink it." Then when the hot weather came and the men grew thirsty, Chips refused to give them more than they asked for off the Horn, though each man is entitled here to four quarts per day.

Well, then, we continued to sit where we were till after dark, discussing the event; presently eight bells went, MacFoy came aft with, "The watch is aft, sir," to which the mate replied with the usual growl, "All right; relieve the wheel and lookout," and the starboard watch came on deck. At about 8.15, in the midst of that deep, wonderful silence that pervades a sailing ship at night, we were startled by loud voices up near the main-mast, just where we couldn't tell, as it was pitch dark; immediately afterward, however, we recognized the voices of Mr. Rarx and Louis, which quickly rose to shouting. The first sentence that we caught was from the second mate, the words coming in jerks, as though he had a man by the neck and was shaking him: "So . . . you were in there . . . tryin' to steal oil . . . eh? You ——— French ——— ———." To which Louis answered in a loud voice, "I deed *not*, sair." Then came another broadside from Rarx, and again, "Et ees *not* so, sair."

At this point several voices broke in, and the old man then ran down the weather poop-ladder to see what was

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the matter. Suddenly a death-like silence reigned for a few moments ; then came a sound of scuffling, and all at once Rarx cried out, " God ! He's stuck me, cap'n ! "

" What's that ? " yelled the skipper.

" The damned French hound's put a knife into me, sir ! "

Paralysis instantly fell upon all hands. The tension was fearful, but was relieved somewhat by the steward's opening the port cabin door, allowing a broad path of light to stream forth into the darkness, which had hitherto rendered the affair mysterious and horrible. It fell upon a group of startled men by the main-mast, with the skipper in the centre supporting the second mate, while the latter, pressing his hands above his left hip, shuffled painfully aft. He was led into the cabin, where he sat down upon the coal-box, and I pulled up his shirt and exposed the wound. It was a wide gash in his side, a little to the front of and just above the pelvis. The blow had evidently been aimed at the groin, but in the darkness Louis had slightly missed. Rarx's clothes were somewhat blood-soaked, but the flow had ceased, showing that probably none of the large arteries had been punctured. Still, there was more than a probability that he had been dangerously, nay, fatally, hurt, and even at that moment might be bleeding to death internally, and we could not tell whether or no any of the vital organs had been touched. The skipper ran at once for listerine, and together we contrived to bind up the wound and put the man to bed. Then the old man stepped out on the main-deck and shouted,—

" Send that Frenchman aft, Mr. Goggins, and put the irons on him. "

The mate went gingerly up to Louis, who, in the midst of a knot of men, was raving like a maniac, and, seizing him gently by the arm, led him aft. Oh, how that man raged and blasphemed ! He was like an angry bull, and

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

his loud voice rang out far over the peaceful ocean and echoed and reverberated high up overhead in the hollows of the upper sails.

"Did you hear what 'ee call me, sair?" in shrill tones. "I, who have bosc fazair and mozair. *I weel not stand zat, sair.* I die fairst; you can keel me, sair. And I, I stuck 'eem; I would cut 'eem again, sair, or any one else, that call me zat name. I AM A MAN, SAIR." This last in a perfect shriek.

Never a word said the old man. Then Louis turned on him, and, insolently sneering, his head thrown back scornfully and one foot advanced, he cried,—

"And you, Capitaine Scruggs! What are you? I have been to sea twenty year and nevair saw a capitaine like you before. You starve us! you starve us! Why do you starve us? When we fairst left New York we 'ad plentee to eat, zee food was waste, and now for seex wicks we have had nossing at all. Bah! Peef! *You*, a man like *you*, a capitaine!"

At this juncture the skipper said abruptly, but without the least show of anger, for which great credit is due him,—

"Where's the knife you cut the second mate with?"

"Where zee knife, eh? Here zee knife. Now you see it, now you don't. Ha, ha!" And he jerked it over the side into the sea.

All this time the mate was fussing with the irons, trying to find a pair that would encircle his great wrists; but at length a pair was found, locked on his arms, and he was led aft to the wheel-house, several other pairs of irons in the mate's hand clanking mournfully as he walked. Into the after-division where the tiller works Louis was hustled, and his hands were then fastened with a rope to a ring-bolt in a carlin overhead, so that he had to stand upright all night.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

And what was my wife doing all this time? When Rarx had cried that he had been stabbed she had fled to her room, locking herself in, and sat shivering until curiosity compelled her to open the door on a crack and peep out; and when Louis and the mate stumbled along the alley-way by our windows, it sounded to her like the tramp of a ball-and-chain gang.

As soon as Louis was secured we turned our attention to the second mate again, and after reaching the conclusion that there was no internal hemorrhage, or, at least, none that our slight skill could detect, we drew the edges of the wound together, into which you might easily have thrust a plum, securing them with adhesive plaster, and then bound up the cut with listerine-soaked cloths. Poor fellow! he had a bad night. Two heavy doses of laudanum and a five-grain opium pill had no more effect on him than so much nitre; and it was not until shortly before eight this morning that he dozed away, only to be aroused by the clang of the huge breakfast-bell just without his door. He is suffering dreadfully, has a high fever, and has conceived the notion that he is in slivers inside.

At 8.15 this morning the after wheel-house door was opened, and the captain asked Louis if there was anything that he wanted, to which the Frenchman answered by turning his back with a shrug. Then the skipper said to him, "I just came to tell you that you're no longer a seaman aboard this ship. You're a prisoner, and will remain so till I hand you over to the authorities in San Francisco." Then breakfast, consisting of burgoo, hard bread, salt beef, and coffee, was taken to him, and he was left alone till one o'clock, when a pannikin of soup was carried to him, which he refused, although he ate another piece of salt beef and a huge piece of soft bread. The manacles are knocked off when he eats, after which they are locked on

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

again, and he is then left utterly alone. He is not allowed to enter the fore-castle upon any pretext, and when it is necessary for him to go forward, the mate follows immediately behind.

At a little before nine this morning, as I was reading by the wheel-house, Paddy, who was steering, leaned out and whispered, "Look, the old man's goin' to read the riot act." I glanced forward, and saw that the ship's company had been mustered aft on the main-deck, with the captain glaring at them, but not in the least excited. I reached the break of the poop just in time to hear what it was about. Said the skipper: "I hear you men are finding fault with the food and say I'm starving you; is that so?"

Tim, with a villanous twist, came forward, and said, "It is, sor; and we don't get enough wather to wash our hands wid," holding out two dirty paws.

"Not enough to wash your hands with, eh?" said the old man. "It looks to me as if there was plenty of water over the side, and I believe you've got enough salt-water soap. Is that all you've got to say?"

"It is, sor," said Tim.

"Is there any one else in the same fix?" asked the skipper.

Coleman then stepped out and said the same thing about the food and water. Every one else seemed to find something mighty interesting in the deck-seams.

"All right. Mr. Goggins, you will see that the men are put on government allowance from now till I see fit to stop it. You can go forrad," he added to the men.

It must be explained that on Yankee ships it is not customary to put men on the allowance prescribed by law as it is on foreign ships. On some of our ships the men are fed very well and on others miserably. We began here by giving all sorts of extra things to the men, apple-sauce,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

cheap jam, butter, etc., and when these "delicacies" ran out the men thought it strange, and then by and by, according to some of the most trustworthy of the sailors, the bread and meat themselves began to grow less and less. It would be much better if long-voyage American ships would adhere to the government allowance, and not give the men sweets one month and then suddenly stop them entirely; such a course always breeds discontent; and I have noticed that the mates have not been able to get any more work out of the men here even when they were luxuriating in their jam and butter, etc., than they did on the English "Mandalore," where everything was weighed out to the ounce, and no "fixins."

The serenity that ought to accompany a sea-voyage has been savagely dissipated, for go on deck and approach the wheel-house, and you instinctively recoil when you think that it perhaps contains a murderer. Go below to meals, and the smile vanishes from your face as your thoughts revert to the wounded man groaning in his dingy cavern. Over the ship hovers a silence such as falls upon a community when Death stalks through its midst. The men look grave, the mate gives his orders in low tones, and instead of the ringing chanties, the halliards are tautened up to a muffled "oh ho"; and the pumps would revolve in utter silence but for their own grinding clank.

As for the day, it was magnificent, and we continue to surge along over a sparkling ocean. Latitude, $4^{\circ} 30'$ south; longitude, $109^{\circ} 58'$ west.

AUGUST 20

After the excitement and turmoil incident to such an affair as happened yesterday, or rather the night before last, it is hard to get at the real facts of the case until the agitation calms down. Therefore it was not until a little

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

while ago that we learned the truth about the row between Louis and Chips. It appears that before stowing away the heavy suit of sails when they had been unbent, some slight repairs were necessary on the lower foretop-sail. They were completed day before yesterday, and the sail was carefully rolled and tied up. The men were ordered to rinse the paint off their hands with kerosene, furnished them by the carpenter, so that they should leave no finger-marks on the white duck. Afterward, for some unknown reason, Louis wanted more oil, and personally went into the carpenter-shop to get it. Now, it is one of the strictest rules aboard all ships that no sailor shall ever enter the carpenter-shop in the absence of Chips ; and when the latter, no doubt in an ugly mood, found Louis in there, he threw him out. After the fight the Frenchman was in a blind passion, and there were probably two reasons for his taking summary vengeance upon the second mate. In the first place, I have often seen him flush up with anger at the way in which some of the men have been treated, this being his first American ship ; and he probably determined that if either mate laid hand on him unlawfully, he would show them that there was at least one man forward with the courage to defend himself. The second mate took him by the throat (Rarx admits that) while he, Louis, was quietly standing by the chicken-coop cutting off a plug of tobacco, being at the time perfectly well behaved, and the Frenchman, remembering his comrades, used his knife, ready in his hand. In the second place, the name which the second mate called him was the last straw. English, German, Scandinavian, and American sailors do not seem to care what they are called by the mates ; but any one of the violent Latin races always resents this epithet with all the fury of which they are possessed. It is inconceivable, anyhow, why Rarx should have stirred up the row again.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Chips ejected Louis from his shop. All right ; he is there to guard that part of the ship, and did right in heaving him out of it ; yet the second mate must needs rake it all up again two hours afterward, when he didn't even see the original disturbance. Gradually I am beginning to lean toward the belief that Rarx and Louis have had a grudge against each other for a long time, and mayhap that little incident in the South Atlantic while the sails were being shifted, during which Rarx nearly threw the Frenchman off one of the mizzen-top-sail-yards, was not so much of an accident as it seemed.

By far the gravest question now is, was the knife that did the deed rusty ? It was a sheath-knife such as all sailors carry in a little leathern scabbard by the hip. It must have been fairly bright, though, as there has been a great deal of use lately for sheath-knives in cutting away old chafing gear, and therein lies Rarx's salvation. His sufferings are very great now ; at long intervals he is somewhat easier, but he groans almost continuously in what seems to be excruciating agony, his breath comes in gasps, and perspiration oozes from his face in large beads, as he wallows and squirms in his narrow, hot bunk, almost crying aloud sometimes when the ship rolls.

And what of Louis ? He has been removed to the lazarette and fastened, still handcuffed, to a thick stanchion. There he sits brooding in the gloom, for no light penetrates the apartment save by the booby-hatch that leads into it, secured with a chain heavy enough for a maintop-sail-sheet. He has, however, plenty of air and good food, including soft bread, which is no longer given to the men ; but there is not space enough for him to stand upright in, a kneeling posture being the most elevated that he can assume. Still, there's nothing else to do with him, for he certainly couldn't be allowed at large. Three times a day

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the mate carries him his food, liberates him when he has finished and marches him forward, walking about five feet behind him, his hand gripping a pistol in his hip-pocket, ready for the least false move on the part of the Frenchman or any one else. The latter's face is a study as he walks rapidly forward, his heavy, dark brows hanging sulkily over flashing eyes which he never raises from the deck. Through the midst of his shipmates he strides silently with bare feet, his immovable face shrouded in deep scowls, looking neither to the right nor left. They make way for him with averted heads as he passes through, followed by his jailer, and the men close up again as after the passage of a blood-hound in leash. Then in a moment back again he hurries along the deck, mounts the poop-ladder, descends into the dusky recess, holds out his hands, the irons are snapped on, with the chains between, and he is left for another five or six hours to muse in solitude upon his bloody deed. His face shows as yet no indication of relenting; but as day after day drags on in all its awful loneliness even his nature, however dauntless, must at last succumb to that most terrible of all punishments, solitary confinement.

As for the rest of the men, they have recovered somewhat and go about their work much as usual, bar the chanties, and I had lately another chance for a word with honest Paddy. "What do you think of this affair?" I asked him. "Well, I can't say I'm surprised," he answered. "How is that?" wishing to sound him. "Mr. Rarx has always seemed a pretty decent fellow." "Decent fellow!" he replied. "Say, look here, I didn't say much about him to you the other day, but I'll tell you what now, there's not a single man in the fo'c's'l what'll say a good word for him, 'ceptin' that he's a fine sailor-man. His temper's hell," he went on, and I expected to hear of some more fine examples of discipline, for we were on the fore-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

castle-head and not likely to be seen, when "Come, come, Paddy, this ain't the dog-watch," broke sharply in, and we perceived the stalwart shoulders of the bosun rise above the ladder, which, of course, ended the conversation.

My wife is rapidly recovering from her nervousness, having in this respect exhibited almost miraculous recuperative powers. What a trying, not to say a terrible, position for a woman to be placed in ! What a miserable termination to a voyage undertaken solely for pleasure ! Indeed, though, while we have enjoyed the sea as much, perhaps more, than we ever did before, there have been so many adverse conditions on board with which we have had to contend, that, after all, this is a more or less appropriate termination to the passage. When Louis was first put into the lazarette my wife didn't like it at all, as our room adjoins it, though separated by a stout partition or bulkhead ; we have allayed her fears, though, and we never hear so much as the clink of the chain from the Frenchman, even at night. It is fortunate that our relatives have no suspicion of our position.

We are now permanently three hands short, for old Neilsen is still so seedy that his most arduous tasks are making sennit and mats and pointing and putting Turk's-heads on ropes. At noon we found that a strong southwesterly current had retarded us, and we are not as far north by half a degree as we supposed. Precisely the same weather conditions prevail, this great ocean being still in a state of absolute rest. The wind is now east ; an advantage, as it allows every sail to draw. Latitude, $2^{\circ} 49'$ south ; longitude, $112^{\circ} 30'$ west.

AUGUST 21

Mr. Rarx is somewhat improved, we think, and this afternoon he is not in so much pain. When I went in to

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

see him yesterday I was shocked at his appearance. His face was swollen and puffed and glistening with perspiration ; he twitched suddenly in jerks and was so exhausted that a dozen consecutive words wore him completely out. The worst of all, however, was his rambling speech, due to five-grain doses of opium ; these seem to me to be prodigious amounts to administer, and perhaps account for the excessive cardiac palpitation from which he suffers. During breakfast this morning he had a dreadful spasm of pain, and we could hear him crying, " Oh, oh, oh, oh !" and it was miserable to see this powerful man stricken down at one blow.

Louis still conducts himself with the grim indifference of a Sioux Indian ; his chains have been double-riveted and shackled, and an idea of the massiveness of the gear may be obtained when it is said that the stanchion to which he is secured is five inches square and only four feet high, that being the amount of head-room in the lazarette. The skipper has to stand the second mate's watches now, which is hard on him, as he is suffering acutely from rheumatism. Lately, or since we took the southeast Trades, he has been most astonishingly affable. We don't know what to think of him ; his argumentativeness has disappeared and he insists on conversing pleasantly at meals ; in short, he has assumed a gracious benignity as surprising as it is welcome, and it proves that he knows quite well how to talk and act, and that his surly manner is simply the result of a morose temper. I expect that he wants to leave a good impression on our minds at the end of the voyage.

Our southwesterly current gave rise to a most astounding lie from the mate, to illustrate what he believes to be the erratic movements of the currents in the North Pacific. The incident happened on a bark in the San Francisco-Honolulu trade, of which he was mate at the time. This

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

vessel carried no freight, but did a large passenger trade, and always carried cows along for fresh milk. "Well, sir, wot I'm a-tellin' yer of 'appened onct on the houtward passage; one of our cows took sick and died, and of course we 'ad to 'eave 'er over the side, which we did in the north-east Trades. We reached 'Onolulu all right, and started back ag'in for San Francisco, when one mornin' in the Trades the cap'n he says to me, 'Mr. Goggins,' says he, 'wot's that?' 'Wot's wot?' says I. 'That there,' says 'e, a-pointin' over the weather-quarter. I looked, sir, and strike me blind if there warn't the body o' that cow, and we two 'undred mile to the north'ard o' where we chucked 'er hoverboard. She'd drifted there nearly dead ag'in the Trades in twenty-seven days." When I told this singular experience to the old man, he said, "The principal thing that's the matter with Goggins is that he's a d—— old fool." This being the first occasion on which I ever knew a captain to omit the handle to a mate's name.

However, Captain Scruggs himself told us a strange story later; but as he is painfully accurate and never enlarges on facts or figures, it is most likely true. He was bound from Seattle to Manila, master of the "Judas Doves," and while rolling down through the southeast Trades he fell in with a German ship which asked for the longitude. They had a little talk together with the flags, and it turned out that she was from Vancouver for Callao and that she was then one hundred and nine days out. Nor was this the most remarkable part of the affair, for she was thirteen hundred miles out of her course! Her chronometers were out and she had been drifting about in the strong currents for weeks, working by dead-reckoning. But if this is extraordinary, what shall be said of the voyage of the ship "Ravenscrag," which arrived at Callao not many months ago, one hundred and eighty-four days from

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

New Whatcom ! This place with the musical name is on Puget Sound, so that the distance which the "Ravenscrag" had to traverse was not more than six thousand miles in a straight line, yet so extremely difficult is it to make the coast of South America on account of the Trades that she was half a year at sea. Sailing ships have to practically cross the Pacific before they can fetch a port on the Peruvian coast. Another instance of the delay of this voyage is afforded by one of our rear-admirals, retired, who told me that he was once almost one hundred days from San Francisco to Callao in a training-ship, which shows that the long passage of the "Ravenscrag" was not due to indolence and bad navigation. The latter vessel's voyage was infinitely more extraordinary in comparison than the "T. F. Oakes's" passage of two hundred and fifty-nine days from Hong-Kong to New York.

It is a pity that vessels have to stand so far to the westward here when bound north in order to get the northeast Trades, but unless they do they will fall into a great calm region that extends from the Central American coast to the one hundred and twentieth meridian, and which reaches as far north as the thirtieth parallel. This is also a cyclonic zone, which, at certain seasons (particularly in September), renders the voyage from Panama to San Francisco a very dangerous one even for large steamers.

The longest voyage that it is possible to make both in time and distance is that from Great Britain or New York to the Japanese and Chinese ports during the northeast monsoon, when vessels sail completely around Australia and the whole length of the Asian coast to 35° north rather than beat up through the Sunda Straits, the total length of the voyage being twenty-one thousand miles. The following recent passages taken from London "Fair-play" serve to show the duration of the voyage in days :

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

"Ladakh," New York to Hong-Kong	181
"Falls of Dee," New York to Hong-Kong	182
"John R. Kelley," New York to Hong-Kong	182
"Torrisdale," New York to Hong-Kong	190
"Emily F. Whitney," New York to Shanghai	197
"Musselcrag," New York to Shanghai	197
"Ancona," New York to Shanghai	240
"Eureka," Philadelphia to Nagasaki	186
"George Curtis," Philadelphia to Nagasaki	197
"Vimeira," Philadelphia to Hiogo	189
"Englehorn," Philadelphia to Yokohama	180

The "Whitney," "Curtis," "Kelley," and "Eureka" are American ships, their average being one hundred and ninety days ; the rest are English, with an average of one hundred and ninety-four, the miserable passage of the "Ancona" having spoiled the record of the Britishers. It will be seen, however, that not one of the ships went out in less than six months ; compare this with the run of the American bark "St. James," from New York to Shanghai, of ninety-eight days in the southwest monsoon, which was not a very wonderful passage.

The weather is as usual, save that there is a great increase in the humidity. Latitude, 1° south ; longitude, $114^{\circ} 40'$ west.

AUGUST 22

North latitude ! At nine o'clock this morning we crossed the equator in $115^{\circ} 35'$ west, and once more entered the Northern Hemisphere. Our passage of one hundred and three days from New York to this position is an average one, and we have yet twenty-seven days in which to reach San Francisco without breaking what the skipper says is his record of never having been at sea one hundred and thirty days.

A remarkable circumstance in connection with this part

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

of the world is the low temperature of both sea and air ; the former at noon was 77° and the latter only 70° , or about the same as the sea in August at New York. In the Indian and Atlantic Oceans the sea temperature at the equator is 84° and the air 86° .

We certainly made a fine run up from Cape Horn. Four weeks ago to-morrow we were in 60° south, and have, therefore, sailed thirty-six hundred miles of latitude and forty degrees of longitude in twenty-seven days. But the wind has been very, very light for twenty-four hours. We did only one hundred and one miles and just did contrive to wriggle across the line. Perhaps this is only a light spell in the Trades, as this wind at this season ought to carry us seven or eight degrees farther north.

Sufficient unto the day, etc. The memory of that miserable night last Wednesday is already beginning to grow dim. Mr. Rarx is improving ; the terrific palpitation of his heart has ceased, and he has had much natural sleep lately. He did a strange thing last night in the middle watch : he got up out of his bed and sat for an hour in a chair ; his heart was much relieved, he said, and he certainly does look better.

This being Sunday I had a long talk in the afternoon watch with MacFoy, who confirmed what Paddy said of Rarx's temper. Then happening to mention Coleman, the bosun remarked, "He's been pretty quiet since Mr. Rarx laid him out." "Laid him out when?" I asked. "Why, didn't you know he near killed him when we were towin' to sea? No? Oh, dear ! We were haulin' aft the foresheet and Coleman turned his head to say a word to the man behind him, when the second mate come around the house and kicked him pretty hard in the legs. 'What are yer kickin' me for, sir? I didn't do nothin'.' 'You lie,' said Mr. Rarx. 'What are you sayin' to that

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

man? Givin' me back talk, too.' Well, sir, with that he jumped on him when he was stoopin' over, and I thought his ribs 'ud go afore he got through with him. Now, look ; a bosun's supposed to be on the mate's side. But I say there's no bit o' use in a-smashin' a man all up that didn't deserve it, as I've seen dozens o' times in American ships. I must say there's some tough cases sails in Yankee ships, but whose fault is that? It's the fault o' the cap'ins and mates themselves. What man with a little bit o' self-respec's goin' to allow himself to be knocked around the decks when he can sail in other ships, even if he is only a foremast hand? A dog won't stand that, but he can run away from the man what beats him ; but the sailor can't. But the worst of the whole thing is that American mates don't make any difference atween a blackguard and a man what's doin' his best. Some men's got to be thumped, it's the only way to handle 'em ; but what's the good o' hittin' a man with a block like the second mate did to Karl and then hazin' him for the rest o' the passage. It's mighty little you know what's been goin' on here up forrad ; they've kep' it quiet, for I guess the old man told the mates not to let out afore you and the lady. But there was a hot time under the forecastle-head some days off the Horn. I was goin' out in the 'S. G. Alley' a couple o' year ago to Japan. 'Black Taylor' was mate of her, the toughest man in the toughest ship under the flag. We were makin' sail off the Hook and there was a man surgin' up on a rope at a capstan ; the rope was wet and wouldn't render easy, but paid out in short jerks, which, of course, the sailor couldn't help. Taylor spotted him, and sung out that if he did it again he'd come over and fix him. In a minute or so the rope slipped an inch again, and with that Taylor runs over to him and kicks him into the water-ways, and was goin' to lep on his stummick when the man all at once

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

jumped up, whipped out a knife and drew it up the mate's vest. His insides fell out on the deck and he died in a little while. Of course the ship couldn't go to sea without a mate, so we turned back to New York. The sailor was jugged, and what d'ye think he got? Six months! He pleaded self-defence and Taylor's black record decided the jury. I'll bet this Frenchman of ours 'll get nothin' at all if only one man 'll stand by him and tell what he's seen Mr. Rarx do. I've sailed in a good many American ships, and in every one of them some one was cut up afore we got in. I'm thinkin' o' the Snug Harbor or you'd never see me in another one." Latitude, $0^{\circ} 7'$ north; longitude, $115^{\circ} 47'$ west.

AUGUST 23

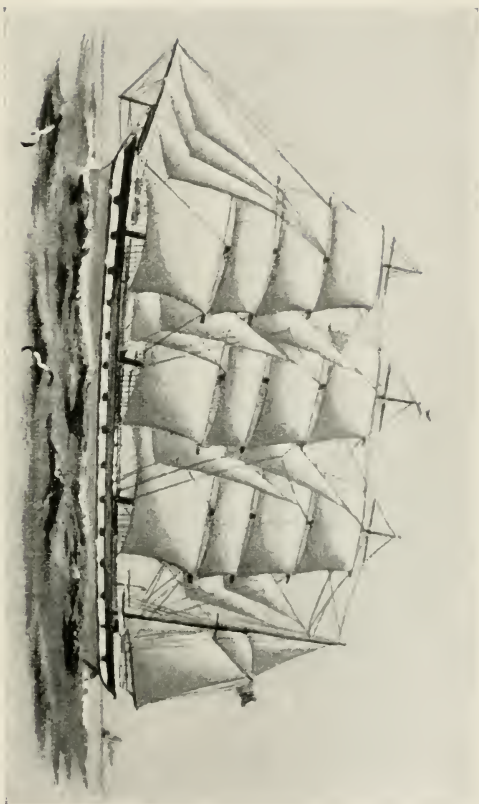
We went along pretty slowly last night, for only the faintest of breezes came whispering over the Pacific; and it was so still that we could plainly hear the sighing of porpoises as they rolled languidly through the water alongside, a brilliant flash of phosphoric light showing where each disappeared. At daylight this morning, though, a delightful breeze came singing out of the east-southeast, and by nine o'clock we were making seven knots, doing twenty-nine miles in the forenoon watch,—no mean speed for the equatorial ocean. It seems that the light spell was only a lull in the Trades, for there are plenty of indications of wind round about.

At 4.30 yesterday, after pumping, I had yet another conversation with the doughty Scot. "Have ye taken notice of the way the mate's slacked up on the men?" he asked; "that's a bad sign, now. Here's this man cut; before ye'll remember how he used to shout and charge around the decks. What do ye hear from him now? Nothin' at all. I haven't heard him raise his voice to one

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

o' the men since Wednesday night. Why? 'Cause he's scared. He's in a funk ; and I have the task o' keepin' the ship in order forrad. One o' them, Tim, was goin' to get ugly this forenoon ; but I turned on him sharp and says, ' See here, now, drop that ; you've laid one man out, haven't you? You have ; but I'm d—— if you're goin' to lay me out,' says I, and that settled it for the time. Who've I got to depend on if they do break out? The mate's no good, and t'other bosun's only a child. When Mr. Rarx gets up again you'll see some fireworks. Did ye ever hear anythin' about Cap'n Slocum in the ' D. G. Tillie ' ? He's another hard nut. I was comin' around in her once from Baltimore, bound to ' Frisco with a load o' coal. One o' the men forgot to say ' sir ' to the second mate one day in a hard squall ; so Slocum clapped the irons on him, and then near beat the life out of him with a fid. This little bit o' fun, though, I heard cost him near two thousand dollars. I'll tell ye the ships you'd ought to sail in if ye make another voyage,—one of the Loch Line ; they're grand ships, and run like men-o'-war ; I've been in them, and they're the best that sails the seas.'"

They are, doubtless, the best run sailing ships in the world, and were built not alone to carry agricultural implements and wool in the London-Melbourne trade, but to take out passengers as well. There are fifteen of them, and all named after Scottish lochs, and they vary in size from twelve hundred to two thousand tons. If all ships were as fast as the " Loch Torridon," tramp steamers would be at a discount. This vessel goes wherever she can find a charter, and has made a number of wonderful records. She holds the best record for a deep-loaded ship from Newcastle, Australia, to San Francisco,—forty-six days. In 1891 she made the passage from Sydney to London, wool-laden, in eighty days, beating a fleet of seventy-eight



The four-masted British ship "Loch Torridon"

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

vessels, similarly loaded and bound to the United Kingdom. It was on this voyage that Captain Pattman, who has commanded the ship for sixteen years, made a record that is simply marvellous, by sailing from the Diego Ramirez to the Lizard in forty-one days ! In 1892 the "Loch Torridon," in ballast, went out to Melbourne from London in sixty-nine days, and the consecutive runs for nine days were, in knots, 302, 290, 288, 272, 285, 282, 270, 327, and 341 ; and from Saturday noon to Saturday noon the ship made 2119 knots, an average of 303 knots per day, or about thirteen miles per hour. Another fast passage of this gallant ship was from Newcastle, Australia, to Valparaiso in thirty days. It is easy to imagine the intense pride that a ship-master must feel in such a vessel. Her picture appears on the opposite page. It is a pity that her royals are clewed up.

Last evening Louis's coat and a change of clothes were brought aft by Charlie, one of the jolly, good-tempered fellows. "Lemme see them duds," growled the mate, standing by the wheel-house, who then went carefully through the pockets for concealed weapons, but found only a lump of tobacco, which some one had slipped into the pocket, as Louis is a great masticator of the weed. The mate subsequently transferred the tobacco to his own pocket, whereupon Charlie actually expostulated with him, at which Mr. Goggins said never a word ! The second mate is now doing quite well, and ate his first solid food to-day, a bit of dry toast, but his rations still consist mostly of arrow-root gruel. The captain told us to-day that last Friday he didn't think that Mr. Rarx would live through that day, but a robust constitution has apparently pulled him past the crisis. The more we ponder on the stabbing affair the more remarkable it seems that the second mate should have started the row. If the truth were known, both

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Rarx and Louis were perhaps getting a little rusty from disuse and tried to brighten matters up a little ; but Rarx 'll never take another Dago by the throat again (at sea Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians are Dagos ; Scandinavians, Hollanders, and Germans are Dutchmen). Louis will have a very strong case against the second mate if he can get Karl and some of the others to testify as to their treatment at the hands of Mr. Rarx ; and self-defence is an excellent plea when a man takes another by the throat, especially if the said man has been in the habit of utilizing belaying-pins for other purposes than those for which they were intended. Latitude, $1^{\circ} 45'$ north ; longitude, $117^{\circ} 15'$ west.

AUGUST 24

Two hundred and two miles ! How's that for one day's run in the southeast Trades two hundred and fifty miles north of the equator ? Indeed, this is the best that we have done for a fortnight, and it has put all hands in a happy mood. A powerful current setting west-northwest, two and one-half knots an hour, has been responsible for about sixty miles of the distance, but the wind is strong at south-southeast and should give us another good run to-morrow. Except the Gulf Stream, I do not know of a current in the open sea as strong as this one, which, if in a harbor, would at times, half bury a small can-buoy. The heat, though, is very severe now, the humidity and oppressiveness being extreme.

The second mate was carried out of his room this forenoon and laid in a reclining chair on the main-deck. His respiration is improving, though it is still labored, and he says that he really feels but little better. The probability of his being able to resume his duties before we reach port is very remote, which is fortunate for the men, for if Mr.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Rarx should sufficiently recover to stand his watches, there would be a terrific thumping of sailors.

The mate went below to put a fresh pair of irons on Louis, and in doing so handled him very roughly (a courageous performance), so that the Frenchman sobbed two or three times. "Ha," quoth Goggins, "blubberin', eh? That's just like you Dagos. You're nothin' but a lot of old women with no more sand than a—a—a—jelly-fish, you ain't." People in glass houses occurred to me then, and I thought how Louis could, any day, pick up this miserable creature when he went down with his food, and shake the life out of him with just one of those mighty arms of his. The Frenchman is unlucky in having such wrists, for there is not a pair of irons in the ship nearly large enough, and each wrist is encircled by a ringlet of raw skin where the handcuffs have gripped and chafed it as though it had been seared with a hot bracelet. I cannot help feeling sorry for him, in spite of his deed; for it is improbable that a man whose general character is so good and whose face is so frank and honest is a villain at heart. Like the rest of his nation, he is very quick-tempered, and upon the second mate's catching him by the throat his hand instantly flew to his weapon, the common sailor's sheath-knife. On the other hand, both Tim and Coleman look like typical hard cases, with restless eyes and evil, discontented, sinister faces. Why is it that such men are seldom maltreated at sea? It is only such inoffensive creatures as Karl and Brün who are kicked about a ship's deck like curs in an alley-way. Such men as I have mentioned first are thoroughly wide-awake, too, and know just how far to go in irritating captains and mates without laying themselves open to punishment; and when mates cannot detect them, they (the mates) "take it out" on others.

The most intelligent man forward is a New Yorker, Dick

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Broadhead, and, as he has been very willing to talk, we have had some interesting conversations. He is going out to ship in one of the Pacific mail steamers as quartermaster, which accounts for so respectable a young man's signing in an American vessel. What a splendid lot of young, native Americans we would have in our merchant marine if boys at sea in our deep-water ships were treated as they are in the vessels of other nations ! The real American sailor, as he has proved in our naval achievements, has no superior, and if even the mildest inducements were offered to young men of decent antecedents to sail in our ships, we would soon have a merchant service that would be the envy of the rest of the world. Look at the training-ship "St. Mary's," which is supposed to supply young men to officer our steamers and sailing ships. I have yet to meet with a single graduate of this excellent institution on a sailing vessel, for they absolutely refuse to sign in them even as second mate, saying that until blood and belaying-pins cease to fly in our long-voyage ships, they would leave them severely alone. The existing condition of things actually prevents our boys and young men from joining the merchant service. Why have we not a Plimsoll to strip our ships of the unprincipled wretches who command and officer them ? Although not a sailor, this excellent man spent most of his life and ten thousand pounds in ameliorating the condition of English seamen. If our sailors were treated as they are in the foreign services, we should have gentlemen's sons as captains and mates, as they have in Great Britain and Germany, and not the miserable examples of humanity that are to be found on the quarter-decks of the majority of our deep-water-men. The second mate of a ship once said to me, speaking of the captain of one of our crack San Francisco wind-jammers, "What ! Cap'n B—— ? Why, he don't know who his father and

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

mother were." If this is the captain, what can you expect?

But I have drifted away from Broadhead. This is the second ship under the stars and stripes that he ever served in, having been shanghaied on board the "Virago" once two or three years before in a Chinese port. It was this ship's maiden voyage, and she came home around South America from Hong-Kong, instead of around Africa. Concerning Captain Jones, Broadhead remarked, "I've seen dummies in command of ships, but he beats the deck. The first bad squall we had off the Horn, I was steering, and he was so scared he just held on to the rail and yelled, and I heard the mate say to him, 'Why don't you get the t'-ga'nt-s'ls off her?' She went down to the sheer-poles in that squall, and they do say he hasn't had anything above the topsails on her since. I'll give you a tip: the 'Virago's' got three masts too many for Cap'n Jones." Latitude, $4^{\circ} 24'$ north; longitude, $119^{\circ} 20'$ west.

AUGUST 25

So joyous a breeze has wafted us along for twenty-four hours that at noon to-day we were two hundred and two miles from where we were at the same time yesterday. We have no current now, and our run was due solely to good, honest winds from south-southeast. At about noon to-day, though, the breeze shifted to south-southwest, and now (4 P.M.) it is at southwest and not strong. It is probable that we have lost the Trades, after holding them for thirty-five degrees of latitude,—a remarkable piece of luck. It was grand sailing then; the very finest that we ever had. But hence to 15° north will no doubt be a trying week. It was a matter of some surprise to us when we first learned that the light southwesterly wind that blows between the Trades in the Atlantic and Pacific is called a monsoon. It

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

is generally supposed that the term monsoon, which is from the Arabian *mawsun*, signifying season, is applied to certain winds on the southeast coast of Asia only.

Gracious, how hot it is here now ! What a difference in a few hours ! At noon, with the sky heavily overcast and on the coolest part of the deck, the thermometer stood at 84° . In equatorial regions it is only when far removed from salt-water that the mercury rises to such altitudes as 130° ; this fearful temperature is experienced in many localities, such as Northern India, Mojave Desert, in Southern California, and in parts of Australia. In such places as Para, Singapore, and Madras, though close to the equator, the temperature seldom rises more than two or three degrees above 90° . Anything higher than 80° in such places, as well as at sea, would be considered almost unbearable by most people.

While my wife and I were reading on the deck-house this morning we observed the wee cook in transports of delight, the cause of which became apparent when he held up a fine bonito. We went down to look at it, and then perceived two men on the jib-boom end fishing for them, so we climbed up on the top-gallant forecastle-head to watch the sport. It was delightful up there, cool and breezy from the gush that whirled out of the curve of the foresail. We braced ourselves against the knight-heads and, looking down over the lofty, flaring bows, we could see dozens of bonitos darting swiftly about the cut-water as we swept grandly on through the blue, transparent sea. Far out on the tapering end of the spar were Charley and Olsen ; the former with the line in his hand, the hook being concealed by that singular and universal deep-sea bait, a bit of white cotton cloth. Charley kept the hook just touching the surface, except when he jerked it sharply upward, in imitation of the flight of the flying-fish, which form the principal

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

food of the voracious bonito. It would be all but impossible to conceive a more beautiful scene than that which fascinated us for half an hour. The fish themselves were of the most exquisite colors, some brilliant blue, some magenta, others of a rich purple ; and as they flashed through the water with incredible speed, twisting and twirling about in pursuit of their prey, with now and then a gleam of silvery white from their under parts, they looked not unlike segments of a vivid rainbow. Presently one would shoot clear out of the water for the bait, straight and swift as a dart, and seize it in his toothless but greedy jaws. A great churning and splashing would follow, and then Charlie, almost hysterical with excitement, would haul up the lithe, handsome creature, quivering and vibrating as though galvanized. No sooner would he be hooked than perhaps a hundred flying-fish would break through the surface and sail gleaming away for a few rods, only to fall into the rapacious mouths of their enemies. The spectacle was one long to be cherished : the whizzing flight of the glittering little fish, the lustrous-hued bonitos, the tranquil surface of the ocean, broken here and there with foaming ripples, and the lofty tiers of canvas rearing themselves higher and higher toward the clouds.

Captain Scruggs continues his quiet, almost agreeable manner, answers pleasantly, and has little to say at meals. It is aggravating to think that the skipper knew quite well how he ought to have behaved during the voyage, and that he simply didn't care "whether school kept or not." Now and then the silence is broken during dinner by a shattering crash of the old man's ponderous foot upon the oil-cloth floor, while he simultaneously yells, "Get out o' here, you homely thing !" This is an exhortation to the gaunt, pop-eyed cat, which sometimes slinks into the cabin at meals. It seems impossible to fatten this singular

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

animal, and it skulks and stalks about the decks as lank and ribbed as a Calcutta jackal, with its huge saffron eyes fixed motionlessly upon you in so startling a fashion that it looks like an incarnation of one of Cruikshank's drawings. Its notions of sport are equally strange ; Tommie, the sleek Maltese, has been trying to teach it how to play, but when Tom rushes sportively at it, the other executes a series of prodigious, vertical leaps, with its legs flat out at right angles, and in another moment vanishes with an elderly cry.

Mr. Rarx is about the same ; two of the men supported him to-day while he tried to hobble about the deck ; but he cannot for an instant even stand alone. Latitude, $6^{\circ} 56'$ north ; longitude, $121^{\circ} 15'$ west.

AUGUST 26

We are now certain that we have lost the Trades. The wind has been steady at southwest for twenty-four hours, and, though not a strong breeze, we made more than two degrees of latitude, which is not bad going for this region, and three days of it would take us into the northeast winds. It is intensely hot and moist, and heavy showers pelt us every half-hour ; but it is a fine chance for cleaning ship, and all hands are at work scrubbing off the old paint from the bulwarks and deck-houses preparatory to the new coat.

How I wish we could get a photograph in colors of that villain, Tim Powers ! I never supposed that one of the human species could so nearly in appearance approach the simian race. His head and jaws are covered with a thick growth of bright-red hair, which continues down his throat till it meets a shaggy breast. The body, powerfully made, is curved forward like an ape's, and long, thick arms, hair-covered to the knuckles, swing loosely well below the middle ; and he waddles in his gait like a monkey endeavor-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

oring to walk upright. The best possible description of this animal is to say that he is ever so much more like a chimpanzee than a chimpanzee is. Besides all this, he is so dirty that the rest of the men follow him with their eyes as he moves about the deck.

Those who are not especially interested in the well-being of our sailors may find the following dissertation somewhat tiresome ; but the facts about to be set forth ought to be known to the public, as they certainly are not, so that I will not begin these remarks with an apology for their length.

In every port of any size in the United States there are a number of men whose business it is to maintain boarding-houses for sailors,—that is, they are known to the outside world as boarding-house-keepers, but in reality they form one of the most extensive aggregations of criminals, thieves, and persecutors to be met with in any country of the world that boasts a high civilization. Their technical name is crimps. The Encyclopædic Dictionary defines a crimp as “one who keeps a low lodging-house, into which sailors and others are decoyed and then robbed”; but it would be impossible to present properly, in so small a space, the different phases and extensions of a system which for generations has eluded and defied investigation and has baffled the attempts of well-meaning but incapable legislators. New York is the hot-bed of crimps, for there are more than fifty boarding-houses in the city near the waterfront. Take the case of a vessel just in from a long voyage. No sooner does the anchor touch bottom than her decks are suddenly and mysteriously filled with strange men, who pay no attention to the captain or mates, but go at once into the forecastle among the sailors. They are the runners for the crimps,—men whose business it is to supply the sailors with grog which they have brought on board for

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the purpose, and then decoy and persuade them to their respective establishments. Every sailor at the end of a voyage has but half of his wages coming to him (more of this by and by), say about forty dollars. The crimp at once takes a week's board in advance and then, having drenched the unfortunate with the vilest of rum, it is a matter of but two or three days until the crimp has wheedled him out of the rest of his hard-earned gains, and then he gets in his finest work by opening an account with the sailor for lodging, meals, drinks, etc. He then at once becomes the slave of the crimp and must do his bidding ; not only can the latter prevent him from securing employment (in this free country !), but can actually prevent a ship-master from getting a crew, unless he signifies his willingness to deal with him ; and as I have said, so powerful (politically) is the crimping organization in New York that it successfully defies all effort at checking it and controls absolutely the shipping of sailors in New York. When a captain wishes to engage a crew, not finding one at the shipping commissioners, where they are supposed to be, he is compelled to apply to a crimp, and if sailors are scarce at the time, he will charge the captain so much per head ! If the sailors are plentiful, though, he will not charge the captain anything for supplying him with a crew ; in fact, he will go to the extremity of paying the latter a bonus for the privilege of shipping his men, in order to prevent some other crimp from securing his business, taking the precaution of charging the sailors a fee sufficiently large to make up the deficiency. This fee is known among sailors as "blood-money," and it varies from one to twenty dollars *per capita* ; in our own case, the amount that each foremast hand had to pay for being allowed to sail in this ship was five dollars ; and though their wages are so small (about eighteen dollars a month) it would be useless for them to object to the blood-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

money ; alternative, starvation in the streets. This practice of paying ship owners and masters for the privilege of supplying them with sailors has grown so common that it is regarded by many owners and captains as a legitimate source of income ; so much so, that the majority refuse to sign other than a crimp's crew. The shipping commissioner, a federal officer, is supposed to look after the gathering together of a ship's company ; the men, it is true, sign the articles in his presence, but that is the sum total of his connection with the shipment of sailors. Why doesn't the commissioner stop the crimping ? He is well aware, of course, that it goes on ; but he does not seek to prevent it because he is instructed not to interfere with the accredited "*agents*" of the owners, and it must not be forgotten that under the fee system in vogue at present the commissioners are, to a great extent, dependent upon the good-will of the owners for their income. Any attempt of the commissioner to interfere with the "*agents*" of the latter would evoke a strong protest from them, and would, perhaps, end in the suppression of the office of commissioner ; therefore the majority of the owners insist that their "*agents*" shall be respected.

In many instances the commissioners have been utterly unfit for the office they have held, for they are supposed to look after the welfare of seamen, besides their shipment. It is even said that some have been appointed from the forces of the crimps themselves. Others have been common ward politicians (those who know New York will appreciate this), and even a metal-worker has in the past held the office at New York ; while the most influential candidate for the position now at one of our greatest ports is a sign-painter ! It will be appreciated at once how much men of this sort know of the grievances of sailors whom they are supposed to protect.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

The allotment system which obtains now when sailors are about to go to sea is a most iniquitous arrangement. The law says that "a sailor may stipulate in his shipping agreement for the allotment of any portion of his wages which he may earn to his wife, mother, or other relative, or to an original creditor in liquidation of any just debt for board or clothing which he may have contracted prior to an engagement." This law was evidently framed to the advantage of the sailor, but in its ambiguity lies its detriment to seamen. Of course, the "original creditor" is the crimp (which was obviously not what the law intended), who has turned the words "may stipulate" into "must stipulate." When a ship-master makes known to a crimp that he wants a crew, the crimp rounds up the required number of men, marches them to the shipping commissioner's, where they sign the articles and are paid usually two months' advance wages (which is not lawful until it is turned into an "allotment"). This money, forty dollars in round numbers, is given to the crimp ("the original creditor"), who then extracts from the sum an amount three or four times in excess of what the man is really indebted to him, arranges for the blood-money, and hands the rest (if any money remains) to the victim. Frequently all of his advance is necessary to liquidate this "just debt," and the man goes to sea without a cent. On the voyage he gets in debt to the ship for the slop-chest account, clothing, oil-skins, boots, tobacco, etc., and at the end of the voyage, if it lasts four months, generally not more than a month's wages are due him. This is secured by the crimp at the destination, and the old story of robbery and persecution is repeated. No foreign nation that I know of, at least none of the highest rank, allows crimping. The government has charge of the procuring of crews, and any infringement or interference by an outsider is a criminal offence, and, more

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

than that, it is always punished as such. The United States government has never attempted to stamp out the crimps, and they, in turn, have never experienced any difficulty in prosecuting their lawless and miserable business.

Every time that a sailor signs articles any one or all of the following laws are violated, which the commissioner placidly disregards, and of which other government officials seem to be in complete ignorance :

1st. The payment of advance prohibited under penalty, fine, and imprisonment. 23 St. at L., page 55, Section 10, Dingley act, June 26, 1884 ; pages 66, 67 of U. S. Navigation Laws, also subdivision, Section 4522, U. S. R. S.

2d. Misuse of allotment notes. See 24 St. at L., page 80, Section 3, act June 19, 1886, and page 67, U. S. Navigation Laws.

3d. Payment of blood-money strictly forbidden. Section 4609, U. S. R. S.

4th. Withholding wages four or five days to bring seamen into the power of crimps. Section 4529, U. S. R. S.

5th. Withholding seamen's baggage to prevent them from seeking employment on their own account. Prohibition and penalty, Section 4536, U. S. R. S., as amended February 18, 1895 ; page 68, U. S. Navigation Laws.

6th. Soliciting lodgers (employment of runners) on inward-bound ships. Section 4607, U. S. R. S ; page 71, U. S. Navigation Laws.

All these violations tend directly to the demoralization and degradation of sailors, and ought to be immediately abolished.

Why our shipping laws should be so frequently broken, and with the utmost impunity, is, I think, partly due to their ambiguous construction, for many of them were prepared by either ship-owners or crimps with an abundance

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

of political influence, and also partly to our lax method of carrying out the laws that we have framed ; and they are disregarded because it would not be to the advantage of any one save the sailor, for whom they were supposed to have been enacted, to enforce them. The grievances of seamen are not popular subjects with the authorities, because of the peculiar obstacles generally met with in efforts to prove them ; while the amount of damages awarded to sailors, except in unusual cases, do not offer sufficient inducements to the sort of maritime lawyers who would be likely to bring the cases to a successful issue.

As that able writer on the subject and champion of sailors, Mr. James H. Williams, says, “The complaining seaman has usually arrayed against him the combined powers of the wealthy ship-owners ; the cunning, unscrupulous, and designing crimp ; the sagacity and ability of the most experienced lawyers ; and sometimes the traditional prejudice of the judicial mind is often turned against him. With this combination to overcome on the merits of his case alone, the allegations of the sailor must be well sustained indeed to enable him to win.” As for the cases of sailors suing for damages for maltreatment at sea, the difficulties encountered by them when seeking justice lie in the facilities afforded the offender—that is, the master or mate—to escape ; the obstacles that the owners put in the way of his apprehension ; and the disposal of the witnesses—“shanghaiing”—either by *bribery or intimidation by the crimps*.

Mr. Williams has accurately and truthfully summed up the seaman's condition in the United States as follows : “The sailor is degraded to be more effectually robbed ; he is cheated for want of official protection ; he is not protected because of his own utter helplessness, and because we have no recognized shipping system such as exists in

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Great Britain, for instance. In this country the sailor is often despised because of his nationality ; in European countries he is usually honored for the same reason. When this nation rises to a realizing sense of its own responsibility and manifest duty to the sailor, and provides proper laws for his protection and adequate means for their enforcement, both our merchant marine and navy will become Americanized, seamanship will become an honorable calling, and American boys will go to sea."

Over against this wretched treatment allowed to exist by the government of the United States, for its commissioners make no attempt to prevent it, stands forth the protection accorded the sailors of Great Britain and Germany. Seamen are well taken care of in the latter country ; but in Great Britain there exists a system of sailor protection ashore, so perfect as to leave little or nothing to be desired ; and the perfection of its detail has led me to show the workings of this scheme in the next few pages, a scheme that is *facile princeps*, and that ought to be a model for the rest of the world. The shipment of seamen in Great Britain is conducted under the superintendence of the Board of Trade ; this is a separate department of the government, and upon it devolves the supervision and control of the entire merchant marine,—*i.e.*, commerce and navigation. The president of the Board of Trade is a cabinet minister, and of course occupies a seat in Parliament ; and the duties of the Board are defined and guided by acts of Parliament. Among other specific functions, the Board of Trade must provide for the shipment, care, and protection of seamen, and must frame and *enforce* (that's the great point) proper laws for the suppression of crimping and similar abominations. Inasmuch as the Board was organized solely with reference to the interests of sailors and commerce, its officers have been, in nearly every case, judiciously chosen

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

for their peculiar fitness and natural aptitude for the work rather than for any *political views* they may have held, or because of any *influence* exercised in favor of their appointment. As a result of this common-sense arrangement a most efficient and reliable body of officials has been secured, and for this reason the Board of Trade, from being considered at first a very troublesome innovation by maritime people, has succeeded in forming relations so close as to be almost indispensable with ship-owners and merchants throughout Great Britain ; and what is even more remarkable, and certainly just as important, it has secured the confidence, improved the character, and protected the rights, interests, and persons of seamen to an extent which no other institution in any country has ever attained.

In all ports of Great Britain subdivisions of the Board of Trade, called Local Marine Boards, are established, each having authority over local maritime affairs. Seamen are entitled to direct representation on these local Boards, which are now maintained by the home government at various foreign seaports between Hamburg and Brest.

In Great Britain the shipping and discharging of seamen is conducted and superintended by government officers, *and no person other than duly appointed officials of the Board of Trade are permitted to enter the shipping office under any pretext whatever while business is being transacted between master and crew under severe penalty.* Crimps and all manner of "beach pirates" are particularly objectionable, and if found on the premises occupied by an official shipping bureau, are incarcerated without the slightest ceremony. Every shipment of seamen must take place at a government office except in extraordinary cases provided for in the law. When crews are wanted, notices to that effect are posted at the shipping office, on the vessels requiring them, and in other places where sailors will be

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

likely to see them. Men desiring employment then proceed to the shipping office, present their *discharges* to the official, who in turn hands them to the captain. In this way crews are selected, and it will be perceived what an excellent body of men a captain can thus gather together. A seaman without his discharges generally finds great difficulty in obtaining a berth in England unless he can offer proof as to his previous service and character. These discharges are usually enclosed in a sort of wallet furnished by the government for a small sum, and are always accepted as evidence of the men's rating, ability, and conduct. They are retained by the master until the end of the voyage, when they are returned to the owners with a new one added.

Aside from the mere formal engagement and official protection from "water-front parasites," the Board of Trade is of immense importance and value to British sailors in a variety of ways altogether too numerous for enumeration here. Suffice it to say, then, that the many shining features of this splendid institution have proved of incalculable benefit to English sailors and their families, while the practical results obtained by means of its beneficent influence have contributed in no small degree to the present maritime greatness and power of the British nation.

Compare this method with the American fashion of throwing a dozen or more poor, wretched, half-starved, drunken creatures on board a ship, who have been robbed of their small pittance, gained often when looking into death's jaws without so much as a flinch; and frequently stripped of every garment save the underclothes which alone cover them, the hapless victims of the laxity and the passive indifference of the United States government, commence the voyage of four or six months in a ship commanded in many, many instances by men little short of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

devils, and officered by men worse than beasts, conscious that for themselves it is merely a case of "out of the pan into the fire." Latitude, $8^{\circ} 53'$ north ; longitude, 122° west.

AUGUST 27

Last night was one of terrific heat. Imagine a temperature of 87° at one in the morning, with an atmosphere so oppressive with humidity that instead of sustaining a weight of fifteen pounds per square inch the body seems to be supporting at least thirty. It was hotter than any night that I ever remember afloat or ashore. There was a peculiar, smothering quality in the atmosphere, which was so heavy and moist that it seemed as though you ought to be able to seize a handful and squeeze the water out of it. The very essence of humidity seemed to be instilled into the air, and my wife, who readily withstood the heat in the Bay of Bengal at the close of the wet season, nearly fainted in the middle watch. It must not be supposed that because the air is pure that people do not suffer in hot weather at sea ; that is an idea held only by those who have never crossed the equator. If the hygrometer would drop even to eighty-five or ninety the temperature could be conveniently borne ; but this almost continual saturation is exceedingly trying. Think of the sufferings of passengers in the Red Sea, when steamers often have to alter their course and proceed against the wind to prevent people from dying of heat apoplexy !

The captain has once more donned his white drill suits, the jackets of which button closely up under the throat, like soldiers' tunics in the tropics. By this arrangement it is not necessary to wear an ordinary shirt underneath ; and at first glance the skipper looks to be most suitably and airily attired, and you envy him the possession of his gossamer tunics, until at meals, when there is an expansion of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

his corporeal sphericity which opens the spaces between the tunic buttons. And then, oh, horrors ! the sight is blasted by the lurid glare of a red flannel undershirt ! Red flannel on the equator ! It is enough to throttle you, and the temperature instantly rises several degrees. No man ought to be allowed to so afflict his fellow-creatures.

Last night when I went on deck at 9.30 the skipper was on the lee side, looking at the heavens. On seeing me he said, " Well, there's our old friend, the pole star ; we haven't seen him for many a day." Now, I ought to have known better than to attempt any joke, but it seemed likely that he would surely know this ancient pleasantry of mariners, so I answered,—

" Yes ; as the saying is, the pole star is the first land you make coming up from Cape Horn."

This threw him into a grave meditation, at the end of which he ominously observed, " I don't see what you mean." I had by this time forgotten all about the star, and had to ask him in turn what *he* meant.

" Why, how do you mean that the pole star is the first land you make?" he demanded, bristling ; " you often see Juan Fernandez."

" Oh, well," I answered, desiring propitiation, " sailors used to say that in the old days, meaning that it reminded them that they were once more in northern latitudes."

" Well, *I* never heard it," he returned ; " and, anyhow, we don't know whether hit's land *or* water." Here I fled, unable to withstand the strain any longer.

At dinner to-day he unexpectedly relapsed into his usual morose, contrary humor, and came strutting and stamping into the dining-room, glaring at every object, till his eye lit on a plate of rather stale hard bread on the table ; then he grabbed some, fiercely bit an enormous piece out of it, threw the rest back into the platter, dropped into his seat with a

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

crash that shook the tumblers, and shouted at the quaking steward, "Ain't I told yer not to put nothin' on the table but what's fit for a white man to eat?" Deep silence followed as he dashed the soup around in the tureen with the ladle and fell upon his dinner; and my wife, without thinking, observed, "Well, this is the hottest we have had yet." "No," said Captain Scruggs, "it ain't, hit's nice and cool." Angry at this flat contradiction, I told him that the thermometer, unlike many people, always told the truth, and that it was 88° on deck. "In the sun," he replied, which he knew wasn't so; while that devilish Goggins smiled blandly at us, as if to say, "You can't catch *him*"; but I stood by for developments. Presently the old man began to shift about in his seat; then he made the curious remark that it was too warm for rain; in ten minutes more the perspiration began to stream from his face, and in another five minutes he got up and left the cabin, almost prostrated with the heat on this cool and pleasant day; though as he departed he attributed it to "them beans bein' too heavy eatin'." The mate followed him, with a face like a worn-out wet carriage sponge.

We have crossed the sun and he is at last south of us and casts shadows in the opposite direction from yesterday. We haven't had the racks on the table for two days, which means a phenomenally smooth sea; the ocean often appears quiet enough to the eye, but there is nearly always a swell present that would play havoc with glasses and bottles. This is the first time that we haven't used the fiddles since leaving New York. Latitude, 10° 44' north; longitude, 122° 35' west.

AUGUST 28

Another very hot day and night, but not comparable with yesterday, when a draught of air out of the sails was more

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

like a blast from Tophet than a breath from this great ocean. It was possible to get considerable sleep last night, and on the whole we did very well ; for even if we made only seventy-five miles, it was in the right direction. During the whole of the first watch last night there wasn't even a suspicion of wind and the silence that reigned was wonderfully impressive, so that we were deeply awed by the solemnity of the scene. All about the zenith was a large area of perfectly clear sky thickly dusted with stars that shone with a calm splendor not to be seen except near the equator.

“ By night those soft, lasceevious stars
Leer from those velvet skies,”

saith Kipling.

About 45° from the zenith a mist commenced, thickening gradually into clouds dense and black, their lofty cones and dark abysses brought forth with startling clearness by great ceaseless surges of heat-lightning that enveloped the horizon like undulating, violet flames. On board no sound broke the stillness, which was that of the Arctic ice-fields, for minutes at a time, except now and then the creak of a yard that broke harshly on the ear, or the pleasant sound of a light swell at long intervals that chuckled to itself under the counter ; and we floated motionless upon the deep, wrapped in an absolute and breathless calm. And the golden, bell-like tones of the exquisite *andante* from the Sonata Appassionata seemed to dwell in the air ; tones which Beethoven said was his own conception of the music of the spheres, for the movement occurred to him one night in the hills, while contemplating the stellar glories of a clear, tranquil sky. Oh, what majesty in such a night ! Oh, the solemn grandeur of this phase of nature ! Indeed, it is difficult to say which exerts the more powerful influence over the mind : a gale of wind or a great, soundless

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

calm, when every star in the firmament seems reflected in the motionless sea.

Throughout this forenoon, too, the wind was of the lightest sort, though this fact was productive of some little diversion. Shortly after ten o'clock the captain called our attention to several sharks wandering about far down in the blue depths under the stern, and presently several dolphin appeared hovering about the rudder, offering, with their agility and marvellous coloring, a striking contrast to the slothful, sombre sharks. All at once the old man ran off, and then returned with a formidable engine of destruction, consisting of a huge iron hook strong enough to sustain an ox, with a short length of wire rope attached to it. His other hand clutched a mass of oleaginous pork, from which liquid fat exuded in the rays of a baking sun. This delicacy, the mere sight of which would revolt the stomach of an emu, the skipper gayly secured on the hook, and then bent the whole affair to a long line as big as the main-brace. This gear would really have been suitable for the capture of nothing smaller than a ninety-barrel whale; but the captain surveyed his arrangements with much urbanity and dropped the contrivance over the stern. There was no shark in sight, but one speedily appeared, and propelled himself with great caution toward the bait; his eye caught the cable then to which it was fastened, and he sheered off. When he had manœuvred thus several times, he seemed to summon his friends, for three more of the creatures mysteriously appeared. They, too, were very shy at first; but at length they began to turn slightly on their backs as they approached, a sure sign that before long they would seize the bait. At last the largest one swam boldly up to it, turned over, opened his wicked jaws, his double row of triangular teeth closed upon the extreme edge of the meat, and he deftly tore the whole piece off the hook,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

while he seemed to smile as he leisurely rejoined his companions.

Then the skipper fetched another lump of pork-fat, which he kneaded and squelched in his hand as he walked along. Again the same wily beast took the bait, and once more we drew up the naked hook. After a repetition of this, the skipper, with much pomposity, rigged the harpoon and bade me stand by with it while he endeavored to entice the sharks close under the counter with another pound of pork. Several times I hove the weapon without the least risk to any of the sharks, though I all but followed the harpoon overboard at every lunge, and once contrived to stand in the bight of the rope, which nearly cut me in two ; and we could perceive the iron plunge down fathom after fathom in the transparent water. Finally I did strike one in the middle of the back, but the harpoon bounded off his tough hide and he glided away unharmed. This was discouraging, and we desisted soon afterward, as we had to carry on the attack under a terrific sun. The sharks looked unspeakably comfortable, sauntering around below the rudder, now sinking out of sight, now cleaving the surface at a distance with their sharp dorsal fins, upright like sabres, and I was secretly well pleased that we didn't kill one, for I must confess that the sight of a shark does not throw me into convulsions of horror, nor does it consume me with the fanatical thirst for slaughter, which is the general effect produced by the appearance of one of these beasts.

Each of these sharks was attended by the familiar little pilot-fish, about the size of a small mackerel, with his body wonderfully marked with bands of dark blue and black, as sharply defined as the turning-post of a croquet set ; strange it surely is to see these tiny fellows fearlessly maintain their position just under the gaping mouth.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

As indicated elsewhere, Mr. Goggins hasn't much to say these days, although he has recovered somewhat from the cataleptic state into which the stabbing of the second mate threw him. He was quite talkative last night in his watch, and congratulated me upon my not smoking, saying, "I'm glad to see you don't use these cigareets; they're bad things, and I can tell you why,—'cause they're full o' nicoline."

The second mate is pulling slowly along, with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, an ill-looking man, and what is more miserable than a sick sailor? Every one aboard ship has his own duties to perform, and scant attention and no sympathy is vouchsafed to the luckless man confined to his room. Latitude, $11^{\circ} 49'$ north; longitude, $123^{\circ} 5'$ west.

AUGUST 29

The northeast Trades! Yes, the northeast Trades! Even the skipper is pretty sure that they have arrived, though we are still three degrees south of where they generally are in August. It is a piece of very good luck, for we all expected to be several days more in the Doldrums, and those who were on deck when the wind came in a squall at sunrise hardly dared to breathe or move for fear that it would be nothing but a puff. But as the hours wore on and the breeze momentarily increased, it was soon apparent that the Trades had reached us. How vastly different to-day is from yesterday! Then, all stagnation and blighting, withering heat; now, all motion and joy and sparkling sea. We had not a breath of air for eight solid hours last night, though, and the wrath of Abner Scruggs was very, very great. From eight to ten, during his watch on deck, we, sitting on the cabin-house, could hear him muttering and thumping away by the wheel-house, and we privately smiled thereat. Finally, after a couple of hours of this harlequin

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

act, my wife went below ; and then I went over to him and listened to the liveliest sort of arguments that he had with himself for nearly an hour. In vain he tried to draw me into them, and as a last resort he began on Central Park. "That's a queer kind of a park, that is, where they won't let people walk on the grass. Why don't they have it like the park in Sydney? What's a park for, anyway? Why don't they put the thing in a glass case?" But I let him gibber on, and when I turned in, a little later, he had wrought himself into one of his passions.

A day or two ago I was reading at the wheel-house door. The hour was ten in the morning, and hardly a sound was to be heard. The old man was below asleep and the mate was at work on the main-deck. Old Kelly was steering, and suddenly he leaned over and said, "Can you tell me about where she is, sir?" in a whisper. Then he went on, "I want to tell you somethin' ; if 'twasn't for you and the lady there'd be trouble in this ship." "There has been trouble," said I. Kelly glanced askance at me and answered disdainfully, "Ho ! I don't call *that* trouble ; that's what you expect when you ship in a Yankee. What I mean is real trouble that begins with M. But the men, even the worst of 'em, have got such a regard for your lady for the way she behaved off Cape Horn, and all through the voyage for that matter, that they're holdin' in for her sake." Whether this was said with some ulterior motive it is impossible to tell ; but Kelly spoke in a calm voice as if he meant what he said. What he suggested by his mysterious M. was a word that I have never heard a sailor pronounce,—mutiny. To them it is a word too full of deadly meaning for ordinary conversation. For, generally speaking, there are only two things aboard ship,—one is duty, and the other is mutiny. All that a seaman is ordered to do is duty ; all that he refuses to do is mutiny.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Rarx is beginning to lose heart as well as flesh, and says that if he lives to see the Farallones he'll surprise himself. This is unfortunate, and we are doing all we can to cheer him up. Latitude, $12^{\circ} 30'$ north ; longitude, $124^{\circ} 30'$ west.

AUGUST 30

Our course has been bad for twenty-four hours, as during the greater part of that period we steered nothing to the northward of west, and our present course would take us to Honolulu in 165° . Ships are generally forced over to 140° or 145° even under ordinary conditions, and if we do not find ourselves 20° west of San Francisco when the Trades let go, we will do well. The weather, though, is perfect ; warmer certainly than in the southeast Trades, but not at all disagreeable in the shade,—about 81° at mid-day. A very acceptable change since we took this wind is that there have been no more rain-squalls. During the late Dol-drums these squalls were at times practically continuous ; and while the old man did finally rig up a bit of canvas, six feet by six, to serve as an awning, under which we had to crouch as though in the 'tween-decks, it was not of much use in the rain. It was extremely annoying to have to gather up the backgammon-board, two novels, a lot of sewing, a pillow, and two chairs and dash for the wheel-house half a dozen times a watch. Often the squalls lasted only two or three minutes, yet there was enough water in each shower to drench everything.

There is a very ingenious way of disposing of the main-top-sail and top-gallant-halliards on the "Higgins." They are always very bulky, heavy ropes, and when coiled over a pin in the rail are very unsightly objects. To obviate this, there are two large reels in the monkey-rail at the forward end of the cabin-house, one on each side, upon which the free end of these ropes are wound when the yards have



Tarring down

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

been mastheaded. A bit of twine then secures the reel to prevent the halliards paying out, and another piece stops it (the rope) up to the shrouds, clear of the men's heads on the main-deck. When the yards have to be lowered, a sharp jerk breaks the twine, and the halliards run off without danger of fouling. It is a clever scheme and ought to be in more general use, the only drawback to it being that a hand has to mount the poop and reel up the halliards again when the yards have been hoisted ; but that is a small matter.

I went down into the lazarette yesterday afternoon, after Louis had gone forward, and found that his quarters were not so stiflingly hot as might have been expected ; the Frenchman still bears his confinement with extraordinary indifference. Mr. Rarx passed a very bad night. Latitude, $13^{\circ} 17'$ north ; longitude, 126° west.

AUGUST 31

On this, the last day of August, we have but little cause for rejoicing. In the first place, the wind has been dead against us and light at that ; and, in the second place, the captain is in so churlish a temper as to barely answer yes and no to civil questions. Shortly before four o'clock yesterday the wind began to ease up, and by nightfall had dwindled to a light air, and then whipped into the north-northwest, so that our course up to eight this morning was west, and we got that only by pinching her, so that our speed was seldom more than two knots. The night was a gorgeous one, with a sky that glistened with golden stars, while a new moon hung low down in the west ; and far away in the southeast, over the face of a black cloud, shimmered waves of heat-lightning, lovely in the extreme.

By morning, as there were no indications of coming up, the captain concluded to tack ship, which was done be-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

tween eight and nine o'clock ; and we discovered, when braced up on the port tack, that we looked up to north-northeast, which was by no means bad. At the present time, three in the afternoon, the wind is a fresh, even a strong breeze, and we are doing pretty well except for a long head-swell, into which we plunge so heavily that we are not doing more than five knots instead of seven or eight.

The captain is in a worse humor than ever before, though it must be said that the evolution of tacking ship this morning was accomplished quietly, and, what is much more remarkable, without a single oath. Conversation at meals has been almost completely suspended again, except that my wife and I converse together, ignoring the captain entirely ; this would be childish behavior on our part were it not that every remark that we have made lately has met with either a rough denial or indifferent silence. He asked us the other day whether Captain Kingdon of the " Mandalore " used to lose his temper in calms and head-winds ; a question which we found much pleasure in answering in a vehement negative. The sailors have resumed most of their erstwhile good humor, perhaps on account of the proximity of the end of the voyage ; it is reassuring to see them thus again, for a score of brooding, scowling sailors aboard ship is an unpleasant reminder of what the men could do if they were determined. Indeed, from a passenger's point of view, I would far rather see a captain in a perpetual bad humor than the men. Considering all the ill-treatment that sailors get, it is extraordinary at first sight that they do not vindicate more frequently their wrongs at sea by quietly dropping the after-guard over the side. It is perfectly feasible to dispose of the officer of the watch at night. A single well-aimed blow of an iron belaying-pin in the helmsman's hand is all that is necessary ; and the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

captain and the other mate are asleep below and both could be readily made away with. But on close inspection two very strong reasons are disclosed showing why it is that the sailor does not more readily appear in the *rôle* of avenger. The first reason is, not being a navigator, what is to become of the ship? and if they do reach a port, what credible story can be concocted? Murder will out. The second reason is to be found in that wonderful sense of obedience to captain and officers apparent in even the most desperate and abandoned seamen; so blind is their submission to authority, however grossly and fiendishly it may be abused, that they sometimes at the present day, in our own long-voyage ships, suffer death itself rather than resist him whom the law has invested with power so absolute that the might of a sultan suffers in comparison! But too few of our sailing-ship-masters seem to be possessed of the ordinary feelings of humanity toward their crews. After they have exhausted all other defences in upholding their bad treatment of sailors, they nearly always conclude by saying, "Well, what have we got in our ships? A lot of Dutch and English scum that you've got to lick h— out of afore they'll obey an order." But how about the "S. P. Hitchcock" and the "St. James," commanded respectively by Captains Gates and Banfield? Here are two deep-water American ships, who also have to take whatever crews the shipping masters give them, so that they are not a whit better off in the quality of their sailors than other vessels; yet there is never any trouble aboard of them at sea, and good-will and cheerfulness pervade both vessels. They have made some rattling good passages, and are positive proof that discipline can be obtained without violence; and, after nearly four months' experience here, I believe that I am justified in expressing my opinion, which is, that *brutality toward and the continual driving*

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

and hazing of sailors do not conduce to order and discipline. Commands are not obeyed here with the precision that they were on the "Mandalore," and many and many a time I have seen the men make a great show of hauling on the braces when in reality they were not pulling a hundred pounds. Knock them over for this? No, it only makes them worse next time, but that's what Yankee mates generally do. If work is to be got out of sailors, *they must be treated justly to begin with*; if not, you will get no more out of them than out of any other class.

The apathy and ignorance of people ashore is more remarkable than anything else in connection with this subject of brutality to sailors. I even know a young man who owns shares in some of our largest square-riggers who was utterly amazed when I told him of the record of one of his own captains. In justice to him, though, I must say that he took no personal interest in the ships other than that they should pay good dividends, and he really was in total ignorance of the *modus operandi* of American captains. But it is not so with the vast majority of our sailing-ship-owners, who are fully aware of the manner in which their vessels are run, and who go bail to the extent of many hundreds of dollars for their inhuman captains when the latter are occasionally held to answer for some particularly atrocious deed, and who in many cases connive at the disappearance of blackguard mates when they are seeking to escape ashore from infuriated sailors whom these mates have half killed at sea. Cannot something be done to compel decent treatment of our long-voyage seamen? Sailors must be ruled with a hand of iron, for there are desperate characters among them; but, in heaven's name, let him who wields the power be compelled to administer justice in his punishment of the men under him, that the disgrace and shame which now rest upon our long-voyage

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

sailing ships may be removed, and that the offensive name of "Yankee hell-ship," by which our deep-water vessels are known to foreign sailors, may be forever obliterated. Latitude, $13^{\circ} 43'$ north ; longitude, 127° west.

SEPTEMBER 1

Now in truth hath Disappointment come upon us and doth hover sullenly o'erhead on sable pinions. The Trades, the lovely northeast Trades, which we fondly imagined had reached us, did not materialize ! For, having blown fitfully for two days, driving us two degrees farther west, they vanished, and in their stead a fresh westerly wind has arisen, and the weather is once more sticky and showery and the heavens are piled high with huge wool-packs and glistening thunder-heads. But this is not all. We are plunging into a steep, heavy swell, that is surging down from the north in great, long, blue heaves ; and it is a grand thing to look forward and see the jib-boom now rearing up higher and higher towards the zenith, now diving down, down into the deep quiet hollows, as the ship tumbles heavily to the catheads into the creamy waters.

We had quite a lively time at dinner to-day, for the westerly wind had smoothed the kinks out of the old man's temper and he commenced a jocose argument with the mate about American politics. It will be remembered that Mr. Goggins is by birth an Englishman, but his papers give him the right to talk about "hour constitootion," of which he takes advantage at every opportunity. I laughed at everything they said to egg them on, and at length they both began to wax wroth, the mate in a few minutes being quite wet with perspiration, so that at last all he could say was, "Be gar's sake, sir," which he repeated indefinitely like a hungry parrot asking for a cracker. Finally, though, the skipper spoiled the fun by getting really angry, and,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

gazing with piercing eye at Goggins for the space of half a minute, he utterly extinguished him with, "Well, I guess you'd better shut up ; you don't seem to know much about it." Latitude, 15° north ; longitude, 126° west.

SEPTEMBER 2

Very strong winds from west shifting to southeast ; high, northerly sea ; excessive humidity and incessant rain-squalls. These have been the weather conditions for twelve hours, to which must be added a fall of thirty one-hundredths of an inch in the aneroid. Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock there were plenty of cyclonic indications round about us : a heavy swell, suffocating humidity, a wild, ferocious look in the enormous cumulus clouds, and a curious hot wind that at times strangely increased to strong gusts that hummed with a dreary drone in the rigging and then instantly subsided. Towards five o'clock the windward horizon grew to a uniform gray, oily, and dull as lead, with an indescribably menacing aspect in the low, greasy scud that hurried in tattered wisps just over the mast-heads. The captain was very uneasy, and admitted the proximity (if not of a cyclone) of one of those furious summer northers that often sweep across the North Pacific ; and it must be remembered that we are close to the cyclonic belt which extends out into the ocean from the Central American seaboard.

At dusk both wind and sea had increased, and by eight o'clock we were charging into a swell large enough to merit the term majestic, the bowsprit rising and falling fully fifty feet, for the sea was from dead ahead, and there was wind enough to drive the ship rapidly up the slope of a billow and then far out into space, so that she fell full upon the breast of the next sea with a crushing force that must have wrenched every timber in her hull.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

At 9.30, as the captain and I were on the poop discussing the second mate, there came a report from aloft, and there was the mizzen-royal in ribbons, snapping and popping merrily away in the darkness. Then the skipper cast loose his deep-sea voice so that it must surely have reached force 12 in Beauford's scale, and the sail was secured in short order. Throughout the night we labored heavily, while the seas thundered over the bows and dashed against the forward house with alarming fury, and then washed aft, where the water in the waist was to be measured in feet, not in inches. Broadhead said that at times, in the middle watch, the ship buried herself to the light-houses, and that he hadn't seen much more water aboard off Cape Horn. At three this morning came another discharge from aloft, and away went four whole cloths out of the lee side of the upper foretop-sail, and when daylight came we had to send up a new sail.

During the morning watch the wind shifted suddenly to southeast, and when we went on deck it was blowing half a gale from that desirable quarter, and the ship, with braces well rounded in, was fairly skipping from sea to sea, save when her speed was momentarily checked by an extra heavy one that smote her rudely full in the face and then fell in glorious showers over the forecastle. Another fine spectacle was afforded whenever one of the short seas, occasioned by the shift of wind, struck the big, clumsy main-channels, when the spray shot far into the air and was swept across the deck in snowy clouds. Altogether, it was a scene of wonderful beauty, and we rejoiced to observe that the dun, threatening look of the heavens had given place to dense masses of trade-clouds and promises of plenty of clear sunshine ; and if the night was a boisterous one and the port watch had to pass the whole of the forenoon at the pumps, our run of two hundred miles wreathed every one's

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

face in jolly smiles, and "'Frisco'" was heard repeatedly in the men's conversation.

Writing of hurricanes awhile ago, reminds me of the pertinacity with which the great majority of the people in our Western States allude to their terrible tornadoes as cyclones. It would be reasonable to presume that the inhabitants of a district subject to any peculiar atmospheric disturbance would know and make use of the proper term for such a phenomenon, but it seems not. Hurricane and cyclone are synonymous, and are applied to circular storms having a diameter of from three hundred to one thousand miles, in which the wind seldom attains a velocity of over one hundred miles per hour, a pressure of about fifty pounds per square foot. They have also a progressive motion varying in speed from twenty-eight miles per hour in the United States to only eight or nine miles in the Bay of Bengal.

Tornadoes are also gyratory storms that progress in a straight line at a mean speed of thirty miles an hour, but their path is almost infinitesimal compared with the cyclone's, for it is generally between one thousand and six thousand feet in width and about forty miles long, each individual storm completely dissolving and vanishing like a thunder-squall in less than an hour. A cyclone may blow for days.

In the fury of its rotary motion and upward suction a tornado is the most appalling of all natural phenomena save, perhaps, the earthquake, and the passing of one causes the most incredible and seemingly impossible freaks. Chickens are stripped of their feathers, straws are driven firmly into planks, and locomotives weighing fifty tons have been overturned without effort, the latter being possible by the formation of a partial vacuum. Straws, however, have been driven an eighth of an inch into a plank by an artificial

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

blast of air moving at the rate of one hundred and sixty miles per hour. The presence of a vacuum is proved by the violent bursting outward of the closed windows and shutters of a house in or near the track of a tornado.

Many people will remember the dire results of the famous St. Louis tornado of May, 1896, which resulted in the death of two hundred and twenty-five persons and the loss of twelve million dollars in property destroyed ; yet there is no reason to suppose that this storm was an unusually severe one ; it simply happened to pass over a more or less densely populated region. As usual, this tornado left behind some remarkable mementos, the strangest of all being that a piece of pine plank was driven by the wind head-on through the five-sixteenths inch web of an iron girder in the approach to the St. Louis bridge ! This is a performance well known to the government Weather Bureau. Immense blocks of sandstone set in cement were dislodged and thrown down (in all, five hundred and eighty tons of it), together with two hundred and eighty tons of flooring and girders, some of the latter weighing thirteen thousand pounds each. In Lafayette Park, St. Louis, another example of tornadic vagaries was shown by the fact that, right in the path of the storm, surrounded closely by forest-trees which had been wrenched bodily from the earth, stood unharmed a flimsy, straw-thatched structure upon six light posts !

Unfortunately, from the very violence of the wind, no accurate estimate of the velocity of the gyratory movement of a tornado can be made, as an anemometer would be useless, even if it were not destroyed. Experts calculate, however, that the speed of the wind approximates five hundred or six hundred miles per hour. At any rate, the destructive force of a tornado is ten or perhaps twenty times that of a cyclone ; and if cyclones blew with the vio-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

lence of tornadoes, the earth would be devastated in a short while.

At sea the tornado with its terrible cloud-funnel has its counterpart in the water-spout ; though in the latter the wind does not seem to attain the same fury, as many vessels have passed through a water-spout without very great damage. Two curious instances, however, are on record of atmospheric freaks at sea ; one of them was reported by the American ship "Reaper." She was proceeding toward Cape Horn in the equatorial North Pacific, the day being perfectly fine and clear, save for a few small, detached clouds, and the wind a light breeze, when she suddenly lost all of her light sails in a blast that came apparently out of a clear sky, while at the moment there was nothing but the light wind on deck. Again, the ship "Sintram," Captain Woodside, was almost totally dismasted off the West Indies, homeward bound from the East ; the weather was fine and a four-knot breeze was blowing on deck when the upper spars seemed to melt away, she having been struck by a similar blast from a clear sky. Subsequently I wrote to the forecast official at New York asking whether any such accidents ever happened ashore ; he answered that in Nebraska and Kansas similar strong whirlwinds have been known, in perfectly clear weather, to tear the upper portions of forest-trees completely off, including large branches, while the leaves and twigs nearer the ground were untouched. This indisputably proves that only a few feet mark the boundary-line between atmosphere in a state of rest and wind of inconceivable violence. As has been shown, such instances occur also in tornadoes, which, of course, are nothing but immense whirlwinds.

It is my earnest hope that the reader has not been worried by this long meteorological dissertation, which has nothing to do with the voyage ; but as the forecasting of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the weather has lately been of increasing interest to the public, perhaps I may be pardoned for my digression. Latitude, $17^{\circ} 55'$ north ; longitude, $125^{\circ} 30'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 3

It seems to be tolerably safe to say now that at last we have picked up the northeast Trades. During yesterday afternoon the wind hauled constantly to the northward, and at ten last night it was northeast by north, blowing a fresh breeze ; indeed, by this morning it had increased so that we have not been able to carry the sky-sails since, and we did another three degrees of latitude ; imagine three hundred and fifty miles of latitude here in forty-eight hours. It is very refreshing, and even the skipper has recovered his equanimity. Up to noon to-day, though, the weather was very showery, the fine rain blowing in level clouds across the ship, as dense as fog. The greatest change, however, is in the temperature, for the air has fallen 15° and the sea 10° , so that we begin to appreciate that in thirty-six hours, if this wind holds, we will have emerged from the torrid zone. It is quite impossible for us to realize that in another fortnight this voyage will probably be an event of the past. No one who has not made a long voyage can imagine the excitement, actually the excitement, occasioned by the speculation as to how much longer the passage will last, when only ten days or so remain. There is continuously present such an element of luck when solely dependent upon the wind, that you are constantly estimating and calculating how far the Trades will extend, how the winds will be afterward, the chances of fogs and calms on the coast, and other equally important questions. This doesn't mean necessarily that you want to get ashore ; it is the involuntary and irresistible anticipation of an impending change, though my wife

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

will probably not regret the moment when the tow-boat gives us her line outside the Heads. Latitude, $20^{\circ} 52'$ north ; longitude, $126^{\circ} 40'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 4

This was a perfectly ideal day, with brisk northeast winds, smooth sea, cloudless sky, and a noon temperature of 72° , and 68° at midnight. This is a very lucky chance that we are having here ; we are going well, about eight knots, and our course has been to the northward of northwest by north, showing that the Trades are well to the eastward.

I wonder how many people have ever seen the scale of provisions as laid down by the United States government for the vitualling of long-voyage ships? As I have said, the curious part of it is, though, that no attention is ever paid to it on our ships, except under unusual conditions. Yet it is not so very curious that no attempt is made to observe the scale, for almost everything in connection with our sailors and ships is performed in an irregular manner. Behold the scale.

	BREAD.	BEEF.	PORK.	FLOUR.	PEASE.	TEA.	COFFEE.	SUGAR.	WATER.
	Lb.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lb.	Pt.	Oz.	Oz.	Ozs.	Qts.
Sunday	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{2}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	2	3
Monday	1	. . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	2	3
Tuesday	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{2}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	2	3
Wednesday	1	. . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	2	3
Thursday	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{2}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	2	3
Friday	1	. . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$	. . .	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	2	3
Saturday	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	. . .	. . .	. . .	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	2	3

Then comes a list of substitutes, such as molasses for sugar, potatoes for pease, etc. Other nations also have

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

provision scales, but they are adhered to ; foreign schemes add oatmeal, but all sailors get too much meat ; both captains and seamen say that. Our blue-water ships have a great name for fine "grub," which they deserved forty years ago, but which most of them certainly do not now. A Yankee captain has the privilege from the owners to lay in whatever sort of stores he thinks fit (of course neither he nor the owner ever thinks of the law) ; if he is a generous man, the crew are lucky ; if not, it's a case of hunger and hustle for four or five months. As a sample of the manner in which the food has been given out here, the men consumed an entire barrel of molasses during the first seventeen days that we were at sea ; since then they have had none. Other articles were scattered around in the same reckless manner, with the natural result that the "dainties" which ought to have lasted the whole voyage had vanished at the latitude of the Falklands ; so that ever since the men have been on pretty hard rations, and Broadhead told me that when the old man made the show of putting all hands on government allowance it didn't mean anything at all. Since the stabbing, though, all the food has been weighed out by the mate each day in full view of the sailors, eighteen pounds of bread (*i.e.*, hard-tack), so many pounds of beef, etc., and the men themselves carry it to the cook, so that there can be no fault-finding. As to the water, three quarts per day amounts in all to fifty-four quarts, which is measured into a cask in the forecabin, and the men are at liberty to give any portion of it they choose to the cook in which to boil their beef and pork, or tea and coffee. These three quarts, by the way, are for all purposes, drinking, cooking, and washing, though most foremast hands are not much troubled with the latter, except when it rains hard. Each man probably does not have more than a quart and a half

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

of drinking water a day, which is a truly scanty allowance for men who are painting on a blistering deck several hours out of the twenty-four.

American captains profess to think that weighing out food to sailors is very degrading, and they always add, "It's too much like them Britishers." Personally I have never been able to perceive where the indignity comes in. Food is weighed out in the navy, so why not in the merchant service? I had it on my mind to-day to ask Captain Scruggs which he really considered the more debasing, giving a man a stipulated quantity of food, or knocking his teeth out with wooden or iron implements and then kicking him into the scuppers; but I thought it best to preserve peace rather than advance so hazardous a question. Latitude, $23^{\circ} 18'$ north; longitude, $128^{\circ} 40'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 5

Oh, what magnificent weather this is! It is just like those grand days in the southeast Trades. Our everlasting recollections of the Pacific Ocean, both north and south, will be of weeks of a matchless climate; deep cobalt sky, sprinkled with little pink, cirrus clouds; a calm sea over which shoot thousands of flying-fish in glittering flight, and soft, enchanting breezes. "What about those two or three disagreeable days not long ago?" says the pessimist. True, they were not ideal days; but they only serve to show off these lovely ones in all their glorious perfection. We have, unhappily, passed the limits of the tropics, however, having crossed the circle of Cancer yesterday at four o'clock.

A few minutes ago, at the pumps, Broadhead asked me, "Would you mind telling me why you came out here in an American ship?" I told him why,—that, having made one voyage in an Englishman, we wanted to compare the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

vessels ; and I also reminded him that foreign ships are not allowed to trade between American ports. "Well, you and the lady must have lots of courage," said he. "Now there's the Loch Line of ships to Australia out of London ; you ought to have gone in one o' them." "Yes ; MacFoy told me about them," said I. "Well, they're worth all you can say in favor of 'em," continued this American ; "they're dandies ; carry lots o' passengers, first- and second-class and steerage. Each ship has what they call a double crew ; say a ship had fourteen men before the mast, one o' these would have twenty-eight, so the whole of an ordinary ship's crew is on deck at one time, and not a stroke o' work is ever done aloft after eight in the morning, so that nothing can drop on passengers' heads." This may seem like getting things down to too fine a point ; but any one who has voyaged in a sailing vessel will remember how many articles drop from men working aloft. We have seen at least a dozen objects fall during the voyage,—knives, paint-brushes, and serving-mallets, any one of which dropping on a man's head from a height of at least a hundred feet would be very painful, not to say dangerous.

Perhaps the most remarkable and unusual device to enable the captain of a vessel to pocket the wages of a crew appears in a copy of a maritime paper, which I found to-day in a bundle of the skipper's magazines. It was perpetrated by the master of the British ship "S——," and consisted in his taking a quantity of liquors of divers sorts to sea and retailing them to the men at immense profit. An investigation at Liverpool showed that this enterprising man had bought twenty cases of whiskey at three dollars and a half a dozen, which he sold to the crew at one dollar per bottle. He also had large stores of gin and beer on board, and the amount of money that the captain must

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

have cleared by the various transactions may be imagined when it is mentioned that the carpenter's bill for liquors for one voyage footed up a total of sixty-seven dollars, and the men testified that some of them averaged a bottle a day. It seemed to me that the captain's punishment was rather light, as it consisted in suspending his certificate for three months. Of course, this is a penalty which could not be inflicted upon an American captain, because none of our sailing-ship-masters has a government certificate. Our law-givers do not think that any is necessary, though they require a stiff examination in the case of a steam-ship-master, another sparkling example of the perfection of the United States shipping laws. Latitude, $25^{\circ} 47'$ north ; longitude, $130^{\circ} 46'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 6

After breakfast this morning we trembled when we found the wind letting go, for everything indicated a cessation in the Trades ; but at ten o'clock they freshened again, and since then we have swung handsomely along over a light swell at seven knots. This is very gratifying, and every day sees us a hundred and seventy-five miles nearer port. My wife is beginning to rejoice at the prospect of fresh vegetables and fruit, though I think I could live very comfortably on the present diet for at least a year. I had to tell the captain to-day, though, not to have any more stews for my sake, for I couldn't possibly eat another one. This is not astonishing, because, when a week out from New York, I happened to express a desire for a stew, and on every single day since then I have eaten some of this concoction at least once and at times twice. Four solid, uninterrupted months of stews are apt to produce a surfeit thereof. What was worse than anything else, though, was that the steward, desiring to enrich the gravy, at length

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

became addicted to the disagreeable habit of thrusting large pieces of aged, canned butter into each stew, after turning it out of the sauce-pan, so that when the dish reached the table the surface of the stew glittered with little iridescent, golden globules, that danced upon it like drops of yellow quicksilver. Thus decorated, it was a very pleasing dish to contemplate, though familiarity with it bred contempt.

Every day now, particularly at supper, we enter the dining-room with distended eyes, trying to discover some surprise in the culinary department. Usually, however, when the covers are removed, there lie disclosed the same old standbys,—stewed beef or mutton, cold beef and ham, biscuits, and boiled potatoes the size of hot-house grapes, though none the worse for that. Indeed, we went to sea with several barrels of new Bermuda potatoes at ten dollars the barrel ; this will show the unstinted manner in which this ship was stored aft.

Sometimes, though, we are stunned by some fantastic creation of the Chinaman's. Last night, for instance, when the steward whipped off the huge pewter covers, each almost as big as an umbrella, we were entranced by the appearance of something entirely new. In a deep vegetable dish lay four enormous Welsh rarebits? Oh, the gladness of that moment ! What mattered it that the bread was a blood relative of india-rubber, that the rarebits were clammy and inflexible, or that the rind of a pineapple cheese had contributed to their manufacture? Were they not a change, and as such to be venerated and exalted beyond price? Therefore we helped ourselves reverently, as became so momentous an occasion ; and if the compound did produce an incalculable amount of subsequent distress, we extended meek thanks and congratulations to the little Cantonite in the galley. In truth, though, there is no fault of

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

any sort to be found with the cabin food ; it is every bit as good as when we started.

Last evening, in the second dog-watch, the Scotch bosun came up to me on the main-deck and asked how we were getting on. I told him, very well indeed ; and then he said, "Before we left I heard that a gentleman and his wife were going out in the ship, and be gob I felt sorry for them." Good old MacFoy ! He is continuously solicitous for our welfare ; and a day or two ago he came aft with a copy of Dickens's "Christmas Stories" which he had found in the forecastle library furnished by the Seamen's Friend Society, and said that he had found a fine sea story for me to read in the book, called "The Wreck of the Golden Mary." It is a fact worthy of note that this rough sailor-man is the only individual whom I have ever met who has read this delightful account of a shipwreck off Cape Horn. The best-read man whom I ever knew said that he had never even heard of it. In every art, though, there seem to be one or two jewels that exist unknown even to the connoisseur. How many musicians are there, thorough musicians though they may be, who know the gorgeous, glorious chorus in *A, andante sostenuto*, from Schubert's Lazarus ? Gorgeous in its tone colors, glorious in its fire and rhythm, it is an almost unknown fragment from that transcendent mind. Latitude, 27° 58' north ; longitude, 132° 20' west.

SEPTEMBER 7

Nothing but a faint breeze remains of the northeast Trades. In the Pacific at this season they are generally a failure, and they carried us through only twelve degrees of latitude. We are beginning to appreciate how hard it is going to be to get into the land in the latitude of San Francisco, unless we soon take the westerly winds that are

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

supposed to blow out here. We are now well to the westward of 'Frisco, ten degrees in fact, and it is impossible to calculate how much farther we will have to go ; old Gog-gins, a year ago, bound up to Nanaimo from Acapulco, fetched over to 160° west before he got a slant north. To-day is a great deal warmer than yesterday, with at times a nearly glassy sea and one hundred and ten miles of the two degrees of latitude that we made were done in the first sixteen hours.

Last evening I had another session with the garrulous Scot. "I'll tell ye somethin' about the 'H. D. Mac-Gregor' ; she's the toughest ship I ever was in, though there's one still worse. Cap'n Summers is a corker ; he's a little man, but very broad and strong, with a fearful temper ; he's all bruk up, though."

"What broke him up?" said I.

"Jumpin' after the men," answered David ; "he's hardly got a sound bone in his body ; they do say his back's broke, but I never thought it. But I did see him smash one of his legs. He had that temper that if he wanted to reach a man he just jumped down on top of him where he stood. I mind one afternoon, just before we got into 'Frisco two or three years ago, when I was bosun with him, one of the men was doin' somethin' aft on the main-deck. Summers said a few words to him, and the feller didn't say 'yes, sir,' soon enough to suit him, so th' old man jumped right off the poop down on the main-deck, full eight feet. He meant to lep on top o' the sailor ; but just as he jumped the ship give a roll, and he fell into a water-barrel near by. His left leg brought up sharp ag'in' the chimes o' the cask, and crack ! went his thigh-bone. Lucky for him we were only two days from port, and we fixed him up pretty well till we got in."

Yesterday afternoon the top of the deck-house was

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

painted a beautiful, lustrous, pearly gray, and very fine it looked, glistening in the bright sunshine. Not a drop of rain had fallen all day until fifteen minutes after it was finished, when a light shower passed over us, extending not five hundred yards in any direction. It lasted not one minute, but it completely ruined the wet paint ; and it was then that we heard the gentle voice of the mate raised in blasphemous remonstrance. Latitude, $29^{\circ} 48'$ north ; longitude, $134^{\circ} 6'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 8

Just as we had finished writing up our journals yesterday afternoon there came a loud patter of rain overhead and a heavy puff from the eastward that laid the ship well over. Still, we didn't pay much attention to it for some time ; but, finding that we moved steadily along without righting, I went on deck to find the ocean covered with white-caps to the horizon, which was thick with dense, gray, very windy-looking clouds. We were flying through the water at ten knots, and heading up north by west true, which was very fine ; but, even as we looked, there came a slight but portentous heave from ahead that foretold a northerly swell. And so it proved, for by 8 P.M. our progress had dwindled to six knots, as we went pitching and diving into an ugly head-sea. It is astonishing how even a moderately heavy swell from ahead will check the speed of a ship, even with a strong wind blowing. A steamer will cleave right through a tall swell without any perceptible difference in her speed, a fact proved to us once when, in crossing the Atlantic in the "Etruria," we encountered a head-sea that buried the entire bows at every plunge ; yet the speed was lowered by only a quarter of a knot. Even a sailing yacht will overcome a head-swell in a very creditable manner ; but when a massive, clumsy square-rigger runs into one,

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

farewell to even a moderate run. She stops at every sea for an appreciable time, till the impetus of so ponderous a mass asserts itself and she tumbles into the next valley. So it was with us all through the night, though we made good a fine course north-northwest.

A fact little known generally is that in former years there existed in our ships what was known as a hospital tax. It was finally abandoned, not more than fifteen years ago, and consisted in each man's paying forty cents a month as long as he was on board a given vessel toward a common fund, the total sum being handed to the proper persons on the ship's arrival for the maintenance of the marine hospital at the port to which she was bound, provided that such a port was of sufficient importance to warrant an institution of this sort. I think this was a pretty good idea, and cannot think why it was abolished. On a ship like this one, for instance, the amount at the end of a four-months' voyage would be nearly forty dollars. Yet no one on board would feel the loss of the dollar and a half that he had contributed. Latitude, $32^{\circ} 7'$ north ; longitude, $135^{\circ} 6'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 9

Yesterday afternoon a sail was sighted from the fore-sky-sail-yard, and at once threw everybody into tumult of excitement. Truly, a long time had passed since we had beheld a vessel of any sort, for the last time that we saw anything fashioned by man's hand was seven weeks ago, off the Horn. We beat this record on our first voyage, however, when sixty-five days passed without our sighting a vessel. The ship "I. F. Chapman," however, arrived at New York from Manila shortly before we sailed, having been at sea one hundred and twenty-five days, and during all that time not a single craft of any description sailed into her ken !

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

At five o'clock the upper sails of our new friend were in sight from the deck, and I walked to the break of the poop, where the mate was, to ask his opinion of her. He was extremely pompous, and talked with such assurance that you would suppose he had just come off the stranger. She had not risen to her upper topsails when Mr. Goggins said, "Ho ! I know 'er ; she's a barkentine that trades between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands !" (I have never met a captain or mate who said Sandwich Islands.) This was to exhibit his infinite knowledge of the Pacific coast. Now, when hull down, I make it a rule never to contradict a sailor when he gives an opinion as to how a square-rigger is sailing, whether on or off the wind, or what her precise rig is ; few objects are more puzzling, even to an experienced eye. But on this occasion I had a pair of very excellent glasses on the vessel, and suggested that she was either a bark or a ship steering by the wind. "Naw, naw," shouted the mate, with a backward sweep of his arm ; "she's a barkentine, a-runnin' free." An hour later it proved to be a British ship close-hauled on the port tack, standing to the eastward. The mate was overwhelmed with chagrin, but his cup of misery was not yet full, for when the old man went on deck last night at ten, the moon being very bright, he asked him whether the ship was still in sight, to which the mate answered, "She's not, sir." "Then what's that?" asked the skipper, pointing under the spanker. There, on the quarter, dim, but in plain view, was the handsome stranger, and she had gone around on our tack.

Last evening we witnessed a sunset that was the most impressive of the whole voyage. An hour before the sun disappeared we noticed great cumulo-nimbus clouds marshalling themselves in the west, the horizon then being veiled in a curious, diaphanous mist. When we came up

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

from supper, though, the sun had nearly reached the sea-rim, and for ten minutes we were the enchanted spectators of most exquisite cloud scenery. High up toward the zenith two ranges of heavy, gloomy cloud mountains were reared, peak on peak, forming in themselves a scene of remarkable grandeur, and right between these purple ramparts, and just then touching the horizon, lay the great, blazing globe of fire, edging the immense vapory masses with a fringe as of living flame and transmuting the clouds into glowing pictures of the Delectable Mountains, more beautiful than artist ever conceived, with a suggestion of the Celestial City itself in the surpassing glory of the moment. As Händel said when composing the "Messiah," "I did think that I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." The entire spectacle was visible through the thin mist, now changed into a veil of radiant bronze, putting a finishing touch upon a scene which, for magnificence of coloring and stately splendor, we have never seen equalled.

No sooner had the orb of day vanished than out soared the moon from behind a sable cloud and a night of ineffable peace and purity followed, with now and then a weird effect produced by a guny floating slowly across the moon's face, with the appearance of a gigantic, prehistoric bat. Oh, how superb Nature is when viewed thus from the deck of a sailing ship! How can a man deny God at such moments as these? How can he say that he is lonely when he is surrounded by such wonderful memorials of His earthly magnificence? Latitude, $34^{\circ} 5'$ north; longitude, $137^{\circ} 14'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 10

We can stand but very little more of this northerly wind, for we are getting very anxious to go on the other tack. Last night and this morning the wind was very unsteady, and we alternately broke off to west-northwest and came up

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

to northwest by north. It would be useless to tack ship as long as we can hold as good a course as the former, for we would have to make a little southing on the other leg. By to-morrow we will probably be in the latitude of our destination, though a thousand miles west of it, and the skipper intimates that he will then let her come round whether or no.

This morning, it being the first occasion for a long while, we had a brace of fresh eggs for breakfast, which when poached were so indescribably delicious that the memory of them lingered long and sweetly in the palate. It is only about once in three weeks that our barren, emaciated hens honor us in this fashion, and when they do, our gratitude is boundless. Ordinarily, my wife's breakfast consists of fresh, crisp soda biscuit, a boiled potato, and a cup of cocoa ; my own comprising soda biscuit, potatoes, jam, and tepid water. It is a matter of surprise to every one who has experienced a lack of ice how readily one becomes accustomed to being without it ; by the seventh or eighth day the desire for iced water has passed entirely away and doesn't return except in case of illness. People generally regard a man who refuses any of the customary matutinal beverages with the most extreme astonishment ; when he declines coffee, they open their eyes ; when he refuses tea, they begin to murmur ; and when he also denies cocoa, they drop everything and look intently at him, as though they expected to discover some visible proof of his abstinence. " Why, but your health," these people cry ; " every one needs something hot in the morning." This is quite false, even in winter weather, as any one can prove to one's own satisfaction by shunning so strong a stimulant as coffee for a fortnight and taking only water at breakfast ; nearly everybody would feel great benefit from such a course in less than a week.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

One would think that long-voyage ship-masters would grow to detest salt and dried meats and tinned vegetables, but they do not ; and Captain Scruggs affirms that after one or two good "feeds" of fresh meat ashore after every voyage he wants to return to his salt beef ; and I have yet to see the captain or mate who preferred the finest pressed tongue and canned corned beef to ordinary salt junk ; they cling to it with a truly wonderful pertinacity.

The captain detailed to us last evening the ingenious method of loading coal at Newcastle, Australia. A ship there hauls in close to the pier, along the edge of which extends a railway track. A train of coal-cars is then backed down on the wharf, each car holding five tons. They are then uncoupled, a hydraulic crane lifts each one silently from the track, swings it over a given hatch, the bottom drops automatically, precipitating the coal into the hold, and the car is then swung back again and placed on the rails, and another takes its place. The same method is now or was once employed at Newport, Wales.

In the United States chutes are in general favor for loading colliers, especially in the coastwise trade, which is conducted by means of fore-and-aft schooners, some of which are as large as many ships. The "W. B. Palmer," for instance, registers about two thousand tons, with a carrying capacity of thirty-five hundred, equal to that of the "Hosea Higgins," while several range well over fifteen hundred registered tons. In spite of the encroachments of steam, these mammoth schooners seem to more than hold their own, as the fleet is constantly being increased. Ten years ago a vessel like the "Governor Ames," or any of the Randalis, paid from twenty to twenty-five per cent., though the profits are now probably somewhat reduced. The "Ames" has loaded twenty-five hundred tons of coal at Norfolk in nine hours, which is the best work on record, as this in-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

cluded trimming, and everything else, all ready for sea. This phenomenal speed was attained by simultaneously working the four hatches, rivers of coal continuously sliding into the hold through the chutes. At Aden and Port Said the steamers are coaled entirely by hand in quite an interesting manner : A lighter of coal is secured alongside a steamer, aboard of which is a swarm of black men, mostly Kroumen, each with a shallow, wicker basket as large as a dish-pan. As soon as the lighter is made fast two cargo ports are opened in the steamer's hull, one forward and one abaft the bunkers. The men then fill their baskets, which they carry upon their heads, and march in single file through the forward port, empty their baskets as they pass the bunkers without pausing, and issue from the after-opening into the lighter, where a freshly-filled basket awaits each. So great is the number of men that a solid black stream passes through the steamer ; and though each basket holds but twenty pounds of coal, it is loaded into the bunkers at the rate of one hundred tons per hour. On our return from India in a P. and O. steamer through the Red Sea we coaled thus at Aden, by electric light ; the weather was drizzly (itself a curiosity), and when the moisture condensed on the naked, sooty backs of the Kroumen, they appeared as though clad in a mail of sparkling jet ; and as they maintained a dismal chant throughout the process, the whole scene resembled a picture from the land of gnomes and pixies. Latitude, $35^{\circ} 50'$ north ; longitude, $139^{\circ} 20'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 11

The winter of our discontent is now at its height. Vainly do we endeavor to make easting ; we cannot, for the wind for a long time has been at northeast instead of between north and west, as it should be. At four this morning, ex-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

asperated beyond endurance, I heard the skipper growl to the mate, "We'll let her go round, anyway ; maybe we'll fetch Cape San Lucas." We did make good an easterly course for a while, but at five we broke off to east-southeast, which, with the variation, was southeast three-quarters east, a preposterous course ; so we went around again at eight, and are still pegging away on the starboard tack, making good north by west, and only twenty miles south of 'Frisco.

Every opportunity the daur Scot has for conversation now he embraces. At seven last evening, sitting on the main-hatch, he said, "I'll bet you never heard what 'Long John' (Pettersen) said to the mate one night off Cape Horn ; 'twas that night when we had the worst snow-squalls. I dunno what the row was about, but Mr. Goggins called John up on the poop and began to blackguard him ; then he let him have it once or twice in the face about as hard as I ever saw, and was just goin' to kick him down the poop-ladder, when down jumps Long John on the main-deck, turns around and yells, 'You come down here and I'll break yer —— neck !' and he'd 'a done it, too. What did Mr. Goggins do ? Walked aft and looked into the binnacle. 'That settles you in my mind, me buck,' says I to meself. I don't believe he had a right to hit John, for, if I do say so, he's the willingest sailor I ever had to do with ; but when John dared him to come down off the poop—— Well, that's the sort o' stuff the mate's made of ; he hasn't got the sand of a worm. But look, sir, I want to tell ye somethin' more about the Australian packets. The best and finest voyage I ever had in all me life was in one o' those ships, the 'Loch Rannoch.' " (I love to hear MacFoy roll out his sonorous Scottish names.) "We had a hundred and eighteen passengers, most o' them, of course, in the 'tween-decks, which was fitted up

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

wi' bunks for 'em. Oh ! but we had the fun that passage, though the rules are strict, just like in the navy, and well they need be. The emigrants can't go either forrad or aft o' certain limits, all lights are out at eight in the evenin', no smokin' after that hour, and in heavy weather none o' them are allowed on deck. In the Southern Ocean, runnin' our eastin' down, the hatches were battened for two weeks, and all the air the people got was thro' the ventilators. When such emigrants get to Melbourne they have to report at Government House, and things are fixed so they can pay their passage-money in instalments. The men are generally a pretty decent, well-conducted lot ; but the women,—oh, Lord ! the women ! Some o' them's amazons, and that's a fact. I remember one that we had on board had the whole ship in a hurrah till one day Cap'n Skene ordered her aft to talk to her. I mind the time well : the cap'n, a fat, short, little man in blue and brass buttons wi' podges on his shoulders, as vain as a turkey, but a good seaman, was talkin' to a couple o' first-class passengers when this lassie was led aft, and he turned with a frown to size her up like. 'Well, mutton-face, who're ye lookin' at?' says she ; and then, without givin' him time for a word, she bawled at him, 'D'ye know what I think o' you? You're no more good than a hoot down a dumb-waiter shaft.' She said she was no bloomin' sailor, and she'd have the run o' the ship if she liked ; and, will you believe it, they had to put the irons on her, she got that bad. We used to have great singin' in the dog-watches. Man, 'twould ha' done yer heart good to see us sailors a-sittin' on the forecastle-head, thirty of us, and pretty soon we'd start a chanty and keep it up for ten minutes ; and no sooner would we stop than a score of emigrants amidships would take it up, the women's and men's voices soundin' fine together, till it was most as



Hauling taut the braces

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

good as a concert. You'd better believe it, though, that it takes strict discipline to keep a hundred and fifty people in order for three months."

"See here, MacFoy," said I, when he had finished. "I want you to answer me a straight question; is this a hard ship on the men?"

"Why, no, of course it's not," he answered.

"Well, Mr. Rarx told me that once, but I didn't know whether to believe him or not," said I.

"I can just tell you, she's the quietest Yankee ship I ever sailed in," observed David; "why, there's been no blood flyin' at all to amount to much. The men can't make it out; there hasn't one o' them been clouted now goin' on three weeks. But I can tell you why it is; it's all on account o' you and your wife. The old man won't let out before ye, but I've often seen him hold on tight to himself and just swear instead o' knockin' the feller end-wise. Yes, Mr. Rarx was right when he told ye this was an easy ship." Latitude, $37^{\circ} 18'$ north; longitude, $139^{\circ} 50'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 12

Hurrah for California! Hurrah for the north wind! Our bowsprit is at last pointing towards the brown crags of the Golden Gate. At the change of the watch at midnight we heard the captain sing out, "All hands on deck; tack ship." A few moments later came "Put your hellum down"; and a moment afterward he called out "Hellum's a-lee"; yet another minute or two and "Maintop-sail haul" split the air. A dead silence followed as the men cast off the braces, and then the heavy yards clattered noisily around, followed by the agreeable sound of ropes running over patent sheaves (always pronounced shivs); and finally, "Let go and haul" went ringing forward, the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

head-yards swung round, and in ten minutes more the ship was braced up on the port tack, heading somewhat to the northward of east. All continued to go well, and we are now doing seven knots.

At 10.30 this A.M., as we were watching the mate reeve a new log-line on the "cherub," I heard Kelly at the wheel say "Sst, sst," and looking where he pointed, lo ! a sail appeared well above the horizon on the lee bow. The glasses resolved her into a three-masted fore-and-aft schooner on the starboard tack ; and we presently perceived that she was rigged with pole-masts and a spike bowsprit, being the first vessel of the sort I ever saw. It makes a very serviceable rig, not so picturesque as fiddled topmasts and slender jib-boom, but powerful and able looking, which count for more in a seaman's eye than æsthetic beauty.

Before long it became apparent that if neither of us shifted the helm there would be a collision ; and as we were on the port tack, we should be the one to alter our course ; but then the other vessel was only a schooner, so this would never enter the mind of a square-rigger skipper. Sure enough, although the other had the right of way, she shifted her wheel and we passed across her bows, not more than a cable's length away. She was the "Sequoia," of San Francisco, three hundred and twenty-five tons, and was probably bound up to Puget Sound from a southern Californian port. Observe how hard it is to make northing as well as easting here at this season, when vessels are obliged to stand off shore twenty degrees in order to reach up, and the "Sequoia" hadn't tacked ship yet to fetch in. I never before saw a fore-and-aft schooner a thousand miles off shore, though there are small two-masters that trade between Newfoundland and Spain, and between Boston and the Bight of Benin.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

As we passed the "Sequoia," all hands aboard of her crowded to the side to see us ; and we probably made a splendid picture as we swept by, only two or three hundred yards away, under all possible canvas. The captain and mate declared that her name was pronounced "Sequina" ; ship-masters often have the most remarkable pronunciations even for well-known ports and landmarks, and they cling to them with dogged tenacity.

Last night we had another new dish for supper,—cream toast. This sounds odd, I expect, but it was simply delicious ; it is true that, as in the case of the rarebits the other evening, the bread was not all that could be desired ; but by using *unsweetened* condensed Swiss cream, thinned a little with water, it proved to be a most savory dish, though an expensive one for the ship, as an entire can has to be used each time. In truth, if made thus, it tastes far better than if fresh milk is used, as the great fault with ordinary milk toast lies in its flatness and insipidity ; but the Swiss cream, being very rich and perfectly pure, is eminently adapted to this purpose. It sticks in my mind that this ought to be a hint for housewives.

Already we have begun to estimate precisely when we will reach port ; if we do it in six days, or by next Saturday, it will mean only a hundred and fifty miles a day, or six and a half per hour, which we should do without trouble if we do not fall to leeward of the Farallones.

Mr. Rarx is still very feeble, and will evidently have to be carried ashore. Latitude, $38^{\circ} 10'$ north ; longitude, $139^{\circ} 10'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 13

A magnificent day, though not quite so much wind as we would like to have. Up to ten this morning we did passably well, but since then it has been pretty light, though.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

there is a bank of wool-packs rising in the west, foretelling more wind from that desirable quarter. We made three degrees of departure, and to our chagrin, not to say consternation, fifty-eight miles of southing ; this latter must be due, we think, to an error in our previous dead reckoning, as we hadn't had the sun for two days, and the currents here are often strong. A line drawn from yesterday's alleged noon position to that of to-day passes directly over the reputed Reed Rocks ; but as we are by no means sure of yesterday's work, we cannot on that account positively deny their existence. They were first reported about fifty years ago by one Reed, an American mariner ; but as the British admiralty charts do not acknowledge the presence of the rocks, and as our own charts have D marked beneath them, meaning doubtful, it is probable that, if they ever did exist, they have now disappeared.

It is worthy of mention that the total cost of running and maintaining a ship like the "Hosea Higgins" for one year amounts to an average of twenty-five thousand dollars. In New York alone the bills that Captain Scruggs had to pay before we went to sea amounted to almost fifteen thousand dollars, though this was a somewhat excessive amount, owing to the putting in of a new bowsprit and fore lower mast, which, with the rigger's bill, footed up a total of two thousand dollars. Here is a list of the accounts rendered : Riggers, stores, stevedore, foremast, blacksmith, wharfage, advance to men, ship-chandler, sail-maker, tow-boat, pilot, shipwright, tonnage dues, butcher (fresh meat).

In San Francisco there will be an equally heavy account, as a new mizzen lower mast will be shipped there ; and when the "Higgins" arrives back at New York she will have to be thoroughly overhauled and repaired, being of the age of fifteen years. Wooden vessels are classed A 1 for that period and no longer without a complete renova-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

tion, and she is then reclassified ; iron vessels are rated A 1 for a much longer period. The list of firms above enumerated would not be complete, however, without mentioning the cooper's bill. This is sometimes quite large for repairs made to cases, barrels, etc., on account of damage sustained while loading, at sea, or discharging. Goods must always be delivered in first-rate condition. Yet, in spite of the heavy running expenses, this ship averages fifteen and sixteen per cent. profit ; and there is one very large iron four-masted ship, belonging to the keenest ship-owner in New York, which regularly pays a twenty per cent. annual dividend. Nearly all American sailing ships pay well ; but the greatest profits that I know of in late years have been made by a British eleven-knot tramp steamer, whose name I cannot remember. This vessel for the last four years has paid the owners an average annual profit of thirty-four per cent. Much of this is, of course, due to the vessel's happening to strike the various markets at exactly the right time, though there must be a good, sharp business head to the concern to achieve such an astonishing result. It is said, however, that the majority of British sailing ships are not good money-makers. Latitude, $37^{\circ} 12'$ north ; longitude, $136^{\circ} 15'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 14

A magnificent breeze that has driven us along at nearly nine knots has blown steadily from the north-northeast for twenty-four hours, giving us an easterly course by compass. But, alas ! the point and a half of variation and another half-point of leeway force us to steer about east-southeast true. We made a whole degree of southing in consequence, and are now ninety miles south of 'Frisco Heads. If we have to tack ship it will be a piece of outrageous luck ; and if the ship doesn't come up

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

three points by noon to-morrow, that's just what we will have to do.

Last Sunday, as I was talking to some of the men forward, Broadhead spoke of the Yellowstone Park, and he chanced to mention that a friend of his had spent his honeymoon in that delectable locality, adding that, of course, everything looked particularly rosy even for the Yellowstone. Conversation then changed, when all at once I found the eyes of Jimmie Rumps fixed upon me, and a moment later he said, wistfully and earnestly, "I should think it must be just grand to go on a honeymoon." Rumps, it might be added, would make an excellent cabin-boy on a yacht ; but as bosun of a large ship, it would be difficult to find one more thoroughly incompetent than he is. There are at least a dozen of the men before the mast who are far better sailors than he, and seamanship is a *sine qua non* in a bosun as well as in a second mate.

Another speech of one of the men afforded us a little amusement this forenoon. As my wife stepped to the binnacle to learn the course, the old man having just gone below with his sextant, Paddy, the merry, humorous young Irishman, was steering ; but instead of his usual jolly smile, his face indicated the most extreme dejection. So, to cheer him up, my wife nodded to him and remarked, "We'll soon be in, Paddy." "Yes, mum, I know," he replied, "but I got gum-boils now"; to show that variety had been vouchsafed him in his afflictions, as he has only just recovered from the worst sea-boils in the ship.

It may not be very widely known that in the United States there are several competent women ship-mistresses, as I suppose they ought to be called. I don't mean women who understand more or less about the handling of vessels, but those who are entirely capable and have received their certificates for steamers from the government. The first

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

woman to pass the examination in this country was a Mrs. George Miller, of New Orleans, and it was the late Justice Folger, at the time Secretary of the Treasury, who, after mature deliberation, decided that a woman could legally, if she passed the severe examination necessary to command a steam-vessel, assume the responsible position of captain. Since then several women in the United States have obtained master's licenses and have demonstrated their ability to handle steamers ; but the woman-captain of a square-rigger has not yet appeared on the horizon, though many long-voyage captains' wives are almost, if not quite, as capable navigators and seamen as their husbands.

The British Board of Trade, however, has positively refused to allow a member of the gentler sex to appear before it for examination. A test case recently came up when the daughter of an English marquess applied to that institution for master's papers. This lady pointed out that she simply desired to command her own yacht, which she was quite capable of doing, and did not wish to have anything to do with any other vessel ; but the Board of Trade's answer to her application was that it would not permit a woman to be examined for a master's certificate, as the word master implicitly specified that men alone were eligible. Shortly afterward the marquess's daughter married an Irish merchant captain, and at the present time is no doubt ably assisting her husband in the navigation of the splendid ship which he has the good fortune to command. Latitude, $36^{\circ} 21'$ north ; longitude, $132^{\circ} 30'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 15

This is the second of my wife's birthdays that we have passed at sea, as three years ago we celebrated one in the "Mandalore" in 37° south, 16° east ; and to commemorate this occasion we have had very strong northerly winds, with

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

heavy puffs, a clear sky, and a rough but magnificent sea, with the ship bounding through it under the maintop-gallant-sail, bursting the spray high up to windward in drenching showers as she shoulders her way through the great creaming billows. How superb and proud they look, their snow-white, downy crests standing pompously forth against the azure sky, with intervening valleys of that wonderful blue which imparts such a fascination to the scene ! We love nothing better than to pick out a particularly tall sea when it is still a quarter of a mile away on the bow. On it comes, as resistless as time ; now hidden as the ship drops into a hollow, now soaring above its fellows as some grand, snowy peak towers over its pine-clad neighbors. Nearer and yet nearer it approaches, challenging combat as it comes, the vessel half advancing to meet it. And now it is right alongside, and hangs menacingly thirty feet above the ship, and the spray scattered from its glistening summit flies overhead in a swirling cloud, and a rainbow spans for an instant the streaming decks. It seems impossible that the vessel can clear the swift rush of the great billow ; but just as it gathers itself for the assault the ship, with a heavy lurch to leeward, presents a high, copper-sheathed wall to the seething flood, and before you know it you have passed the crest of the huge wave and are sliding smoothly and noiselessly into the quiet valley beyond.

We have just cause for rejoicing, too, for the ship has come up two whole points since midnight, and we are now steering east-northeast by compass ; two more points to the northward and we can fetch to windward of the Farallones. The captain seems wonderfully positive that we will fetch in all right, and when he expresses himself so surely, which he seldom does, we always feel pretty certain of the chances being in our favor.

I haven't mentioned Mr. Rarx for some time. He has

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

not been doing at all well, eats hardly six ounces of food a day, and he has withered away to a wraith of his former self ; an idea of this may be gained from the captain's estimate that he has lost at least forty pounds. The impression grows that Louis will be cleared in court, this opinion being held even by the skipper, for the men say that the second mate knocked Karl down with a maul besides the block, and there are three others who can bring damaging evidence against Mr. Rarx. But I am very much afraid that the mellifluous voices of the crimps when they swarm aboard in San Francisco harbor will exercise a somewhat different influence upon their opinions. I should like to see a ship-master with the courage to prevent the entrance of these crimps into his vessel ; but if he did so and had them all kicked over the side into the harbor, as they ought to be, what a time this ship-master would have getting a crew together when he was next ready for sea ! For not a boarding-master in the city would let him have a man.

If sailors would only hold together when they get ashore and testify against the bad treatment that they get at sea, nine-tenths of the villains who officer our deep-water-men would now be contemplating existence behind grated windows. If we had any doubts as to this particular ship's being worse in its treatment of the men than the average Yankee, they were further dispelled by a remark of Jack Nickalls, an unobtrusive little sailor, and a good one : " This ship's a peach compared to them wot I've been in." Louis is fairly cheerful and conducts himself remarkably well. Latitude $36^{\circ} 1'$ north ; longitude, $128^{\circ} 20'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 16

To our very great astonishment, the wind increased very rapidly yesterday afternoon, and by three o'clock it was

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

blowing a strong gale from the northward, with a cloudless sky. Several exciting incidents marked the day, the first of which occurred at the above hour. I had just gone on deck when suddenly there was a most tremendous clatter forward, and in another second down fell the big maintop-mast stay-sail, hanging outboard so as to just touch the water, as, of course, it was blown to leeward by the gale. From beyond the head, which was that part that hung down, extended about six feet of the heavy iron wire stay which had parted, and there instantly began the most terrible slatting that I have ever heard or seen. It was nothing short of fearful. There was a heavy sea running, and as the ship would lay far over every few moments the wind would gather up the sail, blow it out horizontally to leeward, and then jerk it back and forth, up and down, seemingly in every direction at the same instant, with appalling fury, the iron wire dashing now against the main-backstays, now against the bulwarks, now full into the bunt of the main-sail, with a force that was awful and made you hold your breath as the weapon was flung against the backstays with the crack of a pistol. I have seen slatting before when the gear of large racing yachts carried away ; but it was not to be spoken of in the same breath with that of to-day. It was as if the power of the universe was concentrated in the twisting, bounding, whirling stay-sail ; and the sailors stood aghast, for it was certain death to approach.

The captain was asleep when the stay parted, but he was on deck in a few seconds, and instantly ordered the helm hard up, so as to get the ship before the wind and prevent further destruction, for the main-rigging couldn't have stood the thrashing much longer. Slowly the ship paid off, but five minutes passed until she was running free before the big, smoking seas, for we had started nothing, but had simply put the helm up. Meanwhile the slashing

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

continued, and at last the wire burst through the main-sail and made a gaping rent in the after-leech. How the whole lee side of the sail escaped is marvellous ; but when we were dead before the wind four hands simultaneously seized the heaving sail, and by heroic work finally got it muzzled after fifteen minutes of most courageous efforts.

No sooner was it secured and the ship on her course again than the old man sung out, "Clew up the main-t'-ga'nt-s'l." There was a rush to the clew-lines and halliards ; but somebody slacked away something too quickly for the zephyr that was whispering aloft, for there came a crackling report, and the top-gallant-sail at once was transformed into canvas pennants. A varied assortment of profanity tinged the atmosphere for quite half an hour, as a new sail had to be bent, and no one who has not seen a sail shifted in a gale of wind can form any true idea of the hard labor entailed in the process. So, leaving the uninitiated to picture it as well as he can, I must go on to describe something that occurred which more nearly concerned ourselves.

My wife and I were in our room a few minutes later discussing the stay-sail business, when, without warning, there came a very great lurch, and then the booming of mighty waters smote our ears as a whooping sea fell thundering directly on the poop. For a moment we were speechless as the water rushed in our windows, in spite of this being the lee side, drenching every object in the room ; but we were called to our senses mighty suddenly by the volume of water that came cascading down the companion-way and gushing inches deep into our room. But, alas ! what could we do ? Such a thing happens in a second, and by the time that we had slammed the door and shutters there was no more water to come in and the damage was wrought. Personally we did not suffer extensively, but

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

the after-cabin was a rare sight. The skipper's room was on the weather-side, and as the ship heeled far over to the sea, everything movable shot out into the cabin, and when we first saw it books, magazines, balls of twine, slippers, shoes, ocean directories, charts, dividers, rulers, cigars, and an incredible number of old San Franciscan newspapers, every letter of which we have read, including the advertisements, were washing about in half a foot of brine. An idea of the volume of water may be gained when it is said that the steward and Sammie were an hour and a half in baling it out with buckets. Fortunately, the weather windows were protected by the solid wooden shutters which had just been closed ; but the companion door had been left open, and this did nearly all the damage. Not even when the forward skylight was stove off the river Plate was there so much water below, and it was really an alarming thing to see so much ocean flowing down the companion-stairs.

But all these little inconveniences were as nothing when compared with the fact that the gale delayed us seriously and that the sea kept knocking us off, though the wind was steady at north-northwest ; so that, in spite of it, we did not make good a better course than east by north and went through the water very slowly, as we had to hold her well up to make even one point of northing.

By ten this A.M., however, the wind had so moderated that the top-gallant-sails were set, but we began then to break off to the southward of east, and at one o'clock we wore ship and are now on the starboard tack, heading up northwest by north. The point to be avoided at all hazards is not to fall off to the southward any more ; never mind going back into the Pacific a little if you can make some northing. Our destination is distant only a hundred and fifty miles, and the captain has until Saturday to save his

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

record of one hundred and thirty days. Latitude, $36^{\circ} 28'$ north ; longitude, $125^{\circ} 30'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 17

Instead of being now within sight of the coast, lo ! we are becalmed within twenty miles of where we were at noon yesterday. It is difficult to imagine anything more exasperating than to lie idly upon the surface of a glassy ocean, only a little more than a hundred miles from the port for which you have been striving for four months. I wouldn't care if the voyage were to be several weeks longer, but it is trying for all hands to thus lie becalmed so near the haven. Off the Hooghly, we were similarly tortured with light winds for several days.

When we went on deck this morning the weather was such that we might well have conceived ourselves down between the Trades, for we apparently floated in oil, and the big squares of canvas depended in writhing folds from the lofty yards. Not even the smallest clouds spattered the blue heavens, but a thin haze covered the sea and rose above the horizon some fifteen degrees or so, a semi-transparent curtain of a deep orange, beautiful to behold, but of ill omen, as it was highly improbable that anything worthy the name of breeze would come from anywhere with such conditions.

Astern, among the dark, spiral water-funnels floated half a dozen gunies, and we thought that perhaps we could capture one ; therefore the skipper rigged a small hook baited with bacon-rind to a thin line and dropped it overboard. In a few minutes one took the bait ; and, giving the line a jerk, he hooked the creature in the upper part of the bill and hauled him through the water and up over the stern. This bird made but little resistance, and formed a strong contrast to the fierce struggles of an albatross under

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

similar conditions. When finally deposited upon the deck, he seemed to be about the size of a swan as to body, but his wings were very long, the alar extent being eight feet, or only three or four feet less than an average albatross. Like the latter, a guny can inflict a very severe wound with his bill, and it is necessary to have a care for your calves as you pass by. We endeavored to take some photographs of the big bird, but he would insist upon continual motion, and finally the wretched beast cast up the contents of his stomach on the deck, after the manner of all sea-fowl. Then the captain brought up the Maltese cat, who entertains a very lofty opinion of itself and who is in the habit of valiantly putting the chickens to flight ; he was apparently stunned, though, when confronted with the great bird, and when the latter opened a beak in which the whole of Tommie's head might have rested, his tail thickened and he sped him away. As it was useless then to keep the guny any longer on board, the skipper grasped him dexterously by the tip of one wing and threw him over the side ; whereupon catching himself before he touched the water, he flew off with a joyous scream to rejoin his comrades, and no doubt relate to them his wonderful adventures. Latitude, $36^{\circ} 35'$ north ; longitude, $125^{\circ} 50'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 18

Becalmed, sixty-five miles from the Farallones ! It is a dismal fact that although we had a light, fair wind all last night, it let go at nine this morning, and since then we have been weltering in a light swell from the northward, with the sea at times like blue ice. Such a dead calm was it that my wife and I played cards the greater part of the morning on deck. At 7 A.M. the haze that shrouded the sea commenced to melt under the hot sun, and two ships were dis-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

closed to our vision, one to port, the other to starboard. The former was a three-master of about two thousand tons, while the other was a very large, full-rigged, four-masted ship—that is, square-rigged on all the masts—of fully twenty-eight hundred tons. Both were metal vessels, and made a fine picture as they gracefully topped the easy swell. They were bound to the southward, and therefore have all their troubles before them.

The poor old man has broken his record, and we feel very sorry for him ; and, indeed, it is a very fine thing for a captain to be able to say that never, upon any voyage, in any part of the world, has he been more than one hundred and thirty days at sea. He takes this voyage very philosophically, which is a remarkable fact, and says that no matter how fine a man's record may be, it's only necessary to keep on and it will at last be broken. I divided up some articles of old clothes among the men this afternoon, and their pleasure as they drew lots for the various pieces, which they made no attempt to conceal, was delightful to see. We, ourselves, are all packed up ready to go ashore whenever the wind will allow us ; it is very satisfactory to get this done, for we always travel with an altogether unnecessary quantity of impedimenta, and it is a matter of considerable skill to compress all the things into two or three trunks.

While we were looking at the smaller of those two ships this morning the captain said that she looked like the British ship "Eurydice," the present holder of the record passage across the North Pacific, she having made the voyage from Yokohama to Port Townsend in the wonderfully fast time of nineteen days. With this voyage compare those of two other British square-riggers, the "Clan Macfarlane" and the "Matterhorn" ; neither is a slow ship, yet the former was one hundred and one days sailing from

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

Hong-Kong to San Francisco, and the latter one hundred and fourteen between the same ports.

The captain is beginning to wonder how difficult it is going to be for him to get a crew in 'Frisco when he is ready for sea again ; he is worrying a good deal over it, for when we sailed from New York sailors were so scarce in San Francisco that the big ships "Forfarshire" and "Kensington" went to sea with crews half of which were ranch hands, who had been rounded up by the crimps. Latitude, $37^{\circ} 11'$ north ; longitude, $124^{\circ} 12'$ west.

SEPTEMBER 19

At half-past six this morning there was a great rapping and thumping on our door, and Captain Scruggs cried, "If you want to see the Faralleones you'd better come on deck." Ten minutes later we emerged from the companion-way, but at first could see nothing at all for a chilly fog that lay upon the water, which had, during the night, changed to the muddy green of soundings. By dint of perseverance, though, we saw a large, dark mass loom gradually up until we could plainly discern the brown, sterile cones of the Farallones, which lie about twenty-five miles west of San Francisco Heads. Many persons have been puzzled to know why it is that the majority of the Pacific coast population pronounce the word as though it was spelled Fa-ra-lee-owns. The explanation of it seems to me to be a corruption of the Spanish pronunciation Fa-rallyo-nes, as, of course, the double l in that language has the sound of y. The same can be said of Mollendo, an important Peruvian port in 17° south ; for Californians who are not especially erudite call the place Mol-ly-en-do, from the Spanish Mol-yen-do. It will be perceived how readily careless persons could fall into the way of putting an extra syllable in names which contain the double l, from hear-

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ing Mexicans and South Americans pronounce the words, which, of course, they do correctly.

As we had packed all of our valises, etc., the night before, there was nothing for us to do but to anticipate with pleasurable excitement the entrance into the Golden Gate, for the captain assured us that by eleven o'clock there wouldn't be a vestige of fog left ; this being a peculiarity of the coast climate. Sure enough, at ten the mists began to disperse and a bright glare overhead indicated an impending flood of sunshine.

At this moment we heard several sharp whistles ahead, and a tow-boat passed close to us in another minute, and then rounding to, ranged up alongside. How odd a sensation it is to see a new face again after an absence of four months from the retreats of men ! Day after day, week after week, we have watched Mr. Goggins relieve Mr. Rarx, and Broadhead relieve Paddy, so steadily that we almost forgot that there was any one else in existence ; and when we perceived the captain of the tug-boat standing in the pilot-house in a glistening "biled" shirt and store clothes and a polish on his brown shoes that quite dazzled us, we gazed upon him fascinated, for he was the biggest dude we had seen in nineteen weeks. And how uncouth the ship's company looked when contrasted with even the tow-boat's crew ! However, we were soon brought to from our reveries by a large bundle of newspapers that the tug's skipper hove on board ; and who can depict the joy of that hour, during which we pored over the journals, marvelling at the commonplace allusions to momentous events which had been almost forgotten by the daily reader ?

Presently we passed two ships bound up to Puget Sound, —the "Dashing Wave" and the "Yosemite" (old Neilsen, a Swede, said he used to sail in the "Jo-se-might"), — and then, the fog lifting suddenly and completely, we found

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

ourselves only two miles from the Heads. "Get out an old ensign," said the skipper to the mate, "and put it in the riggin', union down." "Hall right, sir," answered that individual with much satisfaction, and in a few minutes an old torn flag, reversed, fluttered in the starboard mizzen-shrouds. It was of ominous meaning, for to a sailor it signified "police assistance wanted on board." And then we remembered the Frenchman below, and wondered what his thoughts and anticipations must be, for of course he knew that a tow-boat had our line.

It was a quarter to noon when we entered the Golden Gate under a cloudless sky and caught our first glimpse of the world-famed harbor. A single word describes it,—magnificent. The entrance itself, where the ship moves on between wild, rugged hills that tower sheer out of the sea, is marked with an individual grandeur, and serves to prepare one for the splendid haven within; and when the ship finally glides beyond a certain headland and creeps slowly along in a perfect maze of great wooden and steel sailing ships, with the immense expanse of shining water ahead, the wonderful, perpendicular streets on the starboard hand, and the endless chain of lofty hills on the other, a sensation of pride tingles through you when you think that it is your "ain countrie" that boasts this great, matchless harbor.

Long before the anchorage was reached a handsome white steamer was seen approaching us, with a vertically striped flag in the stern. It was the revenue cutter; and, steaming alongside, four men at once stepped on board. The first was the customs inspector, and the others, a deputy United States marshal and two policemen. It was a dramatic scene. All of our men were huddled around the galley, with anxious looks toward the officers of the law, who immediately went into the cabin and held a long conversation in low tones with the captain. Then the

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

deputy marshal stepped into the second mate's room and talked with him five minutes in whispers, a blue-coat posting himself at each cabin door. A rattling of keys was heard in another moment, and then old Goggins, somewhat awed, but as pompous and ridiculous as a turkey, stumped down into the lazarette, and with much unnecessary clanking of chains Louis issued forth into daylight. He was as pale as ashes, for a sort of prison pallor was upon his usually dark cheeks, and he seemed on the point of breaking down when he saw the police. Then he looked all around imploringly, first at his shipmates near the galley, then at Captain Scruggs, and finally he caught sight of us, when he cast upon us a look so sad and beseeching that I will remember forever the sorrowful look in his eyes. Only for an instant did he stop, though ; the officers stepped forward at a nod from the deputy, grasped the Frenchman, still manacled, by the collar, marched him quickly over to the port side, hustled him aboard the revenue boat, and in another instant Louis Jacquin, able seaman, of Dunquerque, disappeared from view and was on his way to show cause for an assault on the high seas upon Thomas Rarx, second mate of the clipper "Hosea Higgins."

When the anchor had touched the bottom we stood by for the crimps. Even before we were aware of it the evil creatures began to swarm on board like a flock of sinister vultures, and without ceremony they fell upon their prey. They plied the men from bottles whose black nozzles protruded from their coat-pockets ; and in a few minutes each had persuaded his man to go with him when they should get ashore. Poor fellows, once more in the clutches of the vampires, who, while not actually fostered by the government, yet are allowed to ply their abominable and iniquitous trade full in the face of the law. And I repeat, *the*

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

allotment or advance system of wages that now prevails, and which is the basis upon which the whole scheme of crimping is founded, must be abolished. It is the duty of the Federal government to see to it that this is done.

At fifteen minutes past twelve there was a loud order from the captain, "Let go." Then came the heavy, crushing splash, the fierce rush of the cable, the big four-thousand-pound anchor gripped the mud of San Francisco Bay, and our long voyage was a thing of the past. How many exciting moments we had had in those one hundred and thirty-one days! What varied phases of the ocean we had witnessed in the seventeen thousand four hundred miles we had sailed, from the snowy squalls and hissing seas of Cape Horn to the quiet breezes and calm surface of the equatorial seas!

Little time was given us for reflection, though, for the tug-boat skipper had agreed to put us ashore at the foot of Market Street, if we would "look alive." So we threw our valises and shawl-straps to a deck-hand on the tug, shook Captain Scruggs hardy fist, and then turned to do the same with Mr. Goggins; but as this individual was invisible at the time, no doubt below in the fore-peak, we were obliged to forego that pleasure. And now there ensued a remarkable scene: as we went over the side we noticed that all the sailors were on the mainyard, unbending the sail, and as we stepped aboard the tow-boat I shouted, "Good-by, boys! Good luck to you all!" There was a moment's silence, and then Broadhead, who was at the starboard yard-arm just over our heads, sung out, "Now, fellows, three times three for them"; and at once there broke out the most vociferous and lusty cheering that ever came from eighteen throats. The men seemed to get worked up as they shouted, and at last MacFoy and a dozen others fairly yelled and threw their

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

caps on deck and waved their arms like madmen, so that their voices went ringing peal on peal over the broad harbor, bringing to the rail the officers and crews of the big Scotch ships "Aberfoyle," "County of Linlithgow" and "Blairgowrie," which lay hard by, to know what all this cheering meant on a Yankee just in from sea. It was a moment to bring a tear to your eye ; and neither my wife nor I can ever forget these honest, big-hearted sailors as they appeared on that yard, shouting themselves hoarse. Why ? Simply because we had bade them good-morning and good-night during the voyage and had shown that we understood and appreciated their hard and thankless labors. If ship-masters would realize that a single kind word or even look often exerts more influence over a crew than oaths and blows, what a difference there would be in the handling and navigating of our long-voyage sailing ships !

APPENDIX

A FEW days after our arrival at San Francisco, Louis Jacquin was brought for trial at that port before the United States Commissioner. He made an excellent defence ; so good, indeed, that after due consideration of both sides of the case, the commissioner was compelled to discharge him, and Louis walked forth a free man. This was a just and most satisfactory termination of the matter, though I would have liked to see Rarx properly punished for his treatment of Karl *et al.* In truth, Karl, Brün and Pettersen did prefer charges against both mates, who were held for trial ; but when the case came up no witnesses appeared against them, for the very good reason that the three men were shanghaied aboard a New York bound ship by the boarding masters, thus pursuing the usual course in such matters. Rarx recovered in a short time, and no doubt is at this moment stamping on some poor fellow whom he has beaten down with the ever-present belaying-pin.

While this book was in press, there arrived at San Francisco one of our most widely known Cape-Horners. The men related stories of unusually shocking cruelties on the part of the captain as well as the officers, and the second mate was held in five hundred dollars bonds. Two of the sailors testified, on separate occasions, to this incident : While wearing off the Horn one day, the second mate struck a sailor down with a capstan-bar and was kicking him heavily in the head, when the mate yelled from the poop, " That's right, kick the life out of him " ; to which the second mate replied, " I would kill him if we were only bound to Hong-Kong."

APPENDIX

Is this the way our consuls protect the lives of men under the flag? What is the matter with our Eastern consular service that men may be killed on our ships (as they have been), and the murderers go free upon landing at Chinese and Japanese ports? A delightful travesty, indeed, upon our exalted civilization.

THE END.



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 473 316 8

